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CHIAVE

DEI

TEMI SCENEGGIATI

COLLA PRONUNCIA FIGURATA

A NORMA DEL NUOVO

ENGLISH AND ITALIAN PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY:

DI

JOHN MILLHOUSE,

Autore del Corso graduato e completo di lingua inglese, ecc., ecc.

They who are learning to compose and arrange their sentences with accuracy and order, are learning at the same time to think with accuracy and order.

BLAIR.

QUARTA EDIZIONE.

LIRE DUE ITAL.

MILANO,

A SPESE DELL'AUTORE, VIA CIOVASSINO, N. 1674;

E presso Silvestri, Dumolard, Laengner; TORINO, Gianini e Fiore, Schiepatti; GENOVA, Grondona, Beuf; LIVORNO, Mazzajoli, Carrozzi; FIRENZE, Piatti, Molini; TRIESTE, Münster, Coen; VENEZIA, Münster, Fenice; BOLOGNA, Marsigli e Rocchi; ROMA, Gallarini; PARMA, Lena; MODENA, Rossi; NAPOLI, Marghieri; MESSINA, Di Stefano; CORFÙ, Sperandio; MALTA, Muir; e presso tutti i Librai d'Italia e d'Oriente.

1853.

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Sotto i torchi: — UNCLE TOM'S CABIN *con note spiegative, ed il secondo volume del* NUOVO DIZIONARIO.

L'Autore sottoscritto intende di godere dei benefizj della Convenzione internazionale del 22 *Maggio* 1840, *contra qualsiasi contraffazione od introduzione di edizioni estere.*

Marzo, 1853.

PREFAZIONE DELLA PRIMA EDIZIONE.

Col Primo Passo, colla Grammatica e cogli Elegant Extracts ho già posto gli Italiani in grado d'imparare a leggere la lingua inglese senza dizionario e senza maestro; ora co' Temi Sceneggiati e con questa Chiave porgo a loro il mezzo di scriverla e parlarla.

Giungerà presto a tanto il principiante se vorrà seguire il metodo accennato nella prefazione del *Primo Passo*. Studiando tre o quattro ore al giorno cotesto libretto, in quindici giorni egli avrà imparato e applicato tutte le regole della pronuncia, una ventina delle regole più generali dell'ortografia e della sintassi, e si sarà posto in grado di leggere ed intendere i giornali inglesi.

Allora, e non prima (se non ha maestro), egli si accingerà a tradurre i *Temi Sceneggiati*, e ad adoperare questa *Chiave*. Prima di scrivere uno di quei Temi egli ne leggerà due volte la regola nella Grammatica. Scritto che avrà l'esercizio, egli lo porterà al suo maestro. Questi, mentre lo sta correggendo, ne leggerà ad alta voce le domande; ed egli, tenendo i *Temi Sceneggiati*, o questa *Chiave*, in mano, ne leggerà le risposte. Se non ha maestro egli correggerà da sè il suo tema, per mezzo di questa Traduzione; e poi, se ha buona memoria, imparerà a mente alcune delle frasi più pratiche ed interessanti, tanto per scolpire la regola nella memoria, quanto per servirsene di poi di modello per formare altre simili frasi.

Sadler, nella prefazione della *Chiave* de' suoi temi, dice: « La traduction que j'offre dans ce Corrigé se rapproche du français le plus qu'il soit possible, sans tomber dans les gallicismes ». Da ciò risulta che le sue frasi inglesi spesso non sono inglesi. Le parole lo sono, la frase non è. In siffatte frasi (al meglio) non s'impara altro che le parole. Ma le parole s'imparano più presto e meglio nella lingua stessa, nelle traduzioni letterali. E i temi sono fatti non per insegnar qual vocabolario le semplici voci a chi studia la lingua meramente per leggerne gli autori, ma qual campo d'esercizio a chi la studia a fondo, a chi cerca di scriverla e di parlarla. Quindi essi debbono aver per mira principale l'insegnare non le voci sole, sì l'indole della lingua; di svolgere e dilucidare ampiamente, svariatamente, e sotto ogni punto di vista, le regole più difficili della sintassi; d'impratichire lo studioso in tutte quelle frasi, formole e modi di dire in cui consiste il carattere proprio e distintivo dell'idioma che si studia. Perciò io non feci mai piegare la mia lingua per accomodarla al genio della italiana. Forse avrò fatto il contrario. Forse nei *Temi Sceneggiati* avrò costretto talvolta l'idioma italiano a rivestire l'indole dell'inglese. Io scrissi da prima questi temi nella mia lingua. Li scrissi tali quali si trovano ora in questa *Chiave*. Esso non è una traduzione. I *Temi Sceneggiati* lo sono. E un giornale Torinese (*il Messaggiere*), parlando di essi, ha detto: « Attraverso il testo italiano traspare spesso l'inglese ». Per altro, egli non ha detto, e non ha potuto dire, che attraverso l'inglese traspaja l'italiano; anzi dice: « I temi del Sadler composti di frasi staccate, lunghe al pari che noiose, sono in uno stile che sente spesso del francese; quelli di Vergani, composti di proverbi volgari e di frasi tratte dagli antichi scrittori inglesi, o tradotte dagli Italiani, putono sovente di vieto e di barbaro; i *Temi Sceneggiati*, essendo altrettanti colloqui tra il maestro, il suo allievo ed altri, sulle più frequenti scene della vita attuale in Inghilterra e altrove, sono i soli dettati nel linguaggio sciolto, vivace, spontaneo dell'odierno parlare di Londra ».

Queste osservazioni faranno vedere allo studioso la necessità di leggere per intero la frase italiana prima di cominciare a voltarla in inglese; dacchè avviene qualche volta che l'ultima voce della frase italiana è la prima della inglese.

JOHN MILLHOUSE.

Torino, il 15 Luglio 1842.

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accento acuto — accento grave — accento circonflesso

Fáte, méte, bíte, nóte, túbe; - fàt, mèt, bìt, nòt, tùb; - fâr, pîque, -
Seno, vino, lai, roma, fiume; - patto-petto, petto, e, i, notte, *oeufs* - mano, vino,

AVVERTIMENTO

L'uso degli accenti e degli altri segni adoperati per accennare la pronuncia in questo libro si trova spiegato nelle prime sei pagine della mia *Grammatica*, e più compendiosamente nelle pagine 8 e 9 del *Primo Passo*.

Le parole che nelle seguenti pagine trovansi senza quegli accenti che contraddistinguono la pronuncia, sono altrettante eccezioni di già spiegate nel *Primo Passo*, libro che lo studente deve aver letto una volta almeno prima di accingersi a leggere questo.

Le parole tra parentesi sono quelle che si possono, e meglio, omettere nella traduzione. Le parole e formole inglesi nelle note a piè delle pagine, sono modi che si possono a piacimento sostituire alle parole e frasi del testo. I numeri in cima di ogni Tema di questa Traduzione additano il numero della stessa esercitazione, e la pagina in cui si trova nel volume de' *Temi Sceneggiati*. I numeri tra parentesi da (20) a (343) si riferiscono alle Regole grammaticali, come si trovano numerizzate nella *Grammatica Analitica*. — Vedasi l'Avvertimento posto in principio dei *Temi Sceneggiati*.

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acc. circonflesso - quarto s. - circ. rovesc. chiodino. dittonghi conson. dolci

nôr, rûde; - făll, sŏn, bŭll; fȧre, dȯ; poiṡe, boyṡ, foul, fowl; ġem, aṡ.
forte, ruga; forte, *oeuf*, culla; erba, ruga; poi, baule; gemma, rosa.

CHIAVE OSSIA TRADUZIONE

DEI

TEMI SCENEGGIATI.

PARTE PRIMA.

TEMA I. — ARTICOLO INDEFINITO.

Vedi i *Temi Sceneggiati*, pag. 11, quinta edizione.

Hàve yoú ȧ dòg? I hàve ȧ dòg. Hàve yoú ȧ prètty dòg? I hàve àn ùgly dòg. Hàṡ yoúr brŏther a hôrse? Hé hàṡ ȧ hôrse. Hàṡ hé móre thàn ŏne (1)? Hé hàṡ ónly ŏne. *W*hȯ hàṡ ȧ bŭlldog? The táilor hàṡ ȧ bŭlldog. Hàṡ the táilor ȧ cóat? Hé hàṡ màny cóats. Hàve yoú màny cóats? I hàve ónly ŏne cóat. Hàve yoú màny shirts (2)? I hàve ȧ dŏzen. Hàṡ the sáilor màny shirts? Hé hàṡ jùst ŏne. Are yoú ȧ swéep? I àm nòt ȧ swéep. Are yoú a blàcksmith? I àm nòt ȧ blàcksmith. Whăt âre yoú? I àm a négro. Yoú hàve ȧ prètty snùff-box. Táke ȧ pìnch. — A dàndy, àn ápe, ȧ míṡer, àn àss, ȧ táilor, ȧ gȯose, àn attŏrney, ȧ shârk. The wèalth òf a míṡer, *w*rèsted fròm the pȯor, bequéathed tȯ ȧ dàndy, pòcketed bý a táilor ànd bý àn attŏrney. — Lènd mé ȧ crown. Twȯ if yoú wish. One wìll suffíce. Ròbert, ôrder ȧ cóach. Yès, Sir. Cóachman, dríve mé tȯ ȧ hotèl (3). Wìll yoú gó tȯ àn Itàlian hotèl? Nó, I wìll gó tȯ àn English (4) hotèl. Wáiter, shów mé ȧ prívate rȯom. Yès, Sir (5). Whăt ìṡ the

(1) One; *pronunciate* uŏn, *l'* u *come in* uomo. (2) Shirts; *pronunciate* shùrts: i *innanzi ad* r *non seguito dall'* e *finale suona* u *in* tub. (3) A hotèl, *oppure* an *h*otèl. (4) English; *pronunciate* ìnglish. (5) Sir, *pronunciate* sùr.

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Fáte, méte, bíte, nóte, túbe; - fàt, mèt, bìt, nòt, tùb, - fâr, pîque,
Seno, vino, lai, roma, fiume; - patto-petto, petto, e, i, notte, *oeuf*; - mano, vino.

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príce òf thìs róom? A crown á dáy. Vèry wèll. Now máke á góod fíre, ànd brìng mé á glâss òf pùnch ànd á páir òf slìppers. Dirèctly, Sir. Wáiter, brìng mé a joùrnal ànd sènd mé a bârber. — Mr. (1) Tìms, hàve yoú á dìctionary? Yès, Sir, I hàve a dìctionary. Is ìt ìn ŏne vòlume ôr twó? It ìs ìn ŏne. Lènd mé àn umbrèlla, ìf yoú pléase. Wìth greát plèasure. Whère âre yoú góing? Tó sée á friènd. Wèll, I wìll gó wìth yoú; fôr I nèver săw ŏne.

Continuazione del tema sull' articolo indefinito.

The Lìberals róse líke ŏne màn. Yoú âre á vèry ùgly màn. Thère ìs àn òdd màn. Whó? Thàt óld ġèntleman òn hôrseback. Hé ìs àn útilitárian. Whăt ìs àn utilitárian? An utilitárian ìs ŏne whó séeks thé úseful ìn èvery thìng; yoú sée thàt hé wèars ónly ŏne spùr. Yès; ànd whý? Becăuse hé ìs persuáded thàt ìf hé càn pŭsh ŏne síde òf hìs hôrse ìnto àn àctive tròt, thé ŏther wìll nòt làg behínd. Hàve yoú màny friènds? I hàve bùt ŏne. Hàs hé á góod hèad? Hé hàs á góod hèad ànd á góod heârt. Thère wăs ŏnce (2) àn èxcellent ġèntleman whó hàd àn èxcellent wífe; they (3) hàd bùt ŏne sŏn, whó hàd bùt ŏne făult, hé wăs góod fòr nŏthing. Lènd mé á pènknífe tó máke á pèn. — Whó ìs thàt màn wìth á pípe ìn ŏne hànd ànd á glâss ìn thé ŏther? Hé whó hàs hìs wìg ànd hìs nóse ăll òn ŏne síde? Yès. Hìs náme ìs Sùlky. Hé ìs ălways alóne. Yès, líke á hèrmit. They sáy thàt á màn whó spéaks wìth nó ŏne ìs éither àn ánġel ôr á brûte. Hé mùst bé thé ŏne ôr thé ŏther. Whìch ìs hé? The làtter. Whăt ìs hé? Hé wăs àn attŏrney. And ìs? A míser, àn óld bàchelor ànd à mìsanthrope. Thèn hé lŏves nó ŏne? Nó ŏne. And ìs lŏved bý nó ŏne? Bý nó one. And hàs nòt one friènd òn èarth? Nòt ŏne. Hàs hé ŏne abŏve? Nó, ìn relìġion às ìn frièndship hé ìs a sceptic (4). Hé wìll hàng himsèlf ŏne òf thése fíne môrnings. Dó

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(1) Mr.; *pronunciate* mìster. (2) Once; *pronunciate* uŏns. (7) They; *pronunciate* thá. (4) *Pronunciate* skèptick.

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nôr, rûde; - făll, sŏn, bŭll; fâre, dó; poïse, boys, foul, fowl; gem, as
forte, ruga; - forte, *oeuf*, culla; erba, ruga; poi, laule, gemma, rosa.

yoú think só? Yès, á dòg coŭld nòt lòng endúre sùch á life. Bùt hé càn. How! dŏes thère remáin tó hìm ŏne sóurce òf consolátion òn èarth? Nôt ŏne; bùt thère remáins ŏne of insensibility. Is hé á drùnkard? Hé drìnks three bòttles òf brándy á dáy, á bòttle át á draught (1). Thèn his life is á màdman's dréam. Yès, òn the brìnk òf àn abyss. Hàs hé àny brŏthers? Hé hàs ŏne. A màrried màn? Nó, á widower. Whòm dìd hé màrry? Hé màrried Bètsy Mártin, á widow with ŏne child ànd ŏne eye. Hàd shé á lárge fôrtune? Shé hàd á thoŭsand poŭnds (stèrling). Wăs hé á gòod hùsband? Yès, fôr á mŏnth. And thèn? In á yéar shé wăs dùst ànd hé á bèggar. How? Hé is á gàmbler ànd á ráke. Hàs hé á child? Hé hàs ŏne. Where (2) is ìt? It is ìn á foŭndling hòspital. Indéed! Yès. Hé is a fòllower òf Roŭsseau, is hé nòt? Yès, hé is a scèptic. Is hé líke his brŏther a wălking mùmmy, the pìcture òf despáir? Nòt by dáy, bùt by night hé is a fright. How só? Hé sléeps líke a hâre, with ŏne eye ópen. With ŏne eye ópen! Yès, ànd his móaning in his sléep woŭld breák a heârt òf stóne. How different frôm the câlm repóse òf a vìrtuous màn! Yès, bùt hé is a bàd màn, ànd nèver wăs a bàd màn hàppy. No, nôr a gòod màn miserable. Hóliness ànd hàppiness àre ŏne.

TEMA II. — ARTICOLO DEFINITO.

Vedi i *Temi Sceneggiati*, quinta edizione, pag. 17.

Swănn live two hùndred yéars. The swănn òf ăustrália âre blàck. Richard, has the táilor brought my cóat? Nó, Sir; nòt yèt. Mr. B., whăt is the căuse òf the mèlancholy of táilors? Pròbably the sèdentary life which they léad. Whăt is the ènd òf póetry? Tó pléase. And òf history? Tó instrùct. And òf èloquence? Tó persuáde. Hàve yoú rèad (3) the póetry òf the áncient Hébrews? I hàve nòt rèad ìt. Or the history of Chárles the fifth? I hàve rèad ìt. And thé èloquence òf the Brìtish Sènate?

(1) *Pronunciate* drâft. (2) *Pronunciate* hoèr. (3) *Nel presente si pronuncia* réad: *nel passato* rèad.

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Fáte, méte, bíte, nóte, túbe; - fàt, mèt, bìt, nòt, tùb; - fâr, pique,
Seno, vino, lai, roma, fiume; - patto-petto, petto, e, i, notte, *oeufs* - mano, vino,

I have rèad the first vòlume. Whăt is grătitude? It is the mèmory of the heart. Is the grătitude of the wicked lăsting? It lăsts ăs lòng ăs thèir hópes of néw fávours. Is nòt the prèss the mistress of *knòwledge*? Yès, ànd *knòwledge* is the mistress of thé úniverse. The *knòwledge* of ăll áges and nátions, where is it trèasured ùp (1)? In bóoks, in líbraries. Whăt is the kéy tó thése trèasures? The *knòwledge* of lànguages. Have yoú séen the líbrary of the Vàtican? Nòt yèt. Have yoú rèad the bóoks thăt I lènt yoú? Nòt ăll. Has yoúr brŏther bóught the néw pùblicátion? Which? The history of the literature of the middle áges. Hé will búy it the dáy after to-mórrow. When dìd yoú begin the stùdy of the English Lànguage? The first of lăst mŏnth. Have yoú bóught a còpy of the néw english and itàlian dictionary by Millhouse? Nó; my (2) coùsin Brown will lènd it to mé. Is hé alrèady returned fròm England? Hé arrived the dáy befóre yèsterday. Dìd hé cŏme bý wáy of Fráncе? Nó, he came bý the Rhine and Switzerland. Where dìd hé cròss the ălps? By mount St. Bèrnard. Dìd hé ascènd mount Blànc? Yès, ànd stòpped twó dáys in the vàlley of Chàmony. How dŏes he like England? Vèry much. And thé English? Still móre; espècially the middle clàsses. Hé sáys thăt thé English are like the pórter (thăt) they drink: the tòp ăll frŏth, the middle gòod, ànd the bòttom drègs. Whăt dŏes he sáy of the activity of thé English? Thăt it is unexàmpled, excèpt amŏng the Amèricans. And of thèir cléanliness? Thăt it is équalled ónly bý thăt of the Dùtch. Did he remàrk the extréme cléanliness and activity of the Quákers in England ànd Hòlland? Yès; hé sáys thăt in the first quăility they have nó équals, and thăt in the sècond they have nó rívals excèpt amŏng the utilitárians and Methodists. Hé is right. He tèlls me thăt the Quákers consider cléanliness as sècond ónly to hóliness. It is true. And thăt the utilitárians

(1) *O*, Where is the knowledge of all ages and nations treasured up?
(2) Nella rapidità del parlar famigliare *my* s'articola spesso col secondo suono della vocale alquanto piegato verso il terzo.

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nôr, rûde; - fǎll, sŏn, bŭll; fȧre, dȯ; pȯiṡe, bȯyṡ, fȯul, fȯwl; ġem, aṡ.
forte, ruga; - forte, *oeuf*, culla; erba, ruga; poi, baule; gemma, rosa.

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consìder ídleness àṡ thé òriġin ôr fomènter of èvery více; ànd sáy thàt màn wǎṡ máde fôr wŏrk àṡ birdṡ tȯ flý. They âre right; the màn whȯ dŏeṡ nŏтнing ìṡ a wrètch. The Mèтнodists àt léast тнink so: fôr they expèl the dróne fròm thèir socíety. They dȯ wèll; the màn whȯ dŏeṡ nòt wŏrk shoŭld nòt éat.

TEMA III. — ARTICOLO PARTITIVO; *pag.* 19.

Gìve mé sŏme páper; I wìll wríte sŏme lètterṡ tȯ mý friendṡ, thàt they máy sènd mé sŏme mŏney. Hére ìṡ sŏme páper, Sir. Vèry wèll. Nȯw gìve mé sŏme wáferṡ. I hàve nòt àny. Thèn buý mé sŏme. I hàve nó chánġe; wìll yoú gìve mé sŏme? I hàve nŏne; bùt thère ìṡ ȧ sŏvereign. Shàll I nòt buý yoú sŏme séaling wàx? Nó, I hàve sŏme. Dȯ you nòt wǎnt àny páper? Yès, ìf you sée àny Bâтн páper, buý mé sŏme. Gȯod dáy, Mr. B.; yoú sèll páper, dȯ yoú nòt? Yès. And wáferṡ? ǎlso. Hàve you sóld àny páper to-dáy? I hàve sóld sŏme. Gìve mé sŏme lètter-páper, ìf you hàve àny. Hȯw mùch? A quíre. Wáiter, brìng ùs sŏme wíne. Yès, Sir. Wìll yoú hàve whíte wíne ôr rèd? Whíte. Nȯw gìve ùs sŏme hàm, ànd sŏme róast-béef? Yès, Sir. Mr. P., máy I hèlp you to sŏme hàm? Nó, I тнànk you; I wìll táke sŏme róast-béef. Fàt or léan? Fàt, if you pléaṡe. Dȯ you prefèr wíne òr béer? I drìnk nŏтнing bùt wǎter. Cùt mé sŏme brèad. Éat sŏme cáke. Wìll you nòt táke sŏme còffee? Nó; póur mé ȯut sŏme téa. Hèlp yoursèlf to sŏme créam. I will táke sŏme súgar. My grànd-father gáve mé bàd dìnnerṡ ànd gȯod advíce.

TEMA IV. — GENERI DEI NOMI; *pag.* 20.

Tèll mé, my sŏn, whǎt dȯ pȧrents ówe to thèir chìldren? Tènderness, hèlp, and protèction. And chìldren to thèir pȧrents? Lŏve, respèct, and obédience. Dǎughter, whǎt dȯ brŏtherṡ and sìsterṡ ówe to éach ŏther? Friendship, kíndness, and regàrd. Hére cŏmeṡ yoúr coùṡin Geôrġe. Gȯod dáy, nèphew. Gȯod dáy, déar ùncle; hȯw is my àunt? Quíte wèll. And hȯw

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Fáte, méte, bíte, nóte, túbe; - fàt, mèt, bìt, nòt, tùb; - fâr, pique,
Seno, vino, lai, roma, fiume; - patto-petto, petto, e, i, notte, oeuf; - mano, vino.

âre yoúr fâther and mŏther? They âre vèry wèll, Sir, I thànk yoú. Geôrġe, how̄ iṡ coùṡin Elíza? To-dáy shé is mùch bètter. Nùrse; brìng hére the báby. Whăt a fíne chíld! Iṡ ìt a boȳ ôr a girl? It is a boȳ. — Is the bríde yoùng? Shé is sìxtéen. And the brídegroom? Sìxty. Thèn hé might bé her grànd-father. Yes. Is he an óld bàchelor? Nó, he is a wìdower. How̄ màny wíveṡ hàṡ he hàd? Sìx. How̄ màny chìldren hàṡ hé? Sìxtéen. — Whó âre thóṡe nóblemen ìn the càrriaġe wìth the Kìng? The Dúke of B. and the Èarl of C.. And thóṡe ládieṡ wìth the Quéen? The Màrchioness of E., ànd the Cou̅ntess of F.. Thère ìs the Mârquis of L., the néw frènch Ambàssador. Is thàt the Ambàssadress? Yes. Have you sóld yoúr blàck hòrse? No; I exchánġed hìm fôr thìs mâre. How̄ mùch dìd yoú páy fôr thìs cólt? Sìxteen pou̅ndṡ. And for thàt fìlly? Twènty. Whère dìd you buý thàt fíne bŭll? At the Alba fáir. And thóṡe cow̄ṡ? At the sáme. Whăt a beaútiful hèifer! Bý whăt shìp dìd you retùrn fròm Calcùtta? By the Jóan of Arc. The Jóan of Arc, the wărrior shèpherdess! Yès, shé whóm yoúr fórefatherṡ bùrned àṡ a wìtch. At whăt hotèl did you stòp ìn Lŏndon? At the sígn of the fáithful shèpherd. And in Pàris? At thàt of the gàllic còck. Càn thère bé àny sou̅nd móre hòrrible thàn the scréam of the péa-cock? Yès, the knòck of a dùn, or the crý of a brăwling wífe ìs wŏrse. It mùst bé a sàd hou̅se whère the còck is sílent and the hèn cróws. Yoúr stèpmother lóoks déeply afflìcted; hàṡ àny calàmity befăllen her? Her làp-dog díed yèsterday. How̄ màny gráy-hou̅ndṡ hàve you? I hàve thrée dógṡ and a beaútiful bìtch. Yoúr sèrvant-màn ìs a négro, is he nòt? Yès, and ou̅r sèrvant-máid a négress. I intènd to màrry àn hèiress. Whóm? Miss B.. Máry, is Mr. B. at hóme? Nó, Sir; he is ou̅t. Is Mrs. B. at hóme? No, Sir, my mìstress wènt ou̅t wìth my màster. Càn I sée Miss B., her sìster-in-law? Yes, Sir; wălk in, if yoú pléaṡe. Góod môrning, Miss B.. Góod môrning, Mr. D.; be séated. Are thóṡe yoùng ládieṡ your niéceṡ? Yès, Sir. Dó you thìnk thèm prètty? I shoŭld if thèir àunt wăṡ nòt hére.

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nôr, rûde; - fǎll, sŏn, bŭll; fáre, dó; pōiṡe, bōyṡ, fōul, fōwl; ġem, aṡ.
forte, ruga; - forte, *oeuf;* culla; erba, ruga; poi, baule; gemma, rosa.

TEMA V. — PLURALE DEI NOMI; *pag.* 22.

Withōut pròbity, whăt woŭ*l*d socíety bé? A dèn of тнiéveṡ. And withōut relìġion càn thère bé àny pròbity? Thère càn bé nóne. Thèn relìġion is essèntial to the hàppiness of péople? Its móst implàcable ènemieṡ hàve béen fórced to confèss this trûтн. Withōut it mèn woŭ*l*d bé wólveṡ and fòxeṡ to ŏne anŏther. Thóṡe yoùng ládieṡ âre ălwayṡ lâughing. Dó you nòt sée thàt they hàve beaútiful téeтн? The fúture of the èlder weárṡ immènse mustác*h*ioṡ. Yès, to cŏver àn ùgly mōuтн, ànd a bróken tóoтн. Hìṡ hàir iṡ àṡ glòssy aṡ thàt of àn Indian (1). It iṡ a wìg. Whý dŏeṡ shé màrry hìm? Hàṡ hé mùch rìcheṡ òr mùch *k*nòwledġe? Hìṡ rìcheṡ is as cópious aṡ hìṡ mustác*h*ioṡ. And his *k*nòwledġe? It is as scànty àṡ hiṡ hàir. Wìdow Paffûta is in téarṡ. Yes; shé hàṡ jùst fōund twó òr тнrée grey hàirṡ in her hèad. Hōw màny chìldren hàd Pétrarc*h*'s Lăura? Tèn. Hàd Pétrarc*h* àny? He had тнrée; twó bōyṡ ànd á girl. Bé pùnctual ànd meтнòdical in buṡiness, and nèver procrâstinate. Hōw iṡ buṡiness àt prèṡent? Vèry dùll. Whăt iṡ the réaṡon? The néws frôm thé Éast. Is gráin déar to-dáy? Nó, ăll sòrts âre chéaper, excèpt óats. Hàve you màny déer ìn yoúr pârk? Abōut twó hùndred. Are they vèry táme? Yès, ălmost àṡ táme às shéep. Is thàt spìnaġe góod? Nó, thé aspàragus iṡ bètter. Wáiter, brìng ùs sŏme crèsseṡ and (sŏme) *k*níveṡ. They sáy thàt gàmbler hàṡ dìssipáted ăll hìṡ pròperty. It iṡ trûe. And iṡ nōw lìving òn âlmṡ? Nó, upòn the liberâlity of hìṡ brŏtherṡ ànd thèir wíveṡ. Whèn dìd yoú sée hìm làst? Eight (2) dáyṡ agó. Whère? In a wíne cèllar ùnder the Pórticoeṡ. At cárdṡ àṡ úṡual? Nó, àt díce. Wìth whóm? With twó mèn òf the drègṡ òf the péople, whó lóoked líke тнiéveṡ. Wăs hé wèll drèssed? A Jew (3) woŭ*l*d nòt gìve sìx pènce fòr the wărdrobeṡ òf ăll the тнrée. Sùch âre the frûits òf shùtting

(1) *Oppure,* As an Indian's. (2) Eight; *pronunciate* áte. (3) Jew, *pronunciate,* jû.

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Fáte, méte, bíte, nóte, túbe; - fât, mèt, bit, nòt, tùb; - fâr, pique,
Seno, vino, lai, roma, fiume; - patto-petto, petto, e, i, notte, *oeuf*; - mano, vino

ŏne's éars tó advíce. Yès, ànd of máking ènemies òf ăll thàt ŏne méets. Wé shoŭld máke nó màn àn ènemy, howèver wéak: the líon wăs sáved bý the mŏuse. Nór shoŭld wé despíse advíce fròm àny ŏne, howèver ignorant: Róme wăs sáved bý the càckling òf géese. Càn míce lìve withoût drink? Yès, líke pàrrots. Càn yoú stànd líke mé àn *hour* òn ŏne fóot? Nó, bùt á góose càn. Whèn a táilor wìshes to rèst himsèlf, whăt does hé dó? Hé gèts upòn his féet. Yoúr táilor ălways wèars trowsers. Yès; his lègs àre líke á pàir òf cŏmpasses. And míne ălways wèars three òr fóur pàir òf drăwers. Even in sùmmer? Yès. Why? Becăuse hé hàs nó cálves tó his lègs; they àre líke a pàir of tòngs. The Gèrman's wife wèars the breeches (1). Yès, líke Xantippe. Give mé the snùffers. I will (2) thank yoú fòr the bèllows.

TEMA VI. — GENITIVO; *pag.* 25.

How pleàsant mùst bé the life of a bird (3)! Màn's life is shòrt ànd fŭll of mìsery. Whăt wăs the căuse òf the dúel? Mr. Blàck's dòg ràn awáy with a bóne thàt Mr. Brown's dòg wăs picking. Is éither òf the dúellists woŭnded? Both. Mr. Blàck's băll càrried òff Mr. Brown's nóse; ànd Mr. Brown's băll càrried òff Mr. Blàck's toúpe, ànd the hàlf òf his lèft éar. Whăt bóoks hàve yoú rèad this mŏnth? Alison's Sèrmons, Scòtt's Ivanhóe, Addison's Spectátor and Hèrvey's Mèditátions. And in póetry? Býron's Còrsair, Thòmson's. Séasons, Cowper's wŏrks, and Pópe's Èssay on màn.—Sir, yoúr fâther's càrriage is àt the dóor. Vèry wèll. Hàve they brought my ùncle's pàssport? Yès, Sir. Pŭt my fâther's greát-coat òn the bòx, ànd my ùncle's trùnk upòn the róof, and tèll my nèphew's tútor to cŏme down stáirs; wé àre góing to stàrt. Whère dìd yoú díne yèsterday? At Mr. Whíte's villa. And to-dáy? At Mr. Blàck's. Is Mr. Blàck's pronùnciátion gòod? Vèry gòod. How màny mŏnths' lèssons hàs hé táken? Twó. Thèn the

(1) *Pronunciate*, britches. (2) I will, *meglio*, (*abbreviato così*) I'll, *che si pronuncia* ill. (3) *Oppure:* How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

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nôr, rùde; - fǎll, sŏn, bŭll; fàre, dó; poise, boys, foul, fowl; ġem, as.
forte, ruga; - forte, oeuf, culla; erba, ruga; poi, baule; gemma, rosa.

pronunciátion of the english lànguaġe is nòt so vèry difficult. Whăt is the distìnctive characterìstic of Býron's póetry? Intènsity. I sée yoú hàve bôught Dànte, Tàsso and Ariòsto's wŏrks. Yès. Whère dìd yoú buý thèm? At Gianìni ànd Fióre's. Whăt néwspápers dó yoú réad? Galignàni's Mèssenġer and the Mălta Tímes. Whère dó yoú réad the fôrmer? At St. Chârles' (1) Còffee-house. And the làtter? At Mr. Vieússeux's réading róom. Dŏes yoúr ùncle the mìnister's rìches rènder hìm hàppy? Nó. Or hìs néw hònours? Stìll lèss. The rìches and hònours of thìs wŏrld càn nèver sàtisfý the crávings òf àn immôrtal spìrit. The Quéen of England's návy is vèry stròng. Yès, it is dŏuble thàt òf the Kìng of the Frènch. Whìch dó yoú prefèr, the vivàcity of the Frènch or the gràvity of the Dùtch? The vivàcity of the Frènch. Whăt is a lúnar eclìpse? The èarth's shàdow (2) fălling upòn the móon. Whăt is the mòtto of thàt bóok? The fòllies of the wíse. And of thìs? The fáilings of the góod. Whăt is thé òbject of the wíse màn's stùdies? Pràctical utìlity, the greátest hàppiness of the greátest nùmber. Are thóse Mìllhouse' (3) díalogues? Yès. And thése? Fènelon's dialogues of the Dèad. Whère is my brŏther's cóachman's whìp? It is ìn the bùtler's róom. Whý is your fâther's pârtner só proud? Hìs ùncle's wífe's coùsin màrried a Mârquis. Whère is the chìldren's gŏverness? Shé is in yoúr sìster-in-lăw's róom. Whóse pèns àre thése? They belòng tó my sìster. And thése pèncils? They belòng to my sìsters. Whăt càn bé só tèrrible às a fâther's cùrse? Nŏthing, excèpt the cùrse (4) of Hèaven. Whăt is móre delíghtful thàn a mŏther's blèssing? Nŏthing, excèpt the blèssing (5) of Pròvidence.

TEMA VII. — ADDIETTIVO; *pag.* 27.

Fàt, ùgly, fóolish; fàtter thàn, ùglier thàn, móre fóolish thàn, lèss fóolish thàn; the fàttest, the ùgliest, the móst fóol-

(1) *Oppure*, Charles's, *che si pronuncia*, Chàrlesis. (2) *Oppure*, The shadow of the earth. (3) *Oppure*, Millhouse's. (4) *Oppure*, malediction. (5) *O*, benediction.

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Fáte, méte, bíte, nóte, túbe; - fàt, mèt, bìt, nòt, tùb; - fâr, pîque,
Seno, vino, lai, roma, fiume; - patto-petto, petto, e, i, notte, *oeuf*; - mano, vino,

ish, the léast fóolish. — Dìd yoú èver sée a stráight nóse? Nèver. Whăt is the móst dòcile pèrsonage thàt yoú èver săw? Tòby the lèarned (1) pìg. And the móst àctive? The indùstrious fléas. Wáiter, brìng ùs a bòttle of rèd wíne and sŏme cóld wăter. Yès, Sir. How óld is thìs wíne? It is thrée yéars óld, Sir. Hàve yoú àny bètter ôr ólder? It is thé óldest and bèst thàt wé hàve, Sir. Mý táilor's wífe thìnks hersèlf hàndsome, hàndsomer thàn her sìster, whó woŭld bé the hàndsomest yoùng girl ìn the vìllage, if shé dìd nòt pîque hersèlf on béing só. — Whăt bóok is thìs? It is á néw edìtion of D'Alembert. Hàve yoú rèad ìt? Nòt ăll: I hàve fóund ìt mùch lèss ìnteresting thàn I hóped. It ìs às insìpid às it ìs ìmpious. Yès, ìt is as hârd às a stóne, as drý às a stìck, ànd as cóld às a cŭcumber. Dó yoú thìnk thàt Lŏndon is lârger thàn Pàris? Yès, bý fâr. It is the lârgest, rìchest, móst commèrcial and móst impôrtant cìty ìn the wŏrld. Lóok àt thàt óld màn pŭtting òn hìs spèctacles to ógle thìs yoùng girl. O the vènerable sìnner! — Whó is the fàt óld lády whó is dâncing wìth thàt ùgly yoùng màn? Hŭsh, my déar fèllow! Nóbody is fàt, ùgly òr óld àt the bâths òf Lŭcca. Shé is the Cóuntess dówager Snùffenough. Sée, ìn thé éagerness òf dâncing twó of her fàlse téeth hàve făllen óut. Yès, ànd lóok, ìn stóoping tó pìck thèm ùp, her pârtner hàs bróken hìs bráces, ànd lèt făll hìs wìg. How ridìculous thé óld and the decrèpid rènder themsèlves whèn they ápe the fòllies of the yoùng and the robùst!

Is thère àny góod thìng thàt càn bé obtáined sò éasily às góod advíce? Thère is nŏne. Or thàt is só lìttle appréciáted? Vèry féw. It is só éasy to gìve advíce! Yès, and só dìfficult to fòllow ìt! Whăt ìs thé éasiest thìng in the wŏrld? To fínd ŏther péople's àctions blámeworthy. And the móst dìfficult? To fínd óur ówn sò. Whó is the hàppiest of ăll mèn? The màn whó thìnks hìmsèlf só. And the móst mìserable? The míser or thé átheist. How dŏes átheism châracteríse màn? As béing nó hígher thàn the brûte.

(1) *Il verbo o participio è* lèarned *o* lèarnt; *l'addiettivo è* lèarned.

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nôr, rûde; - fǎll, sŏn, bŭll; fȧ́re, dó; pȱiṡe, bȱyṡ, fȱul, fȱwl; ġem, aṡ.
forte, ruga; - forte, *oeuf*, culla; erba, ruga; poi, baule, gemma, rosa.

And relìġion? Aṡ ónly a lìttle lówer thàn thé ánġelṡ. Are the gó̇od ǎlwayṡ rewǎrded in thìs lìfe? Cèrtainly nòt. Or the bàd pùnished? Stìll lèss. Thèn thère mùst bé a státe of fúture rewǎrdṡ and pùnishments? Yès, ìf Gòd is jùst. Is nòt shó̇oting a bârbarous amúṡement? Yès, the spórtsman iṡ móre crûel thàn the sàvaġe, ôr the tíger. Yès, òf ǎll ferócious ànimalṡ I think hìm the móst crûel. — Iṡ yoúr intènded aṡ prètty àṡ her sìsterṡ? Shé is prèttier thàn thé èlder, bùt nòt só prètty àṡ the yoùnger. Is shé accòmplished? Yes, vèry. And ìnteresting? Extrémely; the lònger I *knów* her the móre I lŏve her. — Dó̇ yoú sée thàt pále màn àt the lìttle mârble táble? Hé wìth the dirty shirt, and dirtier fáce? Yès. Hé is eight féet hígh. Thèn hé iṡ the tǎllest màn ìn the Kìngdom. Yès, and pròbably thé ùgliest. And cèrtainly the dirtiest. Is it trûe thàt wé âre lèss tǎll ìn thé évening thàn in the môrning? Yes; ànd in óld áġe thàn in yoúth. Bý hȱw mùch? Bý àn ìnch ôr *twó*. Hȱw fàt yoú gró*w* òf láte! Yes, the lònger I lìve the brôader I gró*w*. If yoú dón't táke móre èxercíṡe ànd éat lèss yoú wìll sóon bé aṡ brôad aṡ yoú âre lòng. Hȱw lòng is thé Amèrican bŭll-frog? It is eighteen ìncheṡ lòng. Lóok àt thàt sígn. « The chéapest shòp ìn ǎll the wŏrld! » And thìs. « Chéaper thàn the chéapest shòp ìn ǎll the wŏrld. Whý iṡ the english àdjective líke ȧ́ rùsty wèather-cock? Becǎuṡe ìt nèver váriеṡ. Whý iṡ thìs rûle só impôrtant tó̇ thé Yoùng? Becǎuṡe òn the gó̇od òr bàd úse òf thé àdjective wìll depènd ìn a greát degrée thèir succèss ìn lŏve ànd màrriaġe. Wǎṡ Sòcrateṡ àṡ hàndsome àṡ hé wǎṡ wíṡe? Nó; ìf hé wǎṡ the wíṡest màn òf hìṡ áġe, hé wǎṡ ǎlso thé ùgliest. C. iṡ vèry rìch, ìs hé nòt? Yès; bùt hé iṡ nòt the rìchest màn ìn the vìllaġe. The pó̇or âre aṡ much despíṡed aṡ the rìch âre estéemed. Trûe; bùt bý whó̇m? Bý knáveṡ and fó̇olṡ. The fârther wé advânce ìn the stùdy òf a lànguaġe the éaṡier ìt becŏmeṡ.

TEMA VIII: ADDIETTIVI NUMERALI; *pag.* 31.

At whǎt o'clòck dó̇ yoú ríṡe? At fìve. And yoú brèakfast? At eight. And díne? At twó̇. And táke téa? At sèven. And sùp? At

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Fáte, méte, bíte, nóte, túbe; - fât, mèt, bìt, nòt, tùb; - fâr, plque
Seno, vino, lai, roma, fiume; - patto-petto, petto, e, i, notte, *oeuf*; - mano, vino

nine. And gó to bèd? At hâlf pâst tèn. Whăt is the pópulátion of the glóbe? Abôut eight hùndred millions. Whăt wăs the pópulátion of the Unîted Státes of Amèrica, in eighteen hùndred and twènty? Eight millions. And at prèsent? Lâst yéar it was twènty twó millions ŏne hùndred thôusand. Thèn the populátion doùbles èvery twènty yéars? Èvery ninetéen. Whăt is the populátion of thé Unîted Kingdom? Thirty millions. And of the différent depèndencies of Great Brìtain? A hùndred and sìxty millions. Dó they ăll spéak english? Nó; bùt the greáter pârt of thóse who dó nòt know it âre now lèarning ìt. Thèn in hâlf a cèntury they will ăll spéak it? In mùch lèss. I shoŭld like to live fifty yéars móre to sée thât dáy. And I shoŭld bé glàd to live twó hùndred yéars, to sée to whăt height òf èmpire Nôrth Amèrica, Brìtish India, Austrália, and soùthern Africa will hâve grówn. By thât time (the) hâlf (of) the inhàbitants of thé èarth will spéak English. The third pârt àt léast. Whăt is the prèsent ârmy òf the Repùblic of the Unîted Státes? Sèven thôusand fíve hùndred mèn. And of thât of San Marîno? Thirty fóot and tèn hôrse.

How dó yoú like the néw tràgedy? *óh* vèry mùch! In the first àct, the héro appéars upòn the scéne a blóoming boy òf twèlve yéars óld; ìn the sècond a fíne yoùng màn òf twènty ŏne; ìn the third a beárded ârmed héro of thirty five; ànd in the fóurth and lâst, a decrèpid dótard òf eighty. In english phráses, whăt pláce dŏes the nòminative òccupy? The nòminative hàs the first pláce, the vèrb the sècond, the accúsative the third, and the dátive ôr àblative the fóurth. How mùch is the pôund stèrling? It is twènty shillings, or twènty fíve fránks. And the shilling? Twèlve pènce or twènty fóur soûs. And thé english pènny? Two hálf-pence. When is yoúr bìll páyable? The twènty sèventh ìnstant. Whăt is the sùm? A hùndred and twènty ŏne pôunds, thirteen (shillings) and sìx pènce. Hâve yoú it ăll? I wănt yèt twènty fóur pôunds two ànd fóur pènce Càn yoú lènd mé thìs sùm? Yès; hére is a bànk nóte fôr thirty pôunds. I thànk yoú; I will páy yoú ìt the fifteenth or sìxteenth of nèxt mŏnth. Whère does

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nôr, rùde; - făll, sŏn, bŭll; fàre, dó; poìse, boỳs, foûl, fow̑l; ġem, aṡ.
forte, ruga; - forte, *oeuf*, culla; erba, ruga; poi, baule, gemma, rosa.

Mr. Jòhn Mìllhoûse lìve? Nùmber 1674 Ciovassìno stréet. On whăt flóor? On the sècond. Hàve you rèad Bùlwer's néw nòvel? Yès, ŏnce. And Dìckens' (1)? Yès, twíce. How̑ mùch ìs the póstaġe of lètterṡ ìn England? A pènny fòr èvery hùndred míleṡ. The Daguèrrotýpe tákes líkenesseṡ ìn tèn sècondṡ. Yès, sŏmetímeṡ in fíve. Whèn dìd Lèonard da Vìnci díe? In fifteen hùndred and nínetéen. Whère? At Pavia, ìn thé ârmṡ of Fràncis the first. Whó wăṡ the ríval of Fràncis the first? Chârleṡ the fifth. Whăt dìd Chârleṡ the fifth sáy aboût lànguaġeṡ? Hé sáid thàt a màn whó knówṡ fíve lànguaġeṡ iṡ équal to fíve mèn.

TEMA IX. — PRONOMI PERSONALI; *pag.* 33.

I éat, yoú smóke, hé chéwṡ, shé drăwṡ, it bùzzeṡ; wé tălk, yoú líe, they bóast, they bârk. Hé quìzzed thèm. They detèst hìm. Wé bèat (2) thèm ìn (the) ârgument. They wìll nèver forgìve ùs. To-dáy I shàll nòt hàve tíme tó căll òn éither hìm; her ôr thèm. Shàll yoú hàve tíme to-môrrow? Yès; I wìll căll òn hìm ìn the môrning, òn her ìn thé âfternóon, ànd òn thèm ìn thé évening. Whý dìd hé màrry her? Shé wăṡ the prèttiest dâncer àt the lâst băll. Whý dìd shé màrry hìm? Hé wăṡ the bóldest ríder àt the làst stéeplechase. Dìd hìṡ friènds infôrm hìm thàt shé iṡ addìcted to lìquor (3)? Yès; bùt hé dŏeṡ nòt beliéve ìt. Dìd herṡ infòrm her thàt hé iṡ ŏne of the móst irràscibìe mèn ìn the kìngdom? Yès, bùt shé mákes líght òf ìt. Hàve yoú séen hìm sìnce hé wăṡ màrried? I hàve séen néither hìm nôr her. Whère âre they àt prèṡent? In Swìtzerland. Whèn wìll they retùrn? Nèxt mŏnth. Dìd hé sènd yoú bàck the bóok thàt yoú hàd lènt hìm? Hé retùrned ìt the dáy befóre hìṡ wèdding. Wìll yoú hàve the góodness to lènd ìt to mé? Wìth greát plèaṡure; I wìll sènd it to yoú thìs évening. Yoú wìll oblíġe mé. Dìd shé sènd yoúr sìster a páir òf glŏveṡ òn her wèdding dáy? Yes; and shé sènt her ălso a slíce of bríde-cáke. Do yoú thìnk (thàt) they wìll vìṡit ùs òn thèir

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(1) *Oppure*, Dickens's. (2) *Presente*, béat, *passato*, bèat, *participio*, béaten. (2) *Pronunciate*, lìkkor.

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Fáte, méte, bíte, nóte, túbe;- fât, mèt, bit, nòt, tùb;-fâr, pique,
Seno, vino, lai, roma, fiume;- patto-petto, petto, e, i, notte, *oeuf*;- mano, vino,

retùrn? I dâre sây they will; àt léast they will léave thèir càrds, ànd thèn wé will căll òn thèm.

Hâve yoú yèt spóken with ànу Englishman? Yès, with twó or three; bùt they dìd nòt understànd mé wèll. Did yoú understànd thèm wèll? Nòt distinctly: they spóke tóo fâst. Yoú shoŭ/d hâve bègged thèm tó spéak móre slówly. I will dó só the nèxt time thàt I sée thèm. Is the Gèrman às rich às they? Nó, bùt hé is móre lèarned thàn they. I beliéve yoúr sister spéaks english bètter thàn yoú. Yès, bùt I *write* it bètter thân shé. Whăt dŏes thàt pàrrot sây? It sâys (thàt) yoú âre a fóol. Whăt is a fishing-rod? It is a stick ànd a string, with a wŏrm àt ŏne ènd ànd a fóol àt thé ŏther. Dìd yoú sléep wèll lâst night? Nó, I dréamed thàt I wăs în a dréary wilderness whère I mèt my Chârlotte, pursúed bў an enòrmous blind mònster.—*Oh*! críed shé, I hâve rùn só mùch thàt I càn rùn nó móre. Hide mé, hide mé; fôr thàt mònster wănts to devóur mé: thère hé is! thère hé is! Móst *h*ònoured Sir, sâid I to hìm, trèmbling, if yoú mùst àbsolutely éat sŏmebody, éat mé, ànd..... léave mé my Chârlotte. Nó, sâid hé, shé is móre tènder thàn yoú; howèver nòt to sèparáte yoú, I will éat yoú bóth. Hàving sâid this, hé tóok mé bў the hâir, ànd.... I awóke—Themistocles sâid thàt his little bŏy wăs sŏvereign of mankínd. How dìd hé próve it? Thùs: àthens rûles the wŏrld, I rûle Athens, my wife rûles mé, ànd the child rûles her. «Dŏ yoú lŏve yoúr neighbour (1) as yoursèlf?» sâid the Missionary. «I lŏve hìm tóo mùch» replíed the Cànnibal; «if I càtch hìm I éat hìm.»—Whăt is the móst impôrtant of ăll *k*nówledge? The *k*nòwledge of oursèlves. How is this *k*nòwledge obtáined? Bў cárefully exàmining èvery night, how wé hâve perfôrmed ôur dúty through the dâу, to ôur neighbour, to oursèlves, and to ôur Gòd.

TEMA X. — PRONOMI POSSESSIVI; *pag.* 36.

Gòod mórning, my déar Miss B.. Is it trûe thàt ôur frìend, Mr. C. is góing to màrry Miss. D.? Yès. Hàs hé àsked her fâther's

(1) *Pronunciate*, nábor.

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nôr, rûde; - făll, sŏn, bŭll; fȧre, dó; poîse, boȳs, foûl, fowl; ġem, aṡ.
forte, ruga; - forte, *oeuf*, culla; erba, ruga; poi, baule; gemma, rosa.

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consènt? Yes, ànd hàṡ obtáined it. And ăll hìṡ ànd her friènds âre sàtisfíed? Pèrfectly; and hìs fâther ànd hers hàve agréed upòn the màrriaġe àrticleṡ. I àm tóld thàt hé stóle her mìniature twó ôr thrée mŏnths agó. Yès, bý thé assìstance òf ȧ mìniature páinter, a friènd of yoúrṡ. Thróugh whóm I coŭld éaṡily stéal yoúrṡ. Indéed! Yèṡ, ìf I chóṡe (1); bùt I nèver wìll. Yoú dó nòt think míne wŏrth the troùble. I hàve ìt alrèady. The first tíme thàt I săw yoú, yoúr líkeness wăṡ stàmped òn my heàrt ìn shôrter tíme ànd bríghter cŏlourṡ thàn the daguèrrotýpe coŭld táke ìt. — Rìchard, ìs yoúr fâther àt hóme? Nó; my fâther, mŏther ànd sìsterṡ âre àt the vìlla. I wìshed to spéak tó hìm. If yoú hàve nó objèction wé wìll ríde oût togèther. I hàve nòt the léast. Wìlliam, sàddle thìs ġèntleman's hôrse ànd míne. Dirèctly, Sir. Hàve they éaten thèir óats? Yès, Sir. Gèntlemen, yoúr hôrseṡ âre àt the dóor. Lèt ùṡ moûnt. Mý hôrse and yoúrṡ âre vèry bàd. Yès, bùt I think thàt míne iṡ a lìttle bètter thàn yoúrṡ. Is nòt thàt ġèntleman a friènd òf yoúrs? Hé is òr wăṡ a friènd òf míne. Is hé shôrt síghted? He pâsses withoût salúting yoú. I bèat hìm in àrgument thé ŏther évening. Whère? At oûr friènd Mrs. D's. Wăṡ hìs wífe prèṡent? Yès, ànd sèveral òf hìṡ ànd her relátionṡ. Yoúr cònduct wăṡ vèry imprûdent. Bùt hé wăṡ wròng. Nó màtter; ìt iṡ ălwayṡ bètter tó lóṡe ŏne's àrgument thàn ŏne's friènd. They tèll mé thàt hé ànd hìs wífe âre ălwayṡ àt wăr. Alwayṡ. Is ìt hìṡ fáult ôr herṡ? It is hiṡ. Hé hàṡ făllen oût ălso wìth hìṡ ùncle ànd àunt. Indéed! Yès. Whóṡe făult iṡ ìt, hìṡ ôr thèirṡ? I beliéve it iṡ thèirṡ. Is hìṡ grànd-father yèt lìving? Yès, and his grànd-mother ălso. Is hìṡ sìster-in-lăw prètty? Vèry. And her hùṡband? Hé iṡ aṡ ùgly às hiṡ wífe is prètty. How iṡ a bird knówn? Bý its nóte. And a màn? By his tălk. And a yoùng lády? By her àlbum, bóoks, appéarance (2), compànionṡ, amúṡements, etc. How mùch dìd hìs Màjesty's bùst còst? Eight hùndred frànks. And her Màjesty's? Nine hùndred. Dó English mŏthers nùrse thèir ówn chìldren? Yès, ăll, éven the Quéen. They âre right; the wóman

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(1) *Oppure*, if I wished. (2) *O*, her books, her appearance, etc.

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Fáte, méte, bíte, nóte, túbe; - fât, mêt, bit, nòt, tùb; - fâr, pique,
Seno, vino, lai, roma, fiume; - patto-petto, petto, e, i, notte, oeufs - mano, vino,

who nùrses her ówn child is twice its mŏther. Whèn they âsked Anaxàgoras « Where is your còuntry? » how, did he reply? By pōinting with his finger to the sky. Cùt my hair. Remèmber thy Creator in the dâys of thy youth.

TEMA XI. — PRONOMI RELATIVI; *pag.* 38.

Who is thàt gèntleman with the blâck pàtch òn his face? It is he whose nóse wăs cùt òff in a dúel. Whèn? Four dâys agó. By whom? By Colonel (1) P., whose wife he had sedúced. Bùt who demànded satisfàction? Yès, and obtained it. By cùtting òff the nóse of the wrètch who had offènded him? Yès, and by being rùn through the heart by him. Whăt is his name? Dŏn. Whăt! thé irresistible Dŏn, thé Apòllo of his âge! Yès, he who, like Cèsar, had ónly tó show himsèlf to cònquer. Yès, bùt whose cònquests âre now óver forèver. — Whăt, dŏes thàt pàrrot sây? It âsks: « Fôr whom dŏes the blind màn's wife pâint hersèlf? » And now, whăt dŏes it cry? It sâys thàt you âre drùnk. Which is nòt fâr from the trùth. Nó, you âre whăt I căll hâlf séas óver. She whom I lŏved the móst has decéived mé. Is it pòssible! It is a fâct. Whom has she màrried? The màn whom I hâted the móst. The rival of whom you spóke to mé só often? Yès, him whom I hâve só lòng suspècted, and whose attèntions were só assíduous — Whèn you were in England did you remârk the pèrfect òrder in which èvery thing is kèpt? — Cèrtainly; and the pèrfect mèthod with which èvery thing is dŏne. Thóse flowers, the beaúty and frágrance of which you só mùch admire, were sènt mé from gènoa. By whom? By the gèntleman whose pòrtrait you sée abŏve the chìmney-piéce. By thé òfficer whom I mèt in your box? Yes, Càptain P. whose óld ùncle coŭld nèver distinguish mé from my mŏther. Whose miniature is thàt in your bósom? It is my Máry's How beaútiful she is! Yès; it wăs thàt beaúty which first attràcted my attèntion; bùt it wăs nòt thàt which fixed my heart. Whăt fixed it? The

(1) *Pronunciate,* cŏrnel.

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nôr, rûde; - făll, sŏn, bŭll; fâre, dó; poîse, boŷs, foûl, fowl; ġem, aś.
forte, ruga; - forte, *oeuf*; culla; erba, ruga; poi, baule; gemma, rosa.

swéetness ôf her tèmper. The *whôle* iś greáter thàn a pàrt. Yès; *who*èver denieś thàt ìs a fôol. — Elíza, I dó nòt *knòw* tó whìch ôf yoûr súitorś yoú will give yoûr hànd: bùt *who*èver hé máy bé, hé will bé a vèry hàppy màn. — Brown sèldom sáyś whăt hé thinks. Hé iś ŏne ôf thóse fèllowś *who* sáy thàt spéech ìś á fàculty whìch wăs gìven to màn, nòt to expréss hìs thôughts, bùt tó concéal thèm. Mr. Còxcom*b*, I wìsh I wăs whăt yoú thìnk yoursèlf, ànd thàt my ènemieś wère whăt yoú âre. Wé shoŭld nèver sáy ìn àny ŏne's àbsence, whăt wé woŭld nòt sáy ìn hìś prèsence. To bé súre. And wherèver wé âre, ôr whatèver wé âre abôut, wé shoŭld nèver forgèt thàt wé âre in the prèsence ôf Hìm *who* ìs ŏne dáy tò bé oûr jùdge.

TEMA XII. — PRONOMI INTERROGATIVI; *pag.* 40.

*W*hó ìs thàt ġèntleman? Gèntleman! hé iś á còbbler. *W*hôm hàve yoú invíted? Càptain M.. *W*hó *k*nòcks? It ìs I. *W*hó? Càptain M.. Gôod môrning. *W*hó âre yoúr musìcianś hére ìn Amèrica, yoúr Rubìniś, yoúr Thàlbergś, yoúr Paganìniś? Frògś. *W*hóse lànd wăs thìs whìch yoú bòught? Mògg's. Whăt ìs the sôil? Bògs. Whăt iś the clímate? Fògs. Whăt dó yoú gèt to éat? Hôgs. Of whăt dìd yoú buìld yoúr hôuse? Lògs. *W*hó âre yoúr ne*igh*bourś? Frògs. *W*hó âre thóse yoùng ládieś? Miss E. and Miss F.. Whìch iś the rìcher? Miss E.. Whìch iś the móre accòmplished? Miss E.. *W*hóse dă*ugh*ter ìs shé? Mr. D's. Whăt ìś hé? Hé iś a bànker. *W*hó ànd whăt wăś her mŏther? Shé wăs a Miss G., a milliner. Whăt sôrt ôf pèrson wáś ànd iś shé? Sòftly, Sir. Whăt dó yoú méan? Fôr whăt réason dó yoú quèstion mé só? Whăt iś yoúr mótive? Fôr *who*m, ôr fôr whăt dó yoú táke mé? And whăt màtterś ìt tó yoú *who* the yoùng làdy iś, ôr *who*, ôr *what*, her pàrents hàve béen? Frièend, yoú gèt wărm. Of whăt úse iś ìt gètting ìnto a pàssion fôr nŏthing? Tèll mé, whìch iś the lèft síde ôf á round plùm pŭdding? *W*hóse iś thàt beaútiful hôuse upòn the hìll? It is Cŏlonel Flint's, Sir. Whăt sôrt ôf màn ìs hé? Hé iś wŏrse thàn the dèvil, Sir. And *who*se iś thàt fíne hôuse upòn the hìll òpposite? It is Mr. Pèp-

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Fáte, méte, bíte, nóte, túbe; - fàt, mèt, bìt, nòt, tùb; - fâr, pique,
Seno, vino, lai, roma, fiume; - patto-petto, petto, e, i, notte, *oeuf*; - mano, vino,

per's, Sir. Whăt sôrt òf màn iṡ hé? Hé iṡ wŏrse thàn Cŏlonel Flìnt, Sir. — Càptain, to whăt hotèl dó yoú recommènd mé tó gó? To Lòng's. In whăt stréet iṡ ìt? In Bònd stréet. Làndlord, whăt róomṡ hàve yoú unòccupíed? One òn the first flóor, ànd ŏne òn the sècond. Whìch iṡ thé lârġer? Thàt òn the first flóor. Whăt iṡ the príce? Thrée shìllingṡ a dáy. At whăt o'clòck càn I díne? At ᴛʜrée. Whăt néwṡpáperṡ hàve yoú? The Tímeṡ ànd the Glóbe. Whìch dó yoú wìsh? Whìch yoú pléaṡe. — Mìss C., wìth whóm wère yoú spéaking jùst now? With Mr. D.. Fôr whóm âre yoú máking thìs lìttle pùrse? Fôr hìm. Fròm whóm hàve yoú recéived thìs lètter? Fròm hìs coùṡin, Mr. C.. To whóm âre yoú góing to wríte? To thèm bóᴛʜ. Thèn they âre bóᴛʜ yoúr lŏverṡ? Yès. To whìch shàll I gìve my hànd? Whìch shàll I dóom to despáir?

TEMA XIII. — PRONOMI DIMOSTRATIVI; *pag.* 42.

Shàll I hàve the plèaṡure of séeing yoú thìs évening? I wìll căll òn yoú àt sìx; ìf thàt hour sŭits yoú. Pèrfectly. Is thìs Wèllington stréet? Yes. Is thìs Wăterlóo brìdġe? Yès, Sir. Whère is the Strànd? Hére àt yoúr féet. Whère iṡ Tràfalgâr. squáre, ànd Châring Cròss? At thé ènd òf thìs stréet. Iṡ it fâr fròm Lèicester squáre? Nó. Is thère àn Itàlian hotèl in thàt squáre? Yes, Mr. Bertolìni's. Hàve yoú rèad the néwṡpaperṡ thìs mórning? No. Dó yoú knòw thìs yoùng lády? I knòw her by sight. Shé séems to lŏve thàt yoùng Frènchman. Yes. Whý? Becăuṡe hé spéaks english. Thìs wíne pléaṡeṡ mé móre thàn thàt. Of cóurse; thìs iṡ tèn yéarṡ óld, ànd thàt ónly six. Thóṡe. péacheṡ âre nòt rípe; táke sŏme òf théṡe. Whăt iṡ the príce of thìs umbrèlla? Twènty eight shìllingṡ. And òf thàt? Thirty. I wìll táke thìs. Càn yoú chánġe mé thìs sŏvereign? Yes. Pŭt thìs lètter ìn the Póst-òffice. Yès, Sir. — Dó yoú sée àny ᴛʜìng ridìculous ìn thìs wìg? Nŏᴛʜing excèpt the hèad? Whăt âre yoúr polìtical opìnionṡ? They âre ălwayṡ thóṡe óf the lády whó sìts besíde mé.

Hàve the góodness tó expláin to mé théṡe twó phráṡeṡ. With

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nôr, rûde; - făll, sŏn, bŭll; fåre, dó; pōise, bōys, fōul, fow̄l; ġem, aṡ.
forte, ruga; - forte, *oeufs* culla; erba, ruga; poi, baule; gemma, rosa.

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greát-plèasure. Alwayṡ spéak fávourably ȯf thóṡe with *whóm* yoú håve béen ŏnce intimate. And thàt? Wé nèver forgive thóṡe *whó* woùld éither amènd ȯr instrùct ùs. Thànk yoú. Gèntlemen, b*uý* thàt bóok which iṡ călled « The Gråduáted english Cóurse ». Wé håve alrèady bòught it. And thóṡe èxercíṡeṡ entítled « The spéaking Thémeṡ ». We will buý thèm this évening. Endèavour to máke yoursèlveṡ agréeable to thóṡe in *whóṡe* cŏmpany yoú åre tó máke the joùrney ȯf lífe. We will. — Thàt póor yoùng màn lóoks déeply afflicted. Eight dáyṡ agó hé lòst his wífe. Hàd they been lòng màrried? A mŏnth. Did hé lŏve her mùch? Excéedingly. Hé assóciàted her with ăll hiṡ thôughts ȯf this wŏrld, ànd ăll hiṡ hópes ȯf the nèxt. Shåll wé *know* in a fúture wŏrld thóṡe *whóm* wé lŏved in this? Yès, and shåll bé *knówn* bý thèm. Dó yoú remèmber Céṡar's exclamátion whèn hé arríved àt thé åpex ȯf his ambition? Yès; « And iṡ this ăll! » How̄ unsàtisfýing iṡ ăll èarthly plèasure! Yes, ànd how̄ trànsitory! Aríṡe ànd depårt hènce, fȯr this iṡ nòt thý rèst.

TEMA XIV. — QUELLO, QUEGLI, QUESTI, COTESTI, EC.; *pag.* 44.

Hé thàt iṡ góod àt máking apòloġieṡ, iṡ ġènerally góod fȯr nŏthing èlse. Hé thàt depèndṡ òn anŏther, díneṡ ill ànd sùps wŏrse. Hé *whó* lóseṡ mŏney lóseṡ mùch; hé *whó* lóseṡ a frìend lóseṡ móre; bùt hé *whó* lóseṡ his spirits lóseṡ ăll. Hé *whó* dŏeṡ nòt ríṡe èarly, nèver dŏeṡ a góod dáy's wŏrk. They *whó* håve ráiṡed themsèlveṡ to greát èminence in the wŏrld, ălwayṡ róṡe èarly. Yes, ànd they *whó* arríved àt a greát óld áġe. Mr. Pétrarch, whý åre yoú só flàtnoṡed? Séeking her *whóm* I shoùld flý, I fèll into a ravíne and crùshed my nóṡe. Whèn *Madame de Stael* åsked Napóleon « *Whó* wăṡ the greátest wóman ». « Shé », hé replíed, « *whó* hàṡ given the greátest nùmber ȯf children to her coùntry ». — Whăt iṡ políteness? It iṡ a sȯrt ȯf coin which enrícheṡ, not him *whó* recéiveṡ it, bùt him *whó* páyṡ it. — Hé *whó* corrùpts his children by hiṡ exàmple ȯr his màximṡ, commits a mùch greáter críme thàn àn assàssin. — At *whóṡe* *schóol* iṡ yoúr brŏther? At Mr. Twigtheirbóttom's. And

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Fáte, méte, bíte, nóte, túbe; - fàt, mèt, bìt, nòt, tùb; - fâr, pìque,
Seno, vino, lai, roma, fiume; - patto-petto, petto, e, i, notte, oeuf; - mano, vino,

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àt whăt schóol iṡ yoúr sìster? At Miss Prim's. Whăt àn immènse dìfference thère iṡ betwéen a lèarned màn and àn illìterate pèaṡant! Yes; the fôrmer ìs ălmost aṡ mùch supérior to the làtter, aṡ the làtter iṡ tó the brûte. Frènch ànd english âre the twó lànguaġeṡ móst wídely diffúṡed. Yes, the fôrmer in Éurope, and the làtter throughoūt ăll thé ŏther pârts òf the wŏrld.

TEMA XV. — PRONOMI INDEFINITI; *pag.* 45.

Hàve yoú àny english bóoks? I hàve sŏme. Hàve yoú àny frènch ŏneṡ? I hàve nòt àny. Dìd yoú buý àny ġèrman bóoks àt thé ăuction to-dáy? I dìd nòt buý àny. They sóld perhàps tóo déar? On the còntrary, sŏme òf thèm sóld vèry chéap. Whý thèn dìd yoú nòt buý àny? Becăuṡe I hàd lìttle mŏney aboūt mé. If yoú wănt (àny) mŏney I wìll lènd yoú sŏme. Yoú âre vèry kínd. If I hàd nòt àny, woŭld yoú nòt dó the sáme fôr mé? I woŭld. — Whăt âre the fixed stârṡ? They âre thôught to bé só màny sùnṡ, éach accŏmpanied by a rètinue òf plànets, còmets, and sàtellites líke oūr ówn. Is nòt Gòd the pláce òf ăll THìngṡ? Hé iṡ; hé fillṡ àt ŏnce ăll tíme ànd ăll spáce; hìs cèntre iṡ èvery whère ànd hìṡ circùmference nó whère. Whăt iṡ the sóurce òf ăll húman féarṡ and inquíetudeṡ? Wănt òf fáiTH ìn the pròvidence òf Gòd. Coŭld thère bé a ġèneral Pròvidence withoūt a partìcular ŏne? Nó, àṡ wèll míght thère bé a cháin withoūt lìnks. — Èvery màn òf sènse fôrmṡ opìnionṡ upòn èvery THìng whìch preṡènts itsèlf. To bé súre; ànd èvery hònest màn dáreṡ tŏ avow thèm. Hàve yoú rèad Mr. Thiérṡ's spéech? I have rèad it; thàt mìnister is a polìtical Ishmael: hìṡ hànd agáinst èvery ŏne and èvery ŏne's hànd agáinst hìm. Dó yoú beliéve thàt Cýrus knéw èvery sóldier ìn hìṡ àrmy? I dó (beliéve it). And thàt hé coŭld căll éach by hìṡ náme? Cèrtainly; the Prèṡident of Sàn Marìno càn dó the sáme. — Lóok àt thóṡe twó óld chìmney-swéeperṡ embrácing éach ŏther ìn the squáre. How disgùsting! How dìrty thèir fáceṡ âre! Whèn twó friènds méet ìn England, dó they embráce éach ŏther? Nó; they ónly sháke hàndṡ ôr salúte éach ŏther. — Hàd yoú mùch mŏney twó yéarṡ agó? I had vèry lìttle.

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nôr, rûde; - fǎll, sŏn, bŭll; fàre, dó; pōiṡe, bōyṡ, fōul, fōwl; ġem, aṡ.
forte, ruga; - forte, *oeuf*, culla; erba, ruga; poi, baule; gemma, rosa.

Hàd yoú màny friènds? Nòt ŏne. Hàve yoú mùch mŏney àt prèṡent? I hàve a mìllion. Hàve yoú màny friènds? Thèir náme is Léġion.

Dó yoú *knów* thóṡe *twó* brŏthèrs? Whìch? Thóṡe *whó* âre séated òppoṡite tó éach ŏther àt the dìnner táble. I *knów* thèm bóth. They âre òdd fèllows, âre they nòt? Vèry; bùt éach ìn hìs ówn wáy. Thé ŏne iṡ á màn òf màny wŏrdṡ ànd a smǎll àppetíte; thé ŏther, a màn òf féw wŏrds ànd a lârġe àppetite. Sée, the làtter iṡ éating àṡ ìf hé hàd nèver befóre éaten àny thìng, ànd àṡ if hé mèant nèver to éat in fúture. Yes, ànd the fôrmer iṡ tǎlking àṡ if hé woŭld ôr coŭld nèver móre shùt hìṡ mōuth. Dó yoú *knów* thèir sìster ôr (their) coùṡin? I *knów* néither (the ŏne nôr the ŏther). They âre bóth beaútiful yoùng ládieṡ. Indéed! Yes; ànd éach hàṡ á fòrtune òf twó thōuṡand pōundṡ (stèrling). Whìch rènderṡ thèm stìll móre àdmirable. They âre bóth pàrtial to mé. Indéed? Yes, ànd I to thèm. Whǎt a hàppy màn! Nòt só hàppy àṡ yoú thìnk. Whý? Becǎuṡe I cànnot gìve the prèference to éither. Thèn, líke thé àss betwéen the twó háy-stacks, yoú stàrve ìn the mìdst of plènty. Jùst só; and, líke Màhomet's còffin, I máy remáin forèver thùs suspènded betwéen the twó lóadstoneṡ, betwéen hèaven ànd èarth, withōut èver toùching éither. Thèn màrry thèm bóth. I àm nòt a Mahòmetan. Or decíde upòn màrrying ŏne, ànd persuáde the ŏther to màrry mé. Is yoúr heàrt frée? Pèrfectly; I lŏve nóbody, and nóbody lŏveṡ mé. Yoúr státe iṡ a móst ènviable ŏne. Ríght; nŏthing càn bé móre insìpid; I ónly vèġetate. Yes, sùch a lífe iṡ nòt lífe. Thèn hèlp mé to chánġe it fôr a hàppier. I will. — I sèldom sée yoú withōut a bóok ìn yoúr hànd. Wé nèver ópen a bóok withōut lèarning sŏmething. Hàve yoú rèad màny english bóoks thìs mŏnth? I hàve rèad féw. Hàve yoú stùdied mùch? Lìttle. Hàve yoú acquíred màny néw idéaṡ sìnce mòrning? Vèry féw. Or mùch úseful *knòwledġe*? Vèry lìttle. We shoŭld lèt nó dáy pàss withōut sŏme intellèctual gáin. Yoú spéak líke àn ôracle. They sáy thàt yoùng màn hàṡ néither ġénius nôr applicátion. Théy sáy trûe. Thèn hé will nèver succéed in àny thìng. Nó,

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Fáte, méte, bíte, nóte, túbe; - fât, mèt, bìt, nòt, tùb; - fâr, plque,
Seno, vino, lai, roma, fume; - patto-petto, petto, e, i, notte, oeuf; - manu, vino,

hé will nèver bé good fôr àny thing. Endèavour to excèl in whatèver yoú undertáke. I will. And nèver undertáke àny thing òn which yoú cànnot âsk the blèssing of Hèaven. I will try to fòllow yoúr advíce. Good bye. I wish yoú èvery hàppiness.

TEMA XVI. — VERBO: INFINITO; *pag.* 48.

Màdam, thère is a lády in the hăll who wănts tó spéak to yoú. Bèg her to wălk in. Good mórning, Mrs. B.. — Good mórning; I àm delíghted to sée yoú. I àm sórry to distúrb yoú. Pléase to sit dówn. Yoú ought to stáy and díne with ùs. I àm sórry (that) I cànnot; I hàve a lètter to wríte. Wríte it hére. I cànnot; I àm obliged to gó and sée my sister, who is abóut to stârt fôr Mílan. I àm sórry (that) it is nót in mý pówer to persuáde yoú to stáy. Yoú âre vèry kínd. Pléase to remèmber mé to yoúr sister. With greát plèasure. Whăt is the principal òbject of stùdy? To lèarn to líve and díe wèll; to bé hàppy hére, and hàppy hereâfter. Whăt is the chíef ènd of màn? To glórify Gòd and enjóy hìm forèver. The màn who bý lògical àrgument woŭld undertáke to próve thé exìstence of Gòd; whóm dŏes hé resèmble? Hé is like òne who woŭld táke a líghted càndle and gó oût àt nóon to séek the sùn.

TEMA XVII. — INDICATIVO PRESENTE; *pag.* 49.

I lŏve Máry Brown. Of cóurse shé lŏves yoú. Shé sáys (that) shé estéems mé. Bùt méans thàt shé lŏves yoú. I hópe sò. Dó yoú like wine? Nó, bùt I confèss (that) I like gòod béer. Dŏes the Amèrican spéak frènch? Hé réads ìt, bùt hé dŏes nòt spéak it. Dó his sisters spéak itàlian? Yes, they spéak ìt flúently. Gòod mórning, Miss D.. Whăt âre yoú dóing? I àm còpying a flower, I còpy ŏne èvery mórning. Whăt is yoúr little brŏther wríting? Hé is wríting àn èxercise; hé wríte ŏne fôr èvery lèsson. I héar sŏme ŏne singing. It is oûr gârdener; hé is tipsy. Dŏes he ălways sing whèn hé is tipsy? Always, éven in sléep. Now I héar péople crying. It is Twigtheirbòttom's wife (who is) béating her hùsband. How hé críes! Yes. Dŏes shé béat hìm

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nôr, rûde; - fǎll, sŏn, bŭll; fàre, dó; pōiṡe, bōyṡ, fōul, fōwl; ġem, aṡ.
forte, ruga; - forte, *oeuf*, culla; erba, ruga; poi, baule; gemma, rosa.

òf*te*n? Yes, èvery tíme thàt shé iṡ withōut bràndy. Is ìt trûe thàt hé béats hìs sc*h*òlarṡ èvery tíme (that) hé hàṡ tóo mùch? Cèrtainly, ànd èvery tíme thàt hé hàṡ been béaten bý her. Hōw! hé góeṡ ànd dischàrġeṡ upòn the shóulderṡ òf the bōyṡ the blówṡ thàt hé hàṡ recéived fròm hìṡ wífe? Precísely. If yoú pâss in hâ*l*f an *h*ōur, yoú wìll héar thèm róaring líke só màny dèvilṡ. — Hàlló, nei*gh*bour! Whǎt âre yoú séeking? I àm séeking my wífe. Whǎt! hàve yoú lòst her? Shé elóped lâst ní*gh*t wìth ōur cóachman... My déar hùṡband, yoú càn nèver forgìve mé. I càn forgìve yoú, my déar wífe, and I dó forgìve yoú. Only forgèt thàt ùgly cóachman, and wé máy yèt bé the hàppiest coùple in the coùntry.

TEMA XVIII. — IMPERFETTO E PRETERITO; *pag.* 51.

(Thé) èxquiṡite Snob wǎṡ drèssing fôr the bǎll whèn yoú arríved? Yes; bùt hé dìd nòt sée mé ènter thé àntichámber. Dìd hé appéar sàtisfied wìth hìmsèlf? Pèrfectly. Whèn hé hàd finished, hé skìpped befóre the lârġest lóoking-glass ìn the róom, exàmined himsèlf fròm hèad to fóot, bōwed, smíled, and sáid to himsèlf: « Wèll, Ròbert, ìf they stànd thàt they wìll stànd àny THìng: I wìll pùlveriṡe wìth ŏne lóok ǎll the ládieṡ at the bǎll ». — I àm tóld (thàt) thé Èmperor of Moròcco is dèad. Yes, he díed lâst mŏnTH. Of whǎt diséaṡe? He chóked wìth THirst. Whý? Coŭld he fínd nŏTHing to drìnk? Thère wǎṡ plènty of wǎter and wíne upòn the táble befóre hìm. Whý thèn dìd hé díe of THirst? Becǎuṡe hiṡ greát bùtler wǎṡ nòt bý to hànd hìm hìs cùp. — Wère they wŏrking àt the tùnnel ùnder the Thámeṡ whèn yoú wère at Lŏndon? Yes. Whèn wìll ìt bé finished? It iṡ (alrèady) finished; it wǎṡ ópened to the pùblic the tènTH of lâst mŏnTH. Whǎt wǎṡ yoúr fávourite wǎ*l*k in Lŏndon? The Réġent's Pârk; I wǎ*l*ked thère àn *h*ōur èvery dáy. — Dìd Càptain C. admíre Mìss B.? He excéedingly admíred her fòrtune. Dìd hé âsk her hànd? Yes; ànd wǎṡ refúṡed.

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Fáte, méte, bíte, nóte, túbe; - fàt, mèt, bìt, nòt, tùb; - fâr, pique,
Seno, vino, lai, roma, fiume; - patto-petto, petto, e; i, notte, oeufs - mano, vino,

TEMA XIX. — PASSATO INDEFINITO; *pag.* 82.

Hàve yoú kìlled mùch gáme to-dáy? I hàve kìlled three wóod-cocks. Dìd yoú kìll màny dùcks yèsterday mórning? I kìlled ónly ŏne. Hàs yoúr sìster fìnished her lìttle pùrse? Shé fìnished ìt òn mŏnday. Hàs shé presènted ìt to Mr. Máson? Shé presènted ìt to hìm twó *hóurs* agó. Hàve yoú been to the théatre thìs séason? I wăs àt thé òpera on mŏnday évening. Hàve yoú been invíted to Mr. B's còncert? Yes. — Why ìs Mrs. P. becŏme só hăughty òf láte? Hàve yoú nòt séen the Cóuntess òf B's càrd òn her ràck? Cànnot yoú stáy a lìttle lònger? I àm sòrry I cànnot. I àm hàppy to hàve máde yoúr acquáintance. I hàve sèldom pàssed só agréeable ăn évening. — Hàve yoú recéived the thirty thóusand póunds thàt yoú wŏn in the lòttery? Yes. I dàre sáy (thàt) yoú hàve gìven nŏne òf it to yoúr póor brŏther. I bèg yoúr pàrdon, Sir; I hàve gìven hìm fíve frànks òf it. Mr. C., whère hàve yoú been? I hàve been oût òn the rìver, and hàve succéeded in persuáding thése fóur pike to accŏmpany mé hóme to dìnner. — Time in pàssing, séems to àsk èvery ŏne òf us; « Whăt àre yoú dòing? Whăt hàve yoú dŏne? Whăt prèparátions hàve yoú máde fòr the *hóur* òf dèath? and fòr thàt time whèn Time will bé nó móre?

TEMA XX. — PIÙ CHE PERFETTO; *pag.* 83.

Làst mŏnth hé wăs promóted tò the gráde of Càptain. It wăs *high* time: hé hàd been sèven *yéars* Lieútenant (1). Whère hàd yoú been yèsterday mórning befóre I mèt yoú? I hàd been báthing in the séa. Só èarly? Yes; I had swùm thrée míles ànd wălked twó, befóre yoú wère up. So the tràveller G. is gòne to Amèrica? Yes, hé hàd nòt sáiled a wéek whèn yoú arríved àt Lèghorn. Dìd he divèrt yoú mùch with the relátion of hìs advèntures? Oh, vèry mùch. Amŏng the rèst, hé tóld ùs thàt he hàd séen a Phénix in Upper Égypt; thàt àt the táking òf St.

(1) *O*, Liftenant.

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nôr, rûde; fâll, sŏn, bŭll; fâre, dó; pôise, boys, foûl, fowl; gem, as.
forte, ruga; forte, oeuf, culla; erba, ruga; poi, baule, gemma, rosa.

Jòhn d'Acre, when the fire òf thé English blew ùp the powder màgazine, and só many Egyptian tròops, hé was blówn ùp with the rèst to the height of two ór three miles; that hé fèll into the séa sèveral miles fròm the shóre; that he had swùm àn hour, when a dólphin, séeing that hé was tired, tóok him òn its bàck and cárried him tó the shóre; and that retùrning to Italy hé had sáiled through the lègs of the colòssus òf Rhódes; which, accórding to him, is still às entire and pèrfect as the statue of St. Charles Borroméo at Aróna.

TEMA XXI. — SOGGIUNTIVO; *pag.* 83.

The Gèrman has insùlted Càptain K.. Yes, and will recéive a chàllenge fròm him, unless hé máke an apólogy. I begin bùsiness to-day: may I hópe to have yóur cùstom? Certainly; provided yóur wares bé gòod, and yóur prices mòderate. Will yoú sèll yóur country séat tó Mr. M.? Nó; I will nòt sèll it to him, unless hé páy mé rèady mŏney. Do yoú think hé will cŏme to-day? I dó nòt knów; bùt whèther hé cŏme òr nòt, wé will dine àt thé accùstomed hour. They say (that) hé has recéived the title of Knight (1). I dòubt whèther hé have recéived it; bùt whèther hé have recéived it or nòt, hé ought nòt to tùrn his bàck òn his óld friends. Shàll wé gó to the bâths to-mòrrow? Yes; provided the wèather be fine.

TEMA XXII. — FUTURO; *pag.* 84.

Have you rèad my vèrses upòn an expíring frog? Yes. They will be admíred, will they not? They and their ăuthor will be laughed at by èvery bòdy. Do you think so? I do; you will nèver be a póet: you will nèver make a fòrtune (by) writing vèrses. — James, you shall write twènty làtin vèrses upòn that bróom-stick befóre you brèakfast. But I réally cànnot, Sir: I have no disposition for póetry; I shall nèver be a póet. You can write them, and you shall; I will make you a póet or the rod shall. — You

(1) *O*, He has been *knighted*.

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have offènded me, Sir, and I will have instant satisfàction. How have I offènded you? You have said that England is not the greátest and most glórious coùntry upòn earth. I repéat the assèrtion. Then, Sir, I tell you that no man in my prèsence shall abúse my coùntry with impúnity. We have long been friends. My attàchment to your pèrson is great, vèry great, Sir; bùt upòn that pèrson I will take sùmmary vèngeance. Prepáre, Sir; I will teach you a little of my pugilìstic scíence; I will break èvery bone in your skin; I will beat out your brains, if you have ànу. — I fear, Mr. B. that the great difference of age betwéen your dàughter and me (1), will be an insúperable bar to my únion with her. It shall not, my Lord. I will exèrt my authòrity. She shall be yours, or I will know the réason. We shall see. I tell you my Lord, she shall be yours, even if I should drag her to the ăltar with my own hand. — Elíza, how old is your súitor, Lord B.? He will be sèventy five next Jànuary. And you will be sixteen? No, ónly fifteen. Yet your fâther is resòlved to màrry you to that old skèleton. I will nèver have him, Máry, nèver. It will be vèry páinful to me to oppóse my fâther's will, but in this instance I shall be compèlled to disobey him, and I will. If he fórces you to màrry thàt old wălking mùmmy, he will be guilty of the crûelty of Mezèntius; he will chain the lìving to the dead. He shall not do it, Máry; I will nèver màrry this man. My fâther may drag me to the ăltar, but no èarthly power shall force me to it alíve. You shall not be made unhàppy if I can prevènt it. I will reláte the circumstance to my mŏther; she has some influence óver your fâther; she shall employ it all in your fávour, and if pòssible shall dissuáde him from this mad pròject. I shall be extrémely obliged both to you and her, but can hârdly hope that she will succéed.

How will you conduct yoursèlf amŏng them? I will be strictly just. Truth shall règuláte my words and èquity my àctions. In all my intercourse with them, I will remèmber that divíne précept, to do to ŏthers what I would they should do to me, and will endèavour to obey it. I shall offènd: for I will nèver outwardly incense those whom I inwardly despíse. Více, fòlly, ignorance, I will condèmn wherèver I find them. But espècially I will look down upòn the vile worm who, like Ésau, sells his

(1) *O*, Difference between your daughter's age and mine.

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birth-right for a mess of pòttage; who renoûnces sèlf-estéem and all that is nóble and dignified in his nature, in órder to possèss a little of the little rìches, or little hònours of this little tràsitory world. Thus I shall remain alóne in the midst of the crowd. I shall have no friend, and shall make màny ènemies. Spéaking a lànguage which is not mine, and hàving to do with pèrsons whose hàbits are the antìpodes of mine, my words and àctions will be òften misunderstòod and òftener misintèrpreted. But for the wounds of the heart I will seek and shall find bàlsams in the consolàtions of rèligion. My hàppiness shall not depènd on the approbàtion of ŏthers, but upòn that of my own heart, my cònscience and my God. If I enjŏy the good opìnion of ŏthers, it will come unsòught; if I lose it, the loss will not be felt. He that has divíne consolàtion can do without húman. What odd dòctrines! It is èasily seen that you have been amŏng the sàvages. But, by the way, when will you give us the history of your young Indian friend? That of the brave Cosáto? Yes, that of him who accidèntally transpiérced with an àrrow anŏther Indian at your side, at the bùffalo-hunt. It will be pùblished next year. Howèver, if you wish, I will give you a pàssage from it now. You will oblíge me. — I said to her; « Your lŏver is drìven forèver from his tribe. You will not partáke his èxile. 'Tis well. Cosáto will go alóne to the dèsert. No one will be with him but the wild beasts of the wilderness. The séekers of blood will fòllow on his trail. They will perhàps come upòn him while he sleeps, and glut their vèngeance. But you will be safe in your fàther's hut. Cosáto will go alóne. » I turned awáy. She sprang àfter me, and strained me in her arms. « No, » cried she, « Cosáto shall not go alóne. He shall nèver depàrt from me. Wherèver he goes, I will go. Whatèver dánger he affrŏnts, I will affrŏnt. No èarthly pŏwer shall èver sèparáte us. One sácred oath has bound us. One has been our lot in youth, one shall be our dèstiny through life, one shall be our death, and in one grave shall our united àshes repóse. » — She pròmised well: did she keep her word? To the lètter. — What will not wŏman's love perfòrm!

CONTINUAZIONE DEL TEMA SUL FUTURO: *pag.* 58.

I think you will lose the mŏney that Mr. B. owes you. I hope I shall not. I fear he will nèver pay you. He shall pay me immédiately, or I will sue him. You will gain nŏthing by it. Then

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he shall go to jail. That will cost you more mŏney. Yes, but I shall have the satisfàction to punish him. You will not be sàtisfied. You will àrgue dìfferently next year, when you will be in tradè. I shall be wrong. By the way; you will begìn business in Jànuary, will you not? Yes. Do you think that you will be as fòrtunate as your èldest brŏther? I hope I shall. No one can commànd succèss; but I will do more, I will mèrit it. If I fail, it shall not be through my nègligence (1). At all evènts I have alrèady, and hope I shall àlways have, a còmpetency; and while I have a loaf to share, our mútual frìend, old G., shall nèver want. I do beliéve you. Will you come and dine with me tomòrrow? I fear that I shall not be àble. Come! You shall not denỳ me this plèasure. Pray excúse me. I will not excúse you; you shall not be excúsed; no excúse shall be admìtted; I will expèct you.

Have you replìed to the ìnsolent lètter that Mr. B. wrote to you? No; he is gone to Italy. If you meet (2) him àny where, shall you have the coùrage to demànd satisfàction? Yes, I shall. I will set out to-mòrrow for Italy: I will bring his lètter in my pòcket, and if I meet him, he shall eat it. But perhàps he will find it sŏmewhat dìfficult to swăllow. Then he shall eat ìts weight in lead, which will be still hàrder to digèst. But perhàps he will regàle you with the same sort of cold collátion. Then he will save my expènses home, which I shall not be àble to defráy. What! shall you not have mŏney enŏugh to pay the expènses of your jòurney to Rome and back? I shall have scàrcely enoùgh to bring me there. Will you, my dear friend, lend me fòrty pounds (stèrling)? I will pay you when I have won the càpital prize in the lòttery. — At what o'clock will the moon rise tonight? It will rìse at eight. Will it rain this évening? I fear it will. Will it be fine to-mòrrow? I think not. Mr. C., shall Mrs. C. dance the next coùntry-dance with Lord B.? Excúse me, Sir; she shall dance néither with him nor with àny one. I will nèver stand up and see my wife frìsking abòut like an ìdiot. Will you sit down at a whist táble? No; I will nèver play at whist. Whist is a sòlemn obsèrvance; it is no amúsement. Will sùpper soon be served ùp? It will be on the táble in half an hour. This game will soon be decìded. Will B. lose? I fear he will Will Mrs. G.

(1) *O*, Any negligence of mine. (2) *O*, Should meet.

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win? I am ălmost cèrtain she will. When shall your stéward pay me my accoûnt? He shall pay you next mŏnday. Thùrsday is a hòlìday; shall your son come and spend the day with my boys? Yes, provìded his tútor is sàtisfied with his stùdies. By the bye; shall his tútor transláte a little note ìnto ità1ian for me? Certainly; give it to me; my son shall bring it to you on thùrsday with the translátion. — You are now hàndsome, Madam; but shall you be ălways so? — Lŏvely Máry, and shall I call you mine at last? Was èver man so blest as your William? — Your fâther will soon be grey. Yes, and yours will soon be bald. A hùndred years hence we shall all be bald. — Learn to appréciate life now, as you will appréciate it at its close.

TEMA XXIII. — FUTURO ANTERIORE; *pag.* 61.

How màny months' lèssons have you táken? I shall have táken two to-mòrrow. Have you begùn to speak? Not yet. When will you begìn? When I have táken four or five months' lèssons. That is, when you have thòroughly learned the làngua.ge? Yes. Do you recollèct the old stóry of the fool who would not vènture ìnto the wăter till he had learned to swim? I shall remèmber it. Has Mr. B. yet begùn to speak? He begàn befóre he had táken ten lèssons. Indèed! Yes; and he will speak flúently befóre he has wrìtten the half of these èxercíses. How màny months' lèssons will Mr. C. have táken befóre góing to England? Only one. How long will he have been there befóre he speaks the làngua.ge well? Only two or three months: that is, if he goes and lives (1) in an english fàmily. When shall I be áble to read Shàkspeare? In abòut two or three months. Do you think so? Yes; and you will have lost your time, and I shall have táken much úseless troùble, if at the end of the year you cànnot read, speak and write english like an Englishman. Will you lend me this book? Yes, vèry willingly, when I have read it. When shall you have finished réading it? To-mòrrow évening. Is the fifth edition of the « Gràduated English Course » néarly sold? Yes; and the sixth will be pùblished befóre you retùrn from the baths. — What are your two boys dóing? They are lèarning with great pain and fatìgue the two dead làngua.ges. And twelve years hence they will have forgòtten them both. Most pròbably.

(1) *O*, If he will go and live.

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Papà, I shall have finished my lèsson before you return from your walk. Very well, my dear boy. When will you give me what you have promised me? When you (will) have written three exercises without any mistake. — I must leave you. Wait a moment; I shall soon have finished. — B., when will you marry? when I have lost all taste and activity for hunting and gaming. That is, when a rottenness of bones and a dissipation of fortune will have rendered a dowry and a nurse desirable. Mr. D., when will you pay me what you owe me? When I have married the heiress. When will that be? I cannot exactly tell you, but before to-morrow she will have consented to give me her hand, or I shall have drowned myself. I hope you will not drown yourself till you have paid me. — Make haste, Fanny; dress me quickly; they will have danced the first country-dance before I arrive. In ten minutes I shall have finished. I wonder how many conquests I shall have made before morning.

TEMA XXIV. — IMPERATIVO; *pag.* 63.

Coachman, stop; open the door; we alight here. Walk in; walk up stairs; sit down; come near the fire. Take some tea. Let us speak english. Speak slowly. Try to pronounce more distinctly. Read these maxims. Dare to be wise; begin at once. Take care in time; make haste. Seize the present opportunity. Do nothing impetuously or timidly. Be just, and fear not. Begin; go a-head. Hope, hope on, hope ever. Persevere against discouragements; never despair. Preserve self possession. Let not the sun go down on your wrath. Rise early. Be an economist of time. Be temperate; and in all your actions remember the final account. Pray and meditate as if you were to die to-morrow: plan and act as if you were to live forever. Despise all riches and all honours that must be purchased at the expense of truth, virtue, and a manly spirit. — Let us box. Let her sing. Let him play. Let us dance. Let them skip. Let them come in; let them wait; give them these letters. Let them go away. Let me never see them more. Having food and clothing let us be content. — If ever you go to London, take care of your purse and your watch.

TEMA XXV. — POTENZIALE; *pag.* 64.

Can you jump that ditch? I will try. May I gather some cherries? Yes, if you can. I cannot reach them; the tree is too high.

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Charles, you can take anŏther glass (of wine). Yes, and I would; but I may not. Why? The Dòctor told me that I might not excéed one glass at dinner, till I should see him agàin. My hand trèmbles tèrribly this mòrning. Can you write a short note for me to our mútual friend B.? I would write it with plèasure if I could, but I réally cànnot. What! you cànnot write four lines for me in your own lànguage! No; but I can write them in greek or in làtin, and éven in verse if you wish. Our friend has long forgòtten both; but he knows itàlian and french. Can you write them in èither of these lànguages? I am sòrry to be obliged to say that I cànnot. Can you read Dànte, Boïleau, or Schìller in the original? No; but I can read Ovid, Catùllus and Anàcreon. Can you speak gèrman? No; but my brŏther can play the gèrman flute. Can you tell me where is the River Plate, the Mississippi, or the St. Làurence? I cànnot rècollèct èver hàving read these names on the « *Orbis veteribus cogniti.* » Can you explàin to me the principle of this thermòmeter? No. Or of that wàter-pump? Néither. Can you inform me by what pròcess wàter is changed into steam, and this into a mótive power? No; but I can tell you how and why Alpheus was changed into a river, and Jùpiter into a bull. Bràvo! Can you tell me who invènted the (màriner's) cŏmpass, the tèlescope, or the stéam-èngine? who discŏvered Amèrica, the system of the úniverse, or the art of printing; or the resùlts that these invèntions have had or may have upòn the hàppiness of man? No; but I can tell you whom Jùpiter loved (1); whom he kicked out of Olỳmpus, and, if you please, can give you a detàiled accŏunt of Alexànder's horse, Alcibìades' dog, and Acteon's hounds, with the name of each. I thank you; I am cèrtain that the knòwledge of these names, etc. might be extrémely sèrviceable to me, as to you, now and through life, but for the prèsent I will try to do withŏut it.

I cànnot find my wig. It is on your head. Can your son dance? Yes, àlmost as well as his dàncing màster, Mr. Kangaròo. Miss M., may I have the plèasure of dàncing the next set with you? I will ask mammà. Ma, I come to ask you if I may dance with Mr. Hop. My dear Màry, how can you think of such a thing? He cànnot have more than ten thŏusand a year. You cèrtainly may not. Lord Mùttonhead has been introdùced to me; may I dance

(1) *O*, with whom Jove slept.

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with him, Ma? Yes cèrtainly, dear Jane, you may. He cànnot have less than a mìllion. — Dòctor, I am told that Mr. Slim is consùmptive. It is true; but ùnder my care he may yet live two or three years. His brŏther was càrried off by the same diséase in a month. True; yet he might have lived sèveral months, perhàps years if he had fòllowed my advíce, and had gone to Pisa. He was excèssively rich. Yes; but all his riches could not save him from the tomb. Nor from oblìvion néither; he is ălmost forgòtten alrèady. It is true; the mèmory of a rich or a great man may sŏmetimes survíve him half a year. Willìam, can you play (on) the víolin? No doubt I can, but I cànnot exàctly sáy. Why? Becăuse I have nèver tried. Here is a víolin; try now: we nèver know what we can do till we have tried. — Be prepàred for èvery thing; death may come at an unexpècted hour.

TEMA XXVI. — CONDIZIONALE; *pag.* 67.

I find you ălways réading. True. What would you take in exchánge for your love of réading? I would not take the wealth of worlds. Is that Býron? Yes. A translátion? No. Who would read a translátion now? Now when one can learn to read ànу mòdern lànguage in a month? Who that had so éasy àccess to the fòuntain head, would slake his thirst at the distant pollúted stream? Who that could ascènd to the sùmmit of a lúcid seréne would stop in the vàlley and in the mist? Who that could walk in the Flòrentine gàllery would còpy a pláister bust? None but a lázy fool. — They tell me that Býron is sŏmewhat vìsionary. All póets are so: they give us things as they ought to be, not as they are. Eat some nuts. Thank you, they would do me harm. We should èarly find out the food that suits us, and that (which) hurts us. Yes; èvery man is a fool or a physìcian at fòrty. We should likewise discŏver èarly the pecúliar bent of our génius. Yes, if èvery one did so, we should not have so mànу ministers and legislàtors whom nàture made còbblers and chìmney-swéepers. If I lived in the coùntry like you (1), I would òften go shòoting (2). I would do so too, if, like the sàvage, I had no ŏther means of suppórting life. Then you think shòoting a bârbarous amúsement? Vèry. Are there not béings in the úniverse as much supérior to us as we are to the fèathered creátion? I think (3)

(1) *Oppure*, As you do. (2) *O*, A shooting. (3) *O*, I should think that.

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there are. What should we think of one of these who would spend the half of èvery day in killing us, our rèlatives and our fèllow men for sport? I should think him more crûel than a tíger. He would be so: the tíger would nèver kill, if it was not impèlled by hùnger. Man is the ónly ànimal that makes death a sport. I would not nùmber in my list of friends the man who néedlessly sets foot ùpòn a worm.

Should you be sòrry if neighbour C. failed? I should be extrémely sòrry; but I should not be susprised, he is so incòrrigibly lázy. They say that he has sollicited a pènsion from Gŏvernment. Is it pòssible? Yes. Yet he is robùst; he could work. Yes, if he would; but he will not. He should be ashámed: the man that can earn his bread éven by wŏrking in a ditch or in a mine, should not be behólden éven to a King. I should be glad if he was refúsed. And I too; such a refúsal would be perhàps a fòrtunate piece of misfòrtune for him. It would rouse him at least from his prèsent lèthargy. Misfòrtunes are not ălways évils. No; if they were they would not fall, as they often do, ùpòn the best fávourites of Hèaven. I see that your son is lèarning a trade. Yes; man should ălways be áble, wherèver or howèver placed, to gain for himsèlf the means of subsistence.

CONTINUAZIONE DEL TEMA SUL CONDIZIONALE.

Will you lend me a hùndred pounds? I would most willingly if I could. Then you cànnot? No; if I lent it to you, I should not have enoùgh remáining to pay my rent to-mòrrow. It is late; you should stay and drink tea with us. I should be delíghted; but if I did mysèlf that plèasure I should disappoint my grànd-father, with whom I have prómised to spend the évening. What young man would remáin at home, if he had the means of trávelling? None but a cŏward, or a nínny. Your trávelling compànion would be the hàndsomest young man that I èver saw, if his nose was a little shŏrter. Just so. Yèsterday, when we were pàssing through the vàlley of the Simplon, the Crétans excláimed: «What a hàndsome young fèllow that Englishman would be if he had a wen!»

Elíza, if Cŏunsellor Gréenhorn asked your hand, would you give it to him? I would (give it to him) with my heart in it. If he asked your fâther's consènt, would he give it to him? He would (give him it) cèrtainly. Would you màrry him, if he was not so rich? I would màrry him if he had not a fàrthing. Then you réally love

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him? I do. He is a glórious fèllow. He is just what a lŏver and a bride-groom should be. Brávo! Would you màrry him if by àny unfòrtunate àccident he lost an eye or an ear? I would. You would! Yes; I should regrèt the circumstance for his sake, but I should be ălmost glad for mine. Why? Becăuse it would afford me so chârming an òpportúnity of próving how disinterested is my love for him. Then you have it. The ŏther night he lost all his fòrtune in a gáming house; and yèsterday he lost his left eye, and (the) half (of) his nose in a dúel.

Cŏunsellor Gréenhorn, would Miss C. continue to love you, if she knew the àccident which has befällen you? I hope she would. Màster, here is a lètter from Miss. C. — My fâther has discŏvered my attàchment for you. Two hours since, he gave òrders that I should see you no more. You know well that a dăughter should not oppóse the will of her fâther. Do not beliéve that the loss of your mŏney, or that of your nose has had àny influence on (1) (èither) him or me in this decision. You must be convínced that éven if your antàgonist's ball had càrried off not ónly your nose, but both your legs, I would have fòllowed you a bâre-footed bèggar throughout the world. Farewèll forèver. — We should try to derive some úseful instrùction from èvery thing that we see or hear.

TEMA XXVII. — CONDIZIONALE ANTERIORE; *pag.* 71.

You speak english ill. Vèry. Befóre sètting out for Lŏndon you should have táken more lèssons. Yes, instèad of one month, I should have táken two or three. If your brŏther, who speaks well, had not been with you, you would (2) have died of hùnger, and perhàps would have been obliged to lodge at night ùnder the dry árches of Wăterloo bridge. You mistáke. I had in my pòcket that key which ópens all doors excèpt Hèaven's, gold; and at the màgic touch of this, and at the sound of « The Deuce » that « Open, *Sèsame* », of the English, all doors, whèther of bèd-rooms, refèctories, or cèllars would have flown ópen befóre me as if by enchàntment. Do you think so? Cèrtainly. And éven if I had been alóne I could have asked all that I wănted. And would they have understòod you? Without doubt (3). But should you have understòod them? No; to make one's-sèlf understòod (4) is éasy; but to understànd ŏthers, that is the difficulty; that is what

(1) *O*, Has influenced. (2) *O*, You might have. (3) *O*, No doubt, o, doubtless. (4) *O*, To be understood.

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flóored me at the thrèshold. The first step is álways the most difficult. In lànguages, as in love, to attèmpt, to advànce is to cònquer. You should not have let yoursélf be intimidated. You should not have forgòtten that he who would speak a lànguage well, must begin by spéaking it ill. You are right. If at (1) my arrival I had begun rèsolutely, I am sure that in a vèry short time I should have spóken flúently. Doubtless; and you would perhaps soon have made the acquáintance of some sentimèntal young lády who would not have found less plèasure in téaching you her lànguage than you would have had in lèarning it. How hàppy I should have been! In a few months she would have taught you her lànguage, and perhàps you would have taught her yours. Most pròbably; and to sòften (2) the task to her, I would have taught her to sing some beaútiful piece of músic; as, for instance; «The Elìxir of love». Yes, and by means of this músic, and of your chàrming lànguage you would have perhàps won the heart of the simple maid. True; and perhàps I should have succéeded in persuáding her to accompany me to this músical càpital of Italy (Náples); to this little bit of hèaven fállen down upòn earth, to be the Eve of my èarthly pàradise, to strew my couch with flowers, and shed sùnshine and hàrmony óver the path of my èarthly pilgrimage. This or some (ŏther) similar idéa should have inspíred you with coùrage (3) on your arrival. Befóre you set foot upòn land, you should have resòlved nèver to ópen your lips in àny lànguage but english dúring your stay. You are right; instead of frequènting my countrymen, I should álways have associated with the English. Yes; and then, instèad of stáying with the Itàlians in Leicèster Square, you should have placed yoursèlf in an english bóarding-house, or in some prívate fàmily. But at the beginning I should not have understòod them. Whenèver that hàppened, you should have begged them to repéat what they had said. What néwspapers did you read? The itàlian and french. You should not have read àny but the english. You should not have frequènted àny clubs, chùrches, or théatres but those of the coùntry. You are pèrfectly right. Acting thus you would soon have learnt to speak the lànguage flúently, and would have been enábled to see the coùntry and the péople with plèasure and pròfit. Right; I should not have trávelled through the United Kingdom like a trunk, as I have done.

(1) *O*, On. (2) *O*, Lighten. (3) *O*, Animated you.

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TEMA XXVIII. — ESSERE; *pag.* 73.

I am a wise man; thou art a fool; he is a fop. She is a blue stòcking. We are gèntlemen; you are plebéians. They are scamps. They are low wŏmen. — He was preferred. You were rejècted. We were decéived. They were màrried yèsterday. I will chàllenge him. You will be a fool. I will shoot him. His triumph shall be short. Pérhàps he will kill you. I should not be sôrry; sèparàted from my Máry, life would be a bùrden. Your death would not be a great loss for the world. No cèrtainly. Your hèirs would think your pròperty (1) bètter than your cŏmpany. Not one béing upòn earth would shed a tear on my tomb. Péople would walk the streets the day âfter your death just as they do to-day. Yes, the crowd would not be diminished. You would be laughed at for two or three days, and then would be forgòtten. I will not be laughed at. Brâvo! He shall not be chàllenged. She shall not ènjoy such a triumph. My heirs shall not rejòice. I will cast off this grief. I will be mysèlf agàin. Let us be mèrry. Here is an inn. Let us go in. We will (2) drown grief in a tùmbler (3) of punch. Wáiter, two tùmblers of punch. Yes, Sir. Let it be strong and sweet. Yes, Sir. Why was your rival preferred to you? He is a còxcomb, and thèrefore irresistible. Does he dress bètter than you? He is the best drèssed young man in all Italy. And then, the ŏther day he gave her a diamond ring, and a càshmere shawl. Is it pòssible! Yes, and you know that wŏman has been described as an ànimal fond of dress. By whom was she so described? By Màlthus or the Cynics. Those Cynics were vèry singular fèllows. Was it not a Cynic who first called drùnkenness a béastly hàbit? Yes; and what can be more absùrd? Nŏthing; the inférior ànimals are all mèmbers of the tèmperance society. Shall you be disengàged this évening? I will go (4) to the òpera. — James, why are your nails so long, and your hair so màtted? My affairs are so absòrbing that, these three months, I have not had time to cut the one or comb the ŏther. Is not còmversàtion one of the greatest plèasures of life? It is; and the plèasures of còmversàtion are enhànced by èvery increase in Knòwledge. What is the best time to dine? For a rich man, the best time to dine is when he can get an àppetite, and for a poor

(1) *O*, Room. (2) *O*, Let us. (3) *O*, A bowl. (4) *O*, I am going.

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man when he can get food. Were the ăuthor's pròfits great? Almost nŏthing. And the èditor's? Half a million. Are not the clàssics more amùsing (1) than instrùctive? Yes; in them one learns much that is ornamèntal and ălmost nŏthing that is úseful. — Máry, how hàppy you would be, if you could love me! James, how I would love you, if you could please me! — A sáilor caught him by the hair to drag him into the boat; but the wig remáined in his hand, and the poor fèllow was drowned. Then he would have been saved if he had not worn a wig? Yes, just as Absalom would have been if he had worn one. Be pròsperous and hàppy; nèver requíre our sèrvices, and we will remáin your friends. Much obliged. What is the critèrion of èvery branch of èducátion? Its utility in after life. Is the Póst-office far from here? It is in the next street. How much is the pŏstage of this lètter? Eight pence. What is the predòminant pàssion of the húman heart? The love of power. Is not èvery acquisition of knòwledge an increase of power? It is. Is my pàssport signed? Yes, Sir. Here it is. Are the hòrses to (the càrriage?) Yes, Sir; the càrriage is at the door. Èvery now and then we should exàmine oursèlves. Just so; self-amèndment is the òffspring of self exàmination. Be mèrry and wise. It is ìmpious in a good man to be sad. Be what you would persuáde ŏthers to be. I will try. Point not at ŏthers' spots with a dirty finger. God forbìd.

TEMA XXIX. — AVERE; *pag.* 76.

I have a wen. Thou hast a hump. He has a glass eye. She has a wŏoden leg. We have false teeth. You have false calves. They have false curls. They have bàndy legs. I had the cramp. You had the night-mare. He had the dròpsy. She had the gout. We had the hìccup. They had the tèrtian féver. They had St. Vítus' dance. I shall have a large fòrtune. You shall have the half of it one day. He shall not have a fàrthing. We shall not have time. You will have a plèasant walk. They will have bad wèather. — Why have you bought this crow? They tell me that crows live two hùndred years; and I have bought this one to make the expèriment. When will you come and see my new coùntry seat? I shall have that plèasure some day next week. It is not yet so

(1) *O*, entertaining.

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cŏmfortably fùrnished as I could wish; but you shall hạve the best bed, and the best room in the house. You are vèry kind. — Has Mr. C. read much? He has read much and seen more. Has he trạvelled? He has been in the East Indies. When you desire a làndlord at Calcùtta (1) to prepạre brèakfast, how does he replý? He says; « Have I not ôrdered it? Is it not alrèady cŏming? Why does he expréss himsèlf in so odd a mànner? To show the plèasure with which he obeys you. Mr. Nimrod, what have yo. been dóing these thirty years? I have been éating, drinking, gàmbling, rácing, killing birds, and trying to kill time. Miss Prim, what have you been dóing these fifty years? I have been drèssing, gòssiping, drinking tea, pláying whist, càtching fish, and trying to catch a hùsband. — Mr. C., I have to thank you for my prèsent hàppiness. Sir, I am hàppy to have been áble to contribute to it in ány degrée. But for you, I should not have been áble to obtáin (2) my fâther-in-law's consènt. Your Villa is (vèry) beaútiful. Have you nèver been here befóre? Nèver. You should have come a little èarlier; I would have brought you to see my farm. I should have been here an hour sóoner, if I had not been detáined by the flŏods. Is our friènd K. here? No. Do you think he would have come, if I had invíted him? I am sure he would. We had some delícious songs àfter you left us the ŏther évening. Indéed! Yes, you should not have gone awáy so soon. Pèrsons of great tàlent have ălmost ălways wide nòstrils. True; and I nèver knew a man of imaginative génius that had not fine eyes. Have you done with the jòurnal? Yes, Sir; it is at your disposition. Brŏther, have you finished your drăwing? Not quite. How slow you are! I could have finished (it) as soon as you; but it would not have been so well done. Your dâncing-mâster is a man of vèry engáging mànners. Yes, he has all the good quălities imàginable, excèpt that he is lame. When be heard the ŏther day, that Lord P. had been appointed prime minister: « Dear me! » excláimed he, « that astònishes me! I have had that nóbleman two years ùnder my care, and I nèver could make ány thing of him. » How páinful (it is) to lie down (3) at night and think that the dúties of the day have not been done.

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(1) *O*, An Indian innkeeper. (2) *O*, I could nèver have obtáined. (3) *O*, Go to bed.

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TEMA XXX. — TO DO, AUSILIARE; *pag.* 79.

Prètty, prètty Pòlly Hòpkins, how do you do? how do you do? None the bètter, Tòmmy Tòmkins, for séeing you; for séeing you. Máry, how beaútiful you are! How I do admíre you! Dear mè! What nònsense you do talk, Mr. Brown! Do have done. Good mòrning, Mr. C... Evening you mean. You are right; I do mean évening. — Mr. P., what do you think I am come here to do? If I were to judge from your dress, I should say that you are come to get màrried. You have néarly guessed it. I come to pop the quèstion: and the pèrson is in this ìnn. But do you like this dress? Vèry much. Do you think it effèctive? Vèry. Do you think there is àny probability I shall succéed (1)? I do; dressed as you are, you are quite irresistible. But do you réally think so? I do indéed. — What did the Athénians say of the òrigin of man? They said that the first men sprung up in Attica like ràdishes. How does Anaxàgoras descríbe the sun? As a rèd-hot piece of íron as large as Greece. What does Buffòn say of the earth? That it is a splash of mud, struck off from the sun. What accòunt does he give of its formátion? He says that a great blùndering còmet hit the sun in pàssing, and struck off a little piece, and that this lump of mud, rólling in space took in time its glòbular form, and thus becáme the world that we inhàbit. Do you think that the innúmerable globes which float in the immènsity of space are inhàbited by intèlligent béings? I do not think so. Then you think that the Almíghty flung them forth ìnto the fields of éther mérely for his amúsement? Yes, just like a pláyer at bowls, or (like) a jùggler throwing up balls in a màrket place. But do look at that old skèleton dàncing. The dèvil on two sticks. Yes, a règular gàlvanized corpse. Did the áncient Rómans dance? No; they left this mànly and dignified èxercise to their slaves and their còurtisàns. How old do you think is that skèleton? Abòut sèventy. And his pàrtner? She says (that) she is twènty nine. And is? Fifty. Did you èver know a fàshionable lády who would own (that) she had attáined to more than thirty? Nèver. Did you read the Spectàtor yèsterday (2)? I did not (read it). It gives an accòunt of sèveral spìnsters (3) in Lòndon, who at the

(1) *O*, Do you think I am likely to succéed? (2) *O*, Yèsterday's spectàtor. (3) *O*, Maids, *o*, old-maids. — Spinster (filatrice), è il titolo che si dà negli atti pubblici a tutte le zitelle.

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last cènsus, in 1840, were twènty six or twènty sèven, and now, in 1851, are ónly twènty eight or twènty nine. How you do provóke me, hùsband! I choke with rage. Then swear a little, my dear, do swear, if you love me; it will do you good. Have gòvernesses in gèneral all sorts of accòmplishments? Cèrtainly. And all sorts of knòwledge? No sort whatèver. Then what do they teach young ládies? How to catch rìch hùsbands. Does not hàppiness consist in possèssing much? No, but in béing contènt with little. Do not speak so fast. Do you understànd me now? Yes, I understànd you, becăuse you speak slówly; but I do not understànd you when you speak fast. I spoke fast at first becăuse I thought (that) you spoke english bètter than you do. Where do you live at prèsent? N.° 74, Cross street. And your swéet-heart? Why do you wish to know? Do you dine at home to-day? No; I dine with her. Why do two auxìliaries resèmble two cònsorts in cèrtain coùntries? Becăuse they are nèver to be found togèther. — Do you think that àny wicked man èver mèditated a perpètual continuátion in crime? Cèrtainly not. Yet they ălmost all die as they (had) lived. It is true. And why? Why does the tree fall as it had ălways inclíned? Did you èver know a bad man who could think of death and of himsèlf at the same time? This is but too true of us all. They put off the bìtter work of self-amèndment from month to month, and from year to year, till death has them by the hair; and then.... Your wife is dead? Yes, of a bróken heart. You tréated her bàdly? I did not; she was an ángel. Did she love you? Nèver. Whom did she love? She loved the compànion of her childhood, the blúe-eyed boy whose name I sŏmetimes heard her breathe (1) in her troùbled sleep. Why did she màrry you? To please her gréedy fâther, and her ambìtious brŏthers. Did they know that you were sùbject to occásional fits of màdness? I told them so (2). Did they know (that) she loved anŏther? They did (3); but I did not. And yet they gave her to you! Yes; what did they care abŏut her hàppiness or mine, províded they pòcketed my mŏney. The grey-headed fâther, and the poor proud brŏthers would have given her to me, éven if I had been, and they had known me to be, unintermìttingly and incúrably mad. — Help! help! — Stop, son; have pìty on me. You will kill me. Drag me no fârther. I dragged my fâther but to (4) this wall.

(1) *O*, Pronounce. (2) *O*, That I was. (3) *O*, They knew it. (4) *O*, No farther than.

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TEMA XXXI. — OUGHT; *pag.* 82.

What I call dûties. Every man ought to pay his debts-if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbour-if he can. Every man and wóman ought to get màrried-if they can. Every emplóyé to whom is entrùsted the láying out of the pùblic mŏney, ought to give an accoûnt of the mànner in which he does it-if he can. Every trádesman ought to do his work so as to please his cùstomers-if he can. Every hùsband ought to please his wife-if he can. Every wife ought to rule her hùsband-if she can. Every wóman ought sŏmetimes to hold her tongue-if she can. Every lăwyer ought to tell the truth-if he can. Every schòlar ought to pay his lèssons in advànce-if he can. Every màster ought to understànd what he téaches-if he can. Every lèarner ought to remèmber that OUGHT must be fòllowed by TO-if he can. Every schóol-boy ought to avòid quìzzing his màster-if he can. Every English Profèssor ought to forgìve the ăuthor of these Èxercises for hàving prìnted the Key-if he can. Every púpil ought to add some phráses to this èxercise, and to èvery èxercise that he writes-if he can.

TEMA XXXII. — TO LET, LASCIARE, PERMETTERE; *pag.* 83.

Làndlord, let me have some of your best wine. Yes, Sir. Wáiter, let me see the gazètte. It is in hand, Sir. Let my bed be warmed, immédiately. Dirèctly. And as soon as it is warm, let me know. Let me be called to-mòrrow mórning at five. Let me speak: you will let no one speak but yoursèlf. Jùpiter you get warm; then you are (in the) wrong. I do not get warm, Sir; it is you that get warm. Let me tell you, Sir; it is you that are wrong, not I. Citizen, let me feel your pulse. Let me alóne; you are a quiz. — Mr. Cool, how do you ălways keep out of quărrels? By lètting my àngry antàgonist have all the quărrel to himsèlf. James, let nóbody go into my rooms. Shall you be long out, Sir? Till three o'clock. If àny gèntleman asks for me (1) beg him to leave his addrèss. — Will they let me in on shówing my pàssport? No, Sir; not without an òrder or a ticket. — William, let me look at your pláy bill. There it is, Sir. Thank you. Is this house to let? Yes, Sir. I will take it for sèveral years if you will

(1) *O*, Calls.

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let me have it at a mòderate rent. How did Èschyles come by his death? An éagle let fall a tòrtoise on his bald head, and killed him. Whatèver lot befálls us, let us recéive it with équal indifference and secúrity. Just so; we may be sure that the Great Béing will nèver let a good man want ànything that he sees will be réally advàntageous (1) to him. A Chínese séeing an English gèntleman dàncing, called him àside, and asked him: «Why don't you let your sèrvant do this for you?»

TEMA XXXIII. - TO LEAVE, LASCIARE, ABBANDONARE; *pag.* 85.

Màster, a gèntleman called while you were out. Did he leave his card? No; he said he would call agàin. Do you want ànything else? No; you may leave me (2). Làndlord, they tell me that Mr. Buseccóne èmpties his bòttle at dinner èvery day. Yes, Sir, clean; he leaves nŏthing in it but the cork and the smell. The gèntleman who òccupíes the room besíde mine, is a gèntleman, is he not? Yes, Sir; he must be a réal gèntleman; he drinks twelve pínts (of ale) a day, and nèver leaves off smóking, not éven at meals. Has Mr. Baggiàno left his wife? No, it is she that has left him. I must leave you. Befóre you go, pray do leave me a lock of your hair. When a húman bòdy is cálcined, what does it leave? It leaves a resìduum of eight ounces. Where did we leave off yèsterday? At chàpter the sixth; at the description of Arkwright's spìnning machìne. How much did Arkwright leave to his son? Three millions (of pounds stèrling). How did you leave all our friends at Vènice? I left them all in pèrfect health. Sir, will you allŏw me to leave my trunks in your òffice, till I have found a lòdging? With the greátest plèasure, Sir. Is it álways a misfòrtune to be abàndoned by one's pàrents, and left to shift for one's-sèlf? No; if William the Cònqueror had not bùrned (3) his ships, he would nèver have got possèssion of England. Do you remèmber Cárdinal Wŏlsey's exclamátion áfter his fall? I do. «Oh Crŏmwell, Crŏmwell! if I had served (4) my God as well as I served my coùntry, he would not have left me náked in my old age to my ènemies. — Leave that to me. — Seek vìrtue, and of that possèssed, leave the rest to pròvidence.

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(1) *Oppure*, Advantágeous. (2) *Oppure*, You need not stay. (3) *O*, Burnt. (4) *O*, Had I but served.

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TEMA XXXIV. — MUST — BISOGNARE; *pag.* 86.

A béing who creátes must possèss infinite power; must he not? Doûbtless. And an omnipotent béing must be infinitely just, and infinitely benèvolent? He must be a fool who would dispúte so óbvious a truth. But could such a béing creáte man as he ís? Cèrtainly not. Then man's mìsery must be the fruit of man's crime? To be sure: sin must have precéded pùnishment; mòral évil must nècessarily have precéded nàtural évil. Then the scriptural accoûnt of the fall of man must be true? To be sure it must: and yet our friend Sùrface, the Déist, denies this. What does he say? He says that herèditary degradátion and herèditary sùffering must be a fáble. Did you ask him if the consùmption of which his grànd-daughter is dýing, is herèditary; if kìng's-évil, sỳphilis (and) màdness are herèditary? No, but I must ask him the first time (that) I see him. If he denies this, if he denies that nàtural and mòral évil do àctually exist, tell him (that) you must be allowed to deny him all títle to còmmon sense. I will. If he admìts it, he must admìt that his God is worse than the dèvil; and must cease to wórship him. Yes, and of course (he) must becóme a chrìstian. True: but perhàps he will take rèfuge in átheìsm. No; átheism is no lònger in fàshion. Besídes Sùrface sómetimes thinks, and èvery man who thinks sees and must see, the name of the great Béing written in ineffácible chàracters in èvery thing within him and aroûnd him. If (on) lànding in a dèsert région, you saw the tracks of a man's foot, you must be convìnced that a man had been there. Cèrtainly. If an Indian found (1) a watch in a fòrest he must be convìnced that he who made it must have possèssed intèlligence, and must have had some desígn in máking it. Yes, if he knew the use of it. But an Indian did once find a watch in the woods, and héaring it tìcking or, as he said, whìspering, he flung it down, and ran awáy, crýing, that the dèvil must be in it. Thus the átheist must be a mádman: he beliéves that effècts may exist withoût a cause. Yes, and the déist must be a fool: he beliéves that a just and good Béing could make man in the sùffering degráded state in which we find him. Néither of them must èver cast a thought on the past or the fúture. No; if they would not be mìserable they must

(1) *O*, were to find.

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try to stun themsèlves, and sink to the lèvel of their mòdel of perfèction the brute. Byron, the dèist, confèsses this; he says; « Man béing râtional must get drunk. » The state of that man must be vèry ènviable who (1) is nèver hàppy but when he is tipsy. Yet such must have been Byron's case; the unpàrallelled misery of whose life is the best àntidote to the pòison which his wrîtings so cópiously distîl. I must go to the French Ambàssador's. Where is it? It is in Chârlotte street, Pórtland Place. When must I retùrn for my pâssport? To-mórrow, at elèven. — To be polîte, to please èvery one, how must I behâve? You must flàtter èvery bòdy éither dirèctly or obliquely (2); you must ălways prefèr the opinion of the cŏmpany in which you are to your own, and évèn to truth. With the gay, you must be gay; with the vìcious, you must be vìcious, and with the good and lèarned, you must be good and lèarned. That is, I must, like the *ch*améleon, take the cŏlours of whatèver surrŏunds me; I must be an ape a Próteus, a lìving lie. Yes, you must sink the man and the chrìstian if you would becŏme the gèntleman. — G's bill is protèsted. I shall be obliged to set out to-mórrow for Rome to pay it (3). Dído had need of a lŏver, had she not? Yes, just as Enéas had need of a dìnner. Much pátience is nècessary (4) to learn a fòreign tongue. Were you obliged to pay the expènses of the suit? I was. In òrder that a work may be good, it must have the love of God for its mótive, and his glóry for its end.

TEMA XXXV. — VERBO IMPERSONALE ESSERCI; *pag.* 89.

There is a lètter for your fâther at the póst-òffice. Thank you; I will send for it. What's the news? There is none. Have you not heard that there was a man drowned yèsterday? No; there have been màny drowned this sùmmer. Were there màny ládies at Mr. P's dìnner pàrty yèsterday? Twelve. Will there be màny (péople) at the còncert? There are two hùndred invîted. There will be few balls this cârnaval? There would be more if sèveral fòreign ambàssadors were not àbsent. Were there màny péople at the Olỳmpic games? There were màny spectàtors, and few men. There is now a spot on the sun as large as the whole earth. Yes; does not Hèrschell say that there are nèbulae, or groups

(1) *O*, How enviable must be the state of that man who. (2) *O*, Indirectly. (3) *O*, To take it up. (4) *O*, Requisite, *o*, it requires much pátience.

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of plànets, a ray of light from which would not reach the earth in less than fòrty eight thoûsand years? Yes, and we know that there are fixed stars distinctly vìsible, a ray from which could not reach us in less than ten thoûsand years. So that when we are lóoking at them, or imàgine we are lóoking at them, they may have ceased to exìst for ten thoûsand years. Of all the sciences there is not one that so dirèctly tends to expànd the imàgination and èlevate the mind as astrònomy. Are there not insects ten thousand of which would not be équal in bulk to a grain of sand? Yes, there are some so small that thoûsands of them could waltz at the same móment on the point of a fine néedle. Without jòstling each ŏther? Yes, pèrfectly at làrge. — Is there àny thing that coùrage and persevérance cànnot accòmplish?

TEMA XXXVI. — TO MAKE — FARE; *pag.* 90.

Will you make me a coat? Most willingly, Sir. Allow me to take your mèasure. Do not make it too long. No, Sir. Please to leave me your addrèss. Here is my card. — Mr. C., I am góing to Gènoa, can I do àny thing to serve you (there)? I'll (1) troùble you with a lètter for (2) my brŏther. — Walk in. Mr. C., this òffice of yours is as hot as an ŏven. Well; and is it not here that I make (3) my bread? — These books are vèry well bound. Which? Buffòn and D'Alembert. These matérialists look upòn man as a mere machìne. Yes, they consìder mind as a réflex of matter, thought as a secrétion of the brain. Don't they say that the brain secrétes thought just in the same mànner as the lìver secrétes bile? Precìsely (so), and àcting on this idéa, the Nuremburgers, who made the fámous wóoden chèss-player undertóok to make a wood and lèather man, who should réason as well as most (4) coùntry lăwyers. Did they succéed in máking the philòsopher as well as they had done (5) in máking the chèssman? I cànnot (6) say: I have seen the làtter that is réally wŏnderful, but I have not yet seen the philòsopher. Have you seen the cèlebràted mathemàtical calculàtor made by Mr. Bàbbage? I saw it last year. William, have you done what I gave you to do? Not all. If you don't applỳ yoursèlf bètter, you will do little hònour to your màster. If I went to England now, should (7) I make

(1) *Abbrev. di* I will, *o* I shall. (2) *O*, To. (3) *O*, Get, (*o* gain). (4) *O*, the greater part of. (5) *O*, succéeded. (6) *O*, I cant. (7) *O*, Could.

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mysèlf understood? I think not (1). Does Mr. Fussy make much mŏney? He makes vèry little. Does he make brilliant spéeches in the club? No; but he makes punch bètter than ànу (ŏther) gèntleman of his degrée (2) in England. Mr. D. had done sŏmething to displéase you, befóre I came in last night (3)? He had (just) been crácking some jokes at my fàther's expènse. You looked vèry àngry; « He makes a foe (4) who makes a jest. » (Yes); I burned with a desíre to make a demonstrátion on his ribs. What made you forbèar? The prèsence of the ládies. But what would you do if you were tréated so? I would overlóok and forgèt it: he is benéath your nótice (5). He has not còmmon sense. True; unáble to distìnguish himsèlf by his tàlents, the fool is álways séeking to attràct (the) attèntion (of ŏthers) by máking himsèlf ridículous. Yes, and succéeds so well that he makes an ènemy of èvery one whose acquáintance he makes. A thing done has an end. Don't do as I do, but do as I say. In conclúsion, serve God and do no ill (6).

TEMA XXXVII. — VERBO REGOLARE; *pag.* 92.

I love and am loved, thou lŏvest and art loved (7), he suspècts and is suspècted, we salúted and were salúted, she decéived and was decéived. They go to dàzzle and be admíred. He thrèatened and was not thrèatened. He was horsewhipped and did not horsewhip. I assúre you, you annoy me. He quizzed us. She learns it. We annoy you. You advíse me. They salúted us. He laughed at me. I knòcked him down. They chàllenged us; you refúsed to fight. He will pull your nose. I will keep it greased. — How hàppens it (8), Mr. Stout, that you are so fat, and (that) your horse (is) so lean? I dare say it is becăuse I feed mysèlf and my sèrvant feeds him. — What does the òpera dàncer, Bounce, recéive a night? One hùndred and fífty pounds. This sum excéeds what four of the best sìlk-wéavers earn (in) a year. Yes. What does Mr. Bounce do to desèrve all this? His great mèrit is (that) he can stand a little lònger on one leg than ànу ŏther fèatherless biped in England. — At what o'clòck did you leave Rìvoli this mórning? At five. Did you come on hórseback? No; on foot.

(1) *O*, I don't think you could. (2) *O*, Condition. (3) *O*, Yèsterday évening. (4) Nemico personale, nemico accanito. (5) *O*, Attèntion. (6) *O*, Évil. (7) *O*, Beloved. (8) *O*, How does it happen.

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What, you have walked five miles this mòrning alrèady? Yes. Of cóurse you have not brèakfasted? No; I come to brèakfast with you. You are vèry wèlcome. John, prepàre brèakfast (1) for two, as quickly as póssible. Yes, Sir. Your walk in the frósty air must have whètted your àppetite. Yes; I am extrémely sharp set; I'll do hònour to your brèakfast; the more so as I dined èarly yèsterday, and did not sup (2). Have you been invíted to Mrs. B's ball? Yes. Have you accèpted the invitátion? I have declíned it. Why have you refúsed to gò? I have no dress coat. I will lend you one of mine. I am excèedingly obligèd to you: I should cut a prètty fìgure frisking about befóre an àmbling nymph, in such a gigàntic dress as yours. You have been a great fávourite with (3) the ládies in your time. Too much so for my peace and my purse. Which of them do you love now? The only lády whom I love at prèsent is the Lády Fòrtune; who, betwéen you and me (4), is the ónly lády that has èver resisted me. How much have you spent these ten years? Ten thòusand pounds. All your fòrtune? Yes, all I had in the world; and with it, my health, my peace, my friends, (my) self dignity, all are gone, all sàcrificed. But what has còmpensáted (you) for all this is, you have been, and are, a great fávourite with the ládies. I am not; « *Fuit Ilium* (5).» Is there àny wóman, àny béing on èarth that loves me now? Not one. The ónly one that èver sincérely loved me, my fàther, my fòllies have hùrried to an untímely grave; and I am now the most lónely isolated, miserable worm that èver crăwled upòn the face of the earth; and did not the Relìgion of my èarlier years, a Relìgion whose précepts I have so long neglècted, despísed, tràmpled upòn, did not this friend of the frièndless sòmetimes come to consóle me, and pour balm ìnto my wòunded spìrit, I do not know (6) to what hòrror the màdness of my prèsent despàir might not drive me. — James, why do you stùdy so much? I am trying to acquíre renòwn now when I am young, that I may be loved and hónoured when I am old. — Do young ládies pursúe knòwledge for the satisfàction which resùlts from it? No. Or for its intrìnsic vàlue? Still less. Then why do they stùdy? To eclipse each ŏther and shine in socíety. Just for the same réason which

(1) *O*, Let breakfast be prepared. (2) *O*, Had no supper. (3) *O*, Greatly beloved by. (4) *O*, Betwéen oursèlves. (5) Fuimus Troës, fuit Ilium, et ingens gloria Teucrorum. Virg. (6) *O*, I know not.

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indúced you to learn english. Is not chèss-pláying a great waste (1) of time? Yes, and of brains. Young men should avòid all amúsements, and all societies which can lead to no intellèctual resùlts (2). — Papà, what pàlace is this? It is the Vàtican. Whose páintings are these? Michael Angelo's. Papà, look at that old man pláying at bowls óver our heads. They are not bowls, son; it is the Omnìpotent stàrting two plànets with his hands. Look, papà, he is stàrting anòther little one wih a kick. — Actions are práiseworthy or blámeworthy accòrding to their mótive. Yes, coùrage and génius should be applàuded ónly when they effèct the pùrpose of vìrtue. Just so; none but a bàrbarous age can admíre the blòody tríumphs of the mere cònqueror. Do you remèmber the exclamátion of the Macedónian màdman? Yes; « If I were not Alexànder, I would be Diògenes. » What did he mean? He meant; « If I cànnot commànd the admirátion of fools, by máking millions of men kill each ŏther for my sport, I will attràct it by máking mysèlf the greátest fool amŏng them all; if I cànnot be called Alexànder the great cùt-throat, I will stick mysèlf in a tub, and be called Alexànder the great nìnny.

TEMA XXXVIII. — INTERROGAZIONE E NEGAZIONE; *pag.* 96.

What is the most prècious of all our èarthly possèssions? Time. In what does the vàlue of past time consist? In the mèmory of hàving done good. And of the fúture? In the resolùtion to do it. What is wìsdom? It is that which téaches us the best end and the best means of obtáining it. What is the best end? Hàppiness. But all men seek hàppiness in all their àctions? To be sure. Then why are there so mànу that miss it? Blínded by pàssion, dàzzled by an èmpty name, they grasp at a shàdow and miss the sùbstance. — In what does the hàppiness of life consist? In knówing (3) that we can smile at the appróach of death. Are not all plèasures équally good? Cèrtainly not. Why? All will not équally bear reflèction. Are not éven our púrest èarthly plèasures embittered more or less? They are By what? By the reflèction that they must end one day, and may end to-mòrrow. What are the ónly true joys? Those which will bear transplànting to the skies. Without love, what would earth be? A dèsert. And man? A bear. Then without love there can be no hàppiness? No; without love

(1) *O*, loss. (2) *O*, Pròfit, o improvement. (3) *O*, In the knowledge.

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divine or human, there is, there can be, no life. What are our worst enemies? Bad habits.

Waiter, who is that man? Man! he is a spy. How do you like Genoa? It is a beautiful city. Have you been to Rome? No. Should I like it? I am sure you would. Bad inns, but fine ruins. Have you seen the Nabob since his return (1) from India? Not yet; but they tell me (that) he is an odd fellow. Somewhat (2) odd; good heart, but no liver. I am to set out for (3) Florence to-morrow: will you come? I cannot. How long shall you be (4) on the way? Only four hours. I go by steam. Would it not be better to go by the (stage) coach? I think not. If I went by the coach I should not be there before to morrow morning. How long shall you remain (5) at Florence? A short while; probably not more than four days. Then you will not be back before monday? Perhaps not. Will you not (6) soon give me the book that you promised me? Apply yourself better to your studies, else you shall not have it this month. Are you fond of music? Very; we should not be Italians if we were not fond of it. Can you play (on) any instrument? We play (upon) the piano. Can you sing. No. Why not? Because we have no voice, and we have never taken lessons in singing. Will you not write to your brother, by this post? No; I shall not have time. Grisi will not sing this evening. Why? She has a bad cold; she is quite hoarse. Will they send up the balloon this evening? No. Why not? The atmosphere is not sufficiently clear. They say that Mr. B. is to come down (7) in a parachute. Yes, next week; but he now intends to go to Pisa, and even as far as Leghorn if contrary winds do not prevent him. If you lived on the sea shore, would you not bathe every day in summer? Yes, if I could swim. Mr. C. has asked me to lend him ten thousand franks; would you advise me to comply (with his request?) I would not. Do you think that Mr. P. will arrive to day? I am sure he will not. In that case I shall not expect him till monday. I could not do my exercise. You should have requested your brother to assist you. He would have refused (to do it). Don't go so near the dog; he might bite you. He is chained. Mary, will you ever marry? Probably (I shall) not. Then you will not have compassion upon your lover, Mr. Balordo? No:

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(1) *O*, Since he returned. (2) *O*, Rather. (3) *O*, I am going to. (4) *O*, shall you employ. (5) *O*, Stay in. (6) *O*, wont you. (7) *O*, To descend.

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if I èver do take a hùsband, he shall be a vèry different man from him (1), I assùre you. The évening air is not hèalthy; let us stay no lònger out; it is gètting dark. Walk in. Bètty, bring the càndles. — What is the use of infidèlity? It is an èxcellent nòstrum to calm the qualms of cònscience and blunt the edge of remòrse. Does it ălways (2) produce this effèct? Always, if the sùbject is a fool, and is not thrèatened with ànу dángerous illness. By whom was the àlphabet invènted? By the Phenécians. Who introdùced it ìnto Greece? Càdmus, à Phenécian. What would be the state of the world at prèsent if lètters and prìnting had nèver been discòvered? — What will it be a hùndred years hence, if they discòver the means of dirècting balloons?

TEMA XXXIX. — VERBI IRREGOLARI; *pag.* 98.

Begin èvery day and èvery work with prayer. Have you begun the vìntage? We shall begìn on mònday. Why have you béaten my dog? I have béaten (3) him, becàuse he has bìtten my little boy. Our dìnner at Canètta's cost (us) ten franks each (4). Will you cut me some bread? Shall I cut up this fowl? If you please. Cut off ónly the legs and wings. There! Now we look square and còmfortable, as the man said when he had cut his little boy's head off to cure him of squìnting. You have hit me in the eye. Pàrdon me. I hope I have not hurt you... How she swore (5)! Yes; if she had not vènted (6) her ànger (7) so she would have burst like a chèsnut. Swearing is the sáfety-valve of pàssionate péople. Read lòuder. How mànу páges have you read? Advise me how to get rid of this old bore. Ask him to lend you (some) mòney. He has alrèady lent me some. How (much) she wept (8) when she recéived the news of her hùsband's death! She and her sìster shed tears enòugh to wash my hands. And alrèady, in ten days, they have forgòtten him. Shut the wìndow. It is shut. Have you spread the càrpet? Yes, Sir. You have spóken too fréely of your contèmporaries. Yes, I have thrust my head ìnto a hòrnet's nest. The rain has laid the dust. Have you heard ànу thing new? Yes, the Gàscon is gone awáy. How long has he staid here? Two months. Has he paid you his lòdging? No; hàrassed by the cònstables, he set out so precìpitately that he forgòt

(1) *O*, From that fellow. (2) *O*, Invàriably. (3) *O*, I bèat. (4) *O*, A piece. (5) *O*, Did swear. (6) *O*, Exhaled. (7) *O*, Fury. (8) *O*, Did weep.

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to pay me. Rome was not built in one day. Is it true that Cáto sold his wife to Hortènsius? No, he only lent her to him. Do not bend your bow till your àrrow is fixed. A bow breaks if it is too much bent. I have just sent off some lètters to England. What to do? To requèst my bànkers to send me some mŏney. Have you spent much since you came to Flòrence? I have spent twelve thousand franks. Déal the cards. I dèalt the last time. You have dealt nóbly with me. Say nŏthing of my debts, unlèss you méan to pay them. It is clear that he mèant to decéive, you. I drèamt of you last night. I awóke in the midst of my dréam, and was so àgitáted that I felt my heart knòcking agàinst my ribs. I slept no more. You have kept me too long in suspènse. Máry, have you swept out the pârlour? Yes, Sir; I had swept it out befóre you were up. Bring in brèakfast. Dirèctly. Has the milk-maid brought the cream? Yes; but there are no (more) eggs. You should have bought some yèsterday. James where did you buy this dictionary? I bought it at Mr. Piàtti's. And the gràmmar? At Mr. Molini's. How much did they cost you? The dictionary cost me fifteen pauls, and the gràmmar four. What have your gŏverness and (your) dàncing màster taught your dăughter? How to catch a rich hùsband. Has she caught one? She has caught a Tàrtar. William, should you have fought for so unjùst a cause? At first I thought it just. John, has the fârrier bled my mare? Have you sàddled my horse? Yes, and I have led him to the door. Where have you hid my whip? I put it behínd the door. The stéamers Pòllux and Mongibèllo met at mìdnight. The Mongibello struck the Pòllux a mìdships, cut her in two and sank her. Fòrtunately befóre she sank, the pàssengers and crew had time to escápe on board the Mongibello. — That poor sóldier was shot this mórning. Brown slid into the sea; he swam àbout for some minutes; he then clung to the edge of a rock, and stuck to it like an oyster, till a rope was thrown (to) him, which he bound to his arm, and wound round his bòdy. He then let go the rock to which he had been sticking, and fell agàin into the sea; but he was upbórne by the waves, and the sàilors drew him up a height of about twènty feet, just as àsses are drawn up from the hold of a ship and swung upòn the quay at Lèghorn. A bee has stung me. Why have you gone so near the bee-hive? I went to pluck a flower. I have ridden five miles in half an hour. Yèsterday I rode twelve miles in an hour. — I

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left the ball at six. I won at first a hùndred dòllars; but befóre mòrning I (had) lost three hùndred. Did Miss Cynthia shine (greátly)? She shone amŏng the ŏther young ládies like the moon amŏng the stars. She eclipsed them all, and made them ălmost burst with ènvy. Did Mr. Grim dance? No; as úsual, he néither danced nor played. He stood mute léaning agàinst a còlumn for two hours; till, pushed befóre a lòoking-glass, he awóke from his rèvery, and saw that he had forgòtten to shave befóre he went to the ball; saw in fact that he had not shaved for a fòrtnight. He blushed, left the ball-room, took his hat, and ran home, without salúting àny one. His coùsin, Càptain Queer, left the ball vèry precipitately too. Why? Hàving éaten too màny swéet-meats, and drunk too màny liquéurs he had an attàck of năusea (1) while he was dàncing with lády Máry D... Did you see the fat lády Bùlky dance? Yes, and the house shook while she was dàncing; it was shàken as by an èarthquake. If I hàd been in Lord Bùlky's place, I would have chósen her little sister in prèference to her. You would have done well. Of two évils one should choose the least. She wore few jéwels. She would have worn more if she had had them. Has she sold them? No, she has lost them. Now I remèmber. They were stólen (from her). Who stole them? They say it was Mr. Flirt, the most intimate friend of the fàmily. Do you know him? No. I have known him these fivé years. The old Spàniard of whom I spoke to you yèsterday, and of whom I have spóken to you so òften, wălking in this field yèsterday called one of his tènants, made him kneel down, and sate upòn his back to rest himsèlf. You are quizzing me. No indéed. And the coùntryman knelt down with his knees and hands in the mud? Exàctly so. — It froze vèry hard last night. Yes; and this mòrning the river is frózen óver. Young ládies in Amèrica drive their own Stànhopes. Last year I drove Mr. P's càrriage, and this year I have drìven his coùsin Mrs. F's. Why did she dischàrge you? Becăuse unluckily I trod upòn the foot of her english làp-dog.

Wherèver the English come ídleness is drìven awáy. Which of you has éaten my chèrries? I ate them. Who has táken my pen? I took it. Which of you has bróken my pèncil? Your little brŏther broke it. Who (has) bound these vòlumes? Mr. C. bound

(1) *O, mena elegantemente,* He was attàcked with a fit of vòmiting.

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them. At what o'clock did you rise? I rose at five. Is your brŏther risen? Yes. Have you written to your mŏther? I wrote her by the last mail. Have you wound up the clock? Yes. And your watch? It is at the wătch-maker's. I have bróken the máin-spring; I broke it winding it up yèsterday évening. Jòhnson forgót that his hat was full of birds; he took it off to salúte me, and they all flew awáy. Mr. F's pigeon has flown from Milan, and has brought him a note in two hours. That góldfinch has forsáken its nest. Why? It forsóok it becăuse it percéived that it had been visited. Do you know màthemàtics? No, but I know William Màttocks that went to Amèrica last year. — They swore by the God of their fâthers nèver to surrènder to the chains of a týrant the frée-born hands of their chìldren. Where were you born? In Lŏndon. Does the ice bear? I don't know; but it bore yèsterday. I have borne your insolence too long; and I will bear it nò lònger. Who has torn your frock? The dog tore it. Swift ran up and down stairs two hours èvery day. The dóor-bell has rung: Richard, run and see who it is. It is Charles. Charles, why did you not come èarlier? I came befóre sùnrise. Did you ring? Yes, I rang twice. Nóbody heard you. You must have slept vèry sound. These àpple-trees have grown little this year. They grew fâster last year; but they bore less fruit. Is Mr. Odd dead? He died last night. When did he fall sick (1)? He caught a cold the day befóre yèsterday; yèsterday he took a doùble dose of nítre to make him perspíre, went to bed, and swèat so profúsely that he was found drowned in his bed this mórning. What is well begùn is half done (2). Have you seen Mr. H.? Yes, I saw him through the window. Have you spóken to him? No; his sèrvant told me that he was not at home. No man èver desèrved praise, who sought no more. Alcibíades threw awáy his flute. Why? Becăuse the pláying on it distórted his féatures. He was the prince of còxcombs. You gave me but one hour to do my èxercise; you should have given me two. Have pátience; your time has not been thrown awáy. — Sòcrates' friends all wept when he drank the last pótion, while he exprèssed the most chèerful tranquillity. Rousseau has said « Sòcrates died like a héro, but Jésus Christ died like a God ».

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(1) *O*, When was he taken ill. (2) *O*, Is half ended.

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TEMA XL. — PARTICIPIO PRESENTE, ECC.; *pag.* 105.

Spùrring; rùnning; réading; rívalling; flýing; séeing; lìstening; díning; sìnning. She denies. I háted. He fàncies. Conferred; filled; thinned. He forms. She stùdied. He relíed. They occásioned. — They talk much, but think lìttle. Spéaking and thìnking at the same time are a sad waste of the húman fàculty. Smóking is líkewise a great waste of intellect. Yes, and of time. And then it is so dìrty. Almost as much so as snùffing. Snùffing is tòlerable ónly in an old wóman of eighty or ùpwards. Mr. Pot is a vèry ìnteresting young man; is he not? Yes, with his gold snùff-box ălways in his hand, or on the táble befóre him. He is so affècted that I cànnot bear him. An affècted man is a vèry disgùsting ànimal. Was the pit much crowded? It was so crowded that I could hàrdly get in. Was Grìsi much applăuded? Vèry much. She sings so well; and then she is so (vèry) prètty! Was the théatre well líghted up? Yes, bètter than úsual. — Is Máry as much belóved as Jane? Yes, but she is not so much admíred. Is she as prètty as her sìster? She is not so prètty, but she is bètter infórmed. How is that? She has nèver had too mànу mâsters at a time. Has her sìster had too mànу? Yes, last year she had sèven or eight; which disgùsted her with èvery spécies of stùdy.

TEMA XLI. — AVVERBJ; *pag.* 106.

Have you written much to-day? Not so much as yèsterday. How much? A vèry long èxercise. Of how mànу páges? Of three and a half. It was too much for one lèsson; I will not give you so much (to do) to-day. Is my èxercise well done? Prètty well. Are there as mànу mistákes in it as there were in that of yèsterday? Not quite so mànу. There were a great mànу in that of yèsterday. Yes, ălmost as mànу èrrors as words. How far is it from here to Lèghorn? (It is) sèventy miles. How long is it (from now) to (1) vacátion? (It is) not long; it is but two months. Try to read a lìttle lòuder. Yes, Sir. Do not read so fast. You gènerally come too late. I will be more pùnctual in fùture. Have you spóken to Mr. Brown abòut that affáir? I will speak to him abòut it this évening. I shall see him at the théatre or the còffee-room (2). He is òftener found at the còffee-room

(1) *O*, Till. (2) *O*, Còffee-house.

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than at home. What does he do at the cŏffee-room? He reads the pápers all day and ălmost all night. Is it pòssible? Yes, it is his greátest plèasure: he ónly lives for that. What would life be to Brown if néwspapers were (to be) suppressed? Is it far from here to Tolédo street? Not vèry far. Which is the way? Take the first street on your left, and then the second on your right, and you will see it before you. What is the end of all ambition? To be hàppy at home. Mrs. Dram swears drèadfully, she is incòrrigibly lázy, and is ălmost continually drunk. What a pìcture! How does her (poor) hùsband bear all this? If he ónly hints at it, she has a nèrvous attàck. What a wasp! Yes, and she can bring on an attàck whenèver she pléases. Did Crŏmwell èver fight a bàttle without gáining a victory? Nèver. Or Nèlson, or Wèllington? Not one. Did not your fâther write to you befóre he left Rome? He did not. Did he not tell you that he would do so? He did. Don't try to learn too much at once, espècially in the begìnning. Pour wăter hástily into a flask of a nàrrow neck, little ènters, pour it slówly and by small quăntities (1) and the flask is filled.

Do the mòdern nòvels of England give a corrèct picture of fâshionable life in that coùntry? Not ălways. I would glàdly think with you (2). And why? Becăuse, in the spècimens that they exhìbit (3), one sees ălmost nŏthing but men without hearts, wŏmen without châstity, pòlish (4) without dìgnity, and existence without ùse. Just so. Do the english nóbles keep buffòons at prèsent, as they did fòrmerly? No, but a great màny of them now èxecute the òffice in their own pèrsons to save expènse. The nègative pàrticle NOT is placed befóre the verb, is it not? To be sure, and when there is an auxìliary, NOT is placed betwéen it and the verb. Dòctor, how is your pátient to day? She is not yet out of dánger. — What! are you góing so soon? You ought to stay the whole évening with us. Is the climate of Austrália hèalthy? Yes; so hèalthy that they who would die (5) must go sŏmewhere else. What sort of climate is that of Sièrraleóne? It is so delightful that the Gŏvernor and ŏthers who go there can hârdly èver be persuáded to come home (6). Was Orator Empty's speech vèry brìllant to-day? Not vèry. Then he dàzzled

(1) *O*, Little by little. (2) *O*, I would fain hope so. (3) *O*, Give. (4) *O*, Politeness. (5) *O*, wish to die. (6) It is the grave of Européans.

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his héarers less than úsual? On the còntrary, much more. How? With his new díamond ring. Did he speak as long as úsual? Much lònger. Why? (Becáuse) he had wound himsèlf up with brándy, and could not stop till it was all exháled. How was it discŏvered, at Athens, that Theophràstus was a fòreigner (1)? By his spéaking (the díalect) too corrèctly. Projèct slówly, èxecute prómptly.

TEMA XLII. — PREPOSIZIONI; *pag.* 108.

My dear Mr. Little, — In a little room, befóre a little fire, beside my little wife, near our little bed, òpposite a little window, ùnder a little lamp, upòn a little chair, óver a little cat, betwéen two little dogs, behínd a little táble, on a little bit of páper, upòn a little desk, with a little pen made by my little wife, in the midst of a quàntity of little pápers, I write (to) you a little note, which I will seal with à little wáfer, and will send you by my little boy, at a little befóre noon; and which, as it will infòrm you of little else than that I and my little wife have been living, for some little time, in a little room that is a little less than ten feet square, will do little more than bring to your mind the little nùrsery tale of the little man and his little wife, who lived little less than half a cèntury in a little vinegar bòttle in the greátest cŏmfort, without èver góing out from youth to old age. Your most obédient sèrvant, L. Dŏ-little.

William is there a fire in my room? Yes, Sir. There is a gèntleman in the gàrden who wants to speak to you. Beg him to walk into the pàrlour; I will be down dirèctly. Whence do you come? I come from the *Acqua sóla*. Where are you góing? I am góing to the cóach-òffice. What are your fares (from here) to Flòrence? Inside, fòrty pauls; outside, thìrty, I will take an outside seat. At what o'clock does the coach start? At elèven. Always avoìd béing placed betwéen two ládies. Where? Either in a coach, or at a dìnner táble. I will take my seat on the box, by the cóachman. Who are the best òpera dàncers in England? John Skip and his son. His son is gone to Austrália. No, to New Zéaland. Is not that ísland the antìpodes of England? It is. Then the fàther will be stànding on one leg in Lŏndon, and the son on one leg in Wèllington at the same móment.

(1) *O*, How was Theophràstus discovered to be a foreigner at Athens?

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Yes, just òpposite to each ŏther. The one with his head dŏwnwards and the ŏther ùpwards? No; each will imàgine that his head is ùpwards; there is néither up nor down in creátion. How much is St. Elmo abŏve the bay? Four hùndred feet. Where did that thief (1) rob you? Under the gàllows. How was Gálen cúred of átheism? By séeing a skèleton. The wicked man in the midst of his plèasures, whom does he resèmble (2)? He is like Damòcles (at dinner) with the náked sword suspènded by a hair óver his head. — Mr. Anàcreon, your little stáircase is vèry steep. Almost as steep as Parnâssus. I thought you lived on this floor. This is the fifth; I live on the sèventh. In the neighbourhood of the moon (3)? Just so. How I do perspíre! Cheer up! come on; I will còmpensáte your toil. I will read you a splèndid ode that I have just written. On what? Upòn my mistress éating a black pŭdding. This is the way to the stars. Here we are arríved. You póets are gènerally great fávourites with the ládies. Yes, in this at least we are lùcky: wŏmen are the great props and cŏmforts of the existence of men. So they are, when they are in a good húmour.

TEMA XLIII. — CONGIUNZIONI; *pag.* 110.

Read the mòtto on this ring. « And this too shall (4) pass awáy ». How beaútiful! How univèrsally àpplicable both in prospèrity and advèrsity. Yes: if we do our dúty will not prospèrity and advèrsity be équally hèlpful to us? Undoŭbtedly (they will). Càptain Cook, I fear (that) our líttle brig cànnot resìst this tèrrible hùrricane. I do not know. Do you hope (that) she will? I néither hope nor fear. How? So far I have done my dúty mànfully, and will do it; but whèther we are to go to the bòttom or come safe to shore, is the bùsiness of the Great Béing, not mine — Làndlord, are these spas hèalthy? They cure èvery mâlady whatèver. Look at these crùtches. There are aboŭt fòrty or fifty pair. The ówners of these crùtches came limping upòn them, and ran home withoŭt them. Then why are there so few fàshionable péople here? The situátion is too retíred here amŏng the moŭntains. Right; it is a little obscúre (5). Yes, and such péople would abhôr a spot in which they could

(1) *O*, Cut-purse; *o*, pick-pocket. (2) *O*, Whom does the wicked man in the midst of his plèasures resèmble? (3) *O*, On very nèighbourly terms with the moon. (4) Shall; *Vedi Sintassi del futuro.* (5) *O*, Sòlitary.

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be néither ènvied nor admíred. Is there àny thing but relìgion that can prodúce (1) éither consìstency or vìrtue in húman còn-duct? I should think not. Why do you beliéve? Becăuse I have exàmined; exàmine and you will beliéve ălso. Though the chrìs-tian is in the world, he is not of the world. He says (that) he is abŏve it. Yes, but if he looks down upòn the world, the world, (the fâshionable world) looks down upòn him and scorns him. True; but lìttle he cares whèther the só-called great world smile upòn him or not, províded the lìttle world smile withìn, províded he have an appróving cònscience. In ôrder to be píous it is not nècessary to be dull. On the còntrary, no man is so chèerful as the réal chrìstian. It is ìmpious in a good man to be sad.

Have you much mŏney? I have but lìttle; but I have enoùgh.— It appéars that James likes (2) my sèrvice well enoûgh. Yet he says he will leave you at the end of the month, unlèss he have (3) more wáges, less work, and the key of the wíne-cel-lar. Is not that gèntleman a Spàniard? I think he is; at least his fâther was a Spàniard. Does Miss Elìzabeth speak as well as her sìster? Yes; but not so well as her brŏther. Has she táken as màny lèssons as he? She has not táken so màny as he, but she has táken more than her sìster. How màny has her sìster táken? More than fìfty. Then she has stùdied (4) a lìttle less than two months? Yes. How much is Mr. P's horse worth (5)? More than three thoûsand franks. Do you think him bètter than my dàpple grey? I think (that) he is bètter than àny of yours. Do you think he could beat my grey on the (ráce) course? I think so. Could he beat my black? I think not. — Those stóries seem scárcely crèdible. Howèver (6) they must be true for all our fòrefathers beliéved them. Sàncho says: « It is delíghtful to commànd, éven if (7) it were but a flock of sheep. And Jùlius; « Either César or nŏthing ». And Sátan: « To reign is worth ambìtion éven in hell ». Mr. Green says that with his new bal-lóon he will go to Amèrica in two days. Do you beliéve that he will? I do not beliéve it. Nor I néither. — The cònduct of a man is mòral then ónly, when he dìsregârds the fôrtunate or unfôrtunate cònsequences of his àctions if these actions are dictáted by dúty.

(1) *O*, Can any thing but a deep sense of religion produce. (2) *O*, James seems to like. (3) *O*, Has. (4) *O*, Been stùdying (the lànguage). (5) *O*, *più elegantemente*, How much may Mr. P's horse be worth? (6) *O*, Yet; *o*, still. (7) *O*, Though it were.

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TEMA XLIV. — INTERJEZIONI; *pag.* 112.

Help! Help! Stop thief! Stop thief! Hats off! Here is the Prima Dònna! How beaùtiful she is! How delightfully she sings! Brâvo! Fòrward if you can! Brâvo! Long live the constitùtional king! Oh! take awáy your cold feet. Mrs. S. pàsses three hours èvery mòrning ín téaching a pàrrot to pronoûnce a dear name (1). Her hùsband's? Oh! (2) — All wŏmen are good. How! Good for sŏmething, or good for nŏthing. For shame! I shall ălways have the híghest estéem for you, Sir; but as to love, nèver speak to me of it agáin (3). Oh Matìlda! Every one cries to the shàbbily dressed man; « Hit him! give it him! » — Mr. D. and his brŏther pass fifteen hours in the còffee-hoûses èvery day. Góodness grácious! fifteen hours! They have now done so for twelve years. Is it pòssible! Dòdger obtáined his place by hònourable means? Humph! (4)

I'll (5) give it you, you ídle dog: I will! Oh, pray, Sir! Oh, pray, Sir! Oh! Oh! Oh!

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(1) *O*, A name that is very dear to her. (2) *O*, Pshaw! *o*, fie! (3) *O*, Never mèntion it agàin. (4) *O*, Oh! (5) I'll, *abbreviatura di* I will.

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PARTE SECONDA.

SINTASSI.

TEMA I. — ARTICOLO INDEFINITO; *pag.* 113.

Mr. Jòhnson, what is the difference betwéen a watch and a wóman? Màdam, a watch points out time, but your Ládyship makes us forgèt it. I'll thank you for an ŏyster. Two if you like. Give me ónly one. When (I was) in India I once saw at Coromàndel an ŏyster two feet and a half in diàmeter. Is it pòssible? It is a fact. Well, I nèver heard of such a thing. Are they gènerally so large there? There is not one in twènty that is not (1) a foot and a half. Heliogàbulus swăllowed two dŏzen ŏysters at one breath. Indéed! Yes. Were they Coromàndel ones?

The christian has but one réason for dŏing or not dŏing a thing. What is it? The will of God. With the Etèrnal is there éither past or fúture? No; in his sight one day is as a thŏusand years, and a thŏusand years as one day; with him all is one etèrnal now. Howèver hârshly a hùsband may speak, a prûdent wife will replў with mildness. One unkínd exprèssion is sure to gènerate mànу ŏthers. Yes; and mànу a wife has, by one hásty word, lost the affèctions of her hùsband forèver. Pláying whist is a sad waste of time and brains. Yes, and chèss-pláying a greáter (still). What time would it requíre to learn to play these two games well? Three hours a day for two years at least. In that time I think I could learn the four principal Eúropéan lànguages. In much less; in a year and a half. How long would it take to learn to read and understànd all these lànguages? Half a year. — Did Mr. Shùffle lose much at cards yèsterday èvening? He lost in one hour two years' income.

We shall soon have a wèdding in our fàmily. I wish it were (2) true; but I doubt it. Why? Your coùsin is a vèry ámiable young lády, and has but one fault, that I know of, John: but unfòrtunately that one defèct is a want of taste; she

(1) *O*, That does not mèasure. (2) *O*, Was.

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don't like me. — One mad àction does not prove that a man is mad. No but one fòolish àction, or one hásty word may rènder a whole life mìserable. The wìsdom or còurage of one màn can sŏmetimes save a country from rûin, and secúre its felicity. Yes, just as the folly or ambition of one man may rûin it forèver. — Williams is gone to Spain. I am sôrry for it; he was such an agréeable fèllow. Nòbody like him for a mórning vìsit, a dull dìnner pàrty, or a ráiny day. Mr. Richards spoke vèry híghly of you yèsterday évening. Where (1)? At the Mìnister's. I should be glad to know what crime I have committed to mèrit the práises of so bad a man. Was not Mr. L. a bànker? Yes; and is a bànkrupt. How much does he owe you? A thoûsand pounds. How much does he òffer his crèditors? Ten shìllings in the pound. Would you advíse me to take so small a sum (2)? I would; half a loaf is bètter than no bread. Was not Arkwright a bàrber (3)? He was: he kept a little Bàrber's shop at Bólton, for màny a year, and shaved for a pènny a head. And left his son three mìllions? Néarly three and a half. Whence had Amèrica its name? From Amèricus Vespútius, a nátive of Flòrence. Whence comes this wine? From Benàres, a city of India. What does it cost? Ten pence a bòttle. At how much do you sell (4) your best tea a pound? Eight franks. Give me half a pound. — Have you read Cain, a mystery? Yes, and I find it an infamous production. Have you read: « Ten thoûsand a year? » No; but they tell me (that) it is the best nòvel of the day. What ân ùgly man! What a lázy wóman! Did you èver see so dìrty a face in so dirty a room? Do you know those gèntlemen? Yes, by sight. One of them is a Frènchman, the ŏther an Amèrican. What are they? One, the Amèrican, is a Sùrgeon, and the ŏther an Apòthecary. I saw the Frènchman at the òpera one évening last week. And I saw the Amèrican jump ìnto the Po this mórning. Indéed? Yes, and séeing such a thing at such a séason I suspècted (that) he was góing to drown himsèlf. I know a great màny Englishmen who bathe in the Thames, once a day throughoût the year. You are jóking. No, I assúre you (that) màny a time I have seen éven sexaginárians break the ice and jump ìnto the rìver at Chrìstmas. Come and take a plunge. I dare not; it is too cold

(1) *O*, At whose house? (2) *O*, Such a trifle. (3) *O*, A hair-dresser. (4) *O*, How do you sell?

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a day. I ălways bathe once a day until the middle of Novèmber. How long do you remáin in the wăter? An hour and a half in summer, and half an hour in winter. Can you swim well? I can swim a mile and a half with one arm. Take care; you will catch cold one of these fine mòrnings. Do you think so? Yes; you may repènt (1) your imprûdence one day. — In a few years there will be (2) a jûbilee. Yes, in eighteen hùndred and fifty. — Have you màny hounds? A great màny. Have you màny sètters? (3) I have (a) few. In war, hùnting, and love, there are a thoûsand pains for one plèasure. — How hot it is (4) in these rooms! What a crowd! What a nùmber of guests! (5) What a stúpid *soiree*! (6) What a silly host! What a vùlgar hóstess! (True, but) what can (7) you expèct from such a pair of ùpstarts? His fâther was (but) a bùtcher, and her mŏther (was) a milliner. Here they come both. Let us wish them a good night. We are delighted to have made the acquáintance of so distìnguished a lády. (I am) hàppy to have becŏme acquáinted with such a man. We have sèldom passed so plèasant an évening.

TEMA II. — ARTICOLO DEFINITO; *pag.* 115.

A vòlume of lètters. Read the lètters of Jûnius. Do you like chèrries? Vèry much. The chèrries of Austrália have the stone on the oûtside. The Gèntoos are the hèalthiest of all péople. Why? They nèver eat (of) àny thing that has had life (8). The inférior ànimals enjoy bètter health than men. Why? They eat but of one dish; and then they are nèver torn, as are the greáter part of men, by remórse for the past, or fear of the fúture. Man is a béing of large discóurse, looking befóre and áfter. Yes; just like the Chaméleon. The Quákers live lònger than àny ŏther sect. Yes, and the clèrgy lònger than àny ŏther class. Why? Their life is more calm, and their hàbits more règular. — Stones grow, vègetables grow and live, and ànimals grow, live and feel. The stones of which this road is compósed came from the East Indies. Is the fàmily of vègetables (9) in the Indies équal in beaúty to those of cólder coùntries? No; the cŏlour of the vèrdure is much less lively. Were not most of the

(1) *O*, Rue. (2) *O*, They will hold. (3) *O*, Pointers. (4) *O*, How opprèssive the heat is... (5) How many guests! (6) *O*, What a dull évening party! what a tédious *conversazione!* (7) *O*, Could. (8) *O*, That has lived. (9) *O*, The vègetable creátion.

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ànimals now in New Zéaland, sent there from England? Yes, ălmost all. The kàngaróo and the mole are the ónly indìgenous quădrupeds. Are you fond of músic? Yes, (vèry); of all the plèasures of sense músic is the most èlegant. True; and yet it greátly contributes to imbecìlity. My friend C*h*órus, the pìanist, has bróken his leg, and lost his héaring. And has lost his wife in cònsequence? You do her wrong (1). She loves him more than èver. That man nèver knew the love of wóman who nèver had an ill to share with her. — Who are the trûly great? None but the trûly good.

Those two gèntlemen are Englishmen. How do you know? One has his hand in his coat pòcket, and the ŏther has a thumb in each of those of his wàistcoat. The English spend much mŏney in Italy. Yes and more in France. Those who resíde in France and Bèlgium, draw upòn (their bànkers in) London for one hùndred and thìrty millions of franks a year. — What is the lówest heíght at which perpètual snow is found upòn the Alps? Eight thoûsand feet. And upòn the Andes? Fìfteen thoûsand. How far is the Mississìpi nàvigable for (2) stéam boats? Three thoûsand miles. What has the magnètic néedle effècted (3)? It has made the Ocean the high road of communicátion betwéen the dìfferent nátions of the earth. Assìsted by the néedle, what has steam effècted? It has made the most dìstant shores ălmost touch each ŏther. Jùdging of distance by time, England is now néarer to the Uníted States than Sardìnia was to Italy a few years agó. To the ancients what was the earth? A plàtitude. And the sky? A cànopy. How mànny èlements did they concéive there were? Four; air, wăter earth and fire. And cŏlours? Four, white, yèllow, red and black. Then they knew of ónly two, for white and black are not cŏlours. Is cŏlour a sùbstance? No; no more than shape. Are there volcánoes in the moon? There are three. Is there ànу proof of séasons in Mars? Vèry striking. Snow appéars in great quăntity aroûnd the pole of the hèmisphere in which it is wìnter, and disappéars when it is sùmmer. Is not Mèrcury the most dense of all the plànets? Yes, and Hèrschell the least (so). Then the fârther a plànet is from the sun the less dense it is? To be sure. What is the dènsity

(1) *O*, You wrong her. (2) *O*, How far can one ascènd the M. in stéam boats? (3) *O*, What effècts has the néedle produced?

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of our àtmosphére at the elevátion of three miles and a half? It is half what it is on the earth. And at sèven miles? A quărter. Then the hígher we ascènd the lighter the air? Cèrtainly. What is the hìghest house in the old world? The hòspice of Mount St. Bèrnard. Why did Empèdocles jump ìnto the flames of (mount) Ètna? To live in stóry, and be consìdered as a God. Demòcrites said: « The more we learn the more we laugh ». Yes; and I say the more we learn the more our réason is strèngthened. True; and the more she is strèngthened, the bètter she is áble to keep her seat on the throne. How do you like the english póets? Excéedingly; the more I read them, the more I like the lànguage. Do you like Tàsso as well as Arìòsto? Yes, but I prefèr Dànte to them both. The scèptics, by their fine sèntiments and their detèstable cònduct, show us that there is a connèxion betwéen religion without wòrship, and vìrtue without pràctice. True; Sèntiment is the Athénian who knew his dúty and Prìnciple is the Spàrtan who did it. How màny steps does the mite take in a mìnute? Five hùndred. At what rate is the earth ălways càrrying us round the sun? At the rate of sìxty sèven thousand miles per hour. Whose plcture is this? It is that of George the third. Is Queen Victória (the first) much belŏved by her sùbjects? Excéedingly. Was the king at the òpera yèsterday évening? The king, queen, and prìnces were all there. How do you like Taglióni? Vèry well. And Èssler? Bètter. Look at this crown piece. On one side I find « The French Repùblic ». And on the ŏther? « The Emperor Napóleon ». Do you know Mr. G.? Yes, he is coùsin to my friend, F... Is not Mr. B. the nèphew of Lord C.? Yes and ùncle to the cèlebráted Mr. D... They tell me that Mr. D. is not less interesting in cŏmpany than he is in his books. Great in his wrítings, he is greáter in his cònversátion. In it you see the urbànity of the cóurtier and the èlegance of the schòlar, combìned with the brìlliancy, point and pìquancy of the wit. The more we are dèstitute of the estéem of ŏthers, the more cáreful we should be to presèrve our own. Go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark. — But, Christian, said an Atheist, how you have been impósed upòn, if Hèaven is a fáble! But, Atheist, replìed the Christian, how much more you have been impósed upòn, if hell is no fàble! — Gènoa, the supèrb; Pàdua, the èrudite; Milan, the rich; Flòrence, the beaútiful!

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TEMA III. — ARTICOLO PARTITIVO DI, DEL, DELLA, ECC.; *pag.* 118.

I am góing (out) to make some pùrchases. Will you come? I cànnot; I have to write a lètter. Will you have some páper? Thank you; I have some. — You sell wóollen cloth, do you not? Yes, Sir. Shall I show you some? Show me some piéces of blue cloth. I have just sold some of this cloth to two ŏther òfficers of your règiment. Have you àny lìnen cloth? We have not àny; but we expèct some piéces from England next week. I cànnot wait. Where can I find àny? Next shop. We have látely recéived some beaútiful cloth for trowsers, if you (should) want àny? I don't want àny at prèsent. Do you sell India hàndkerchiefs? Yes, Sir. Shall I show you some? If you please. Have you àny ŏthers? We have some, but they are smăller; will you look at some of them? No; I will take half a dŏzen of these. Do you want àny thing else? Not now. — Mr. B., have you àny news? I have heard nŏthing. Were there àny ŏysters in the mârket this môrning? There were some, but I did not buy àny. Why did you not buy àny? Becăuse there were none fresh. Did you buy àny fish? Yes, Sir; a trout and a sàlmon. — Let us sit down to táble. Which do you take, soup or fish? I'll take some fish, if you please. John, give the gèntleman some bread. Here is a beaútiful tongue, will you take some (of it)? Oh, yes! tongue is a most delightful thing, when it is not a wóman's. Which do you drink, beer or pórter? I prefèr pórter. Mr. C., I can recommènd this goose; shall I send you some of it? I'll take a bit of the breast, if you please. Will you not take some (1) stùffing? No, I thank you. Take some bràndy, âfter your goose. Half a glass. Take a glass of it, it is weak. May I help you to some pìgeon? If you please. You will eat some of this rice-pŭdding? A little, if you please. Won't (2) you take some plùm-pŭdding? No, I thank you. Help yoursèlf to some nuts. Thank you; I nèver eat àny. Take some cheese and (some) àpples. Have you yet éaten àny figs this year? Not yet. Do you take còffee âfter dinner? Sŏmetimes; but not immédiately. You take tea perhàps? Yes four or five hours âfter dinner, I úsually take a cup of tea or a tùmbler of punch. On what do you gèn-

(1) *O*, A little of the. (2) Won't *è l'abbreviatura di* will not?

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erally brèakfast? On còffee, cream, eggs and toast. Have you still much of the tea that you bought at Mr. B's. ăuction? I have yet thìrty or fòrty pounds of it. Have you bôught màny of the books of which you spoke to me? I have bought twènty or twènty two. Will you lend me some of them? As măny as you please. You knew Mr. Flùtter? Oh, yes! He was such an amúsing fèllow! Nóbody like him for a dull dìnner pàrty. Yes, like mèrry-man, he had his pòckets ălways filled with squibs and crăckers èver rèady to dischârge when the wit of the cŏmpany ran low. Our old gârdener and his brŏther are both dèeply wrìnkled with age. Yes, but his brŏther seems much less so than he. (Yes); becăuse his wrìnkles are stopped up with dirt. He has pròbably nèver washed his face since he got it. This house which you are building will be vèry small. True, but can I èver hope to see it filled with réal friends? An ass cŏvered with gold, is more respècted than a horse with a pàcksaddle That is but an èmpty purse which is full of anŏther man's mŏney.

TEMA IV. — DEL POSTO DEL NOME; *pag.* 119.

Do you speak english? I speak english, french, itàlian, spànish and gèrman, Can you speak làtin or greek? No, but I read and understànd both these lànguages. Must I show my pàssport at the door? Yes, you must show it to the pórter, ŏtherwíse he will not let you in. There is the gèntleman that insùlted your brŏther. Yes; and that my brŏther hôrsewhipped. The Amèrican broke off the branch of a tree to bèat his sèrvant; but his sèrvant took it out of his hands and bèat him. And served him well. Have you (not) yet fùrnished your box at Tìvoli? I am now sènding out the last of the fùrniture. From whom did you recéive this beaútiful pàrrot? From an Amèrican mèrchant at Lèghorn. Will you keep it? No, I will presènt it to my coùsin. Which? Miss Page. What are you téaching it? I am téaching it to say: Oh sweet, oh sweet Anne Page! You would be astònished to see the prògress that the púpils make at Mr. D's school. Do they learn as fast as your pàrrot? Almost. Indéed? Yes: I do not regrèt the mŏney that my nèphew's èducátion has cost me; he is a pròdigy. Would your brŏther-in-law have embârked in that affâir at Sièna, if he had foreséen the dánger? I imàgine not. Ought not his fâther to have dissuáded him from it? I think he ought. Where does your brŏther read the English, Asiàtic and

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Amèrican jòurnals? At Monaldini's. Where are you góing? To Campidòglio. Where is the Gèrman gone? To see the Coliséum. Did not those two Amèricans play whist last night at Lord Torlónia's? They did; when we came aváy they were práying togèther. And yet they do not speak to each ŏther, or salúte each ŏther this mórning. No, they have not been introdúced (to each ŏther). One of them is rich perhàps, and the ŏther poor? No, they are both équally rich: but the fórtune of the one was made by his grànd-father, and that of the ŏther by his fàther — « But no, » said Maximilian to a man who asked to be ennóbled by him, « though I can give you rìches and a title, I cànnot make you nóble ». The plague is here at prèsent. I will write to you when you may come with sáfety; but, pray, don't come now to a town where mìsery and dèsolátion reign.

TEMA V. — GENITIVO; *pag.* 120.

May I help you to some rice pŭdding? Thank you; I'll take some àpple tart. John, anŏther bòttle of wine. Yes, Sir. How much did you pay for these wine-bòttles? Thirty six franks per hùndred. James, bring me my wŏrk-box. Where is it? On your brŏther's bèd-room táble. Where is the fòotman? He is gone to the flower-màrket. Whose is that brick house òpposite? It is the Home Minister's. What are the (mill-) stones of wind and wăter mills? They are the artificial teeth of society. How did you go from Gènoa to Lèghorn? By the stéam-boat. And thence to Flórence? By the new ráil-road. What did that díamond ring cost you? Fórty pounds. And your gold repéater? Eighty four. Have you seen the new caricatúre? Which? The bull in a chína shop? Yes, *John Bull* (the Englishman) in Chína. Does your wríting màster come èvery day? No, he and the gèrman màster come altèrnately at the same hour. Do you see those màrble còlumns? Yes; they are vèry beaútiful. They came from the Pàrthenon. How do you like. St. Péter's? Extrémely. If èver there was a tèmple meet for the wŏrship of Him whom the hèaven of hèavens cànnot contáin, súrely this is it! — Póets' wives are mere piéces of ornamèntal fùrniture in their cònsorts' hòuses. Yes, just like reigning Queens' hùsbands. — Weigh ŏthers' woes, and learn to bear your own. What an etèrnal time that old man in black keeps the páper at Cova's.

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TEMA VI. — AUMENTATIVI, DIMINUTIVI, ECC.; *pag.* 121.

What a stúpid ùgly book! Whose is it? It belòngs to that wild rogue, Rìchard. By whom was it wrìtten? By that great fool whom we met at the little théatre yèsterday évening. By that fat unwéildy fèllow? Yes, by that old drùnkard. He must have wrìtten it when he was drunk. It may be. He drinks a wine-glass of brándy befóre èvery meal, a glass in the mìddle, and a tùmbler áfter. Whose little dog is this? It is the young Cóunt's (1). And this chârming little dog (2)? It belòngs to the young Cóuntess (3). Look at these dear little white mice. O what beaútiful little créatures! James pour me out a little liqueúr in this little glass. Will you not (4) have a bit of bread? Yes, a vèry little bit. O what beaútiful little hands! Shall not this dèlicate little hand be mine one day? No, nèver. Let me alóne, you ràscal! Touch me not with your ùgly coarse hands, you great ànimal! Becáuse you are now a great mèrchant, you would have us forgèt that you were látely a mean shòp-kéeper. Why did that fine young man màrry that wìthered little old wóman? (Becáuse) he owed her a thóusand franks, and had no óther means of páying her. She is a mean wóman. But shall you álways remáin in this mìserable hóvel? No, Sir; I will leave it, when I have prìnted this little book.

TEMA VII. — NOMI COLLETTIVI, ECC., ECC.; *pag.* 121.

Of how mány mèmbers is the House of Lords compósed? Of four hùndred and thìrty two. And the House of Còmmons? Of six hùndred and fifty eight. — The House of Còmmons are ónly intèrpreters whose dúty is to convey the sense of the péople fáithfully to the Crown. When is pàrliament to meet? This day week. The majòrity are álways right, are they not? The pùblic are divíded in their opìnion on this sùbject. Part say they are álways right, part say they are álmost álways wrong. A propós: séeing in Bèdlam yèsterday a man who appéared álmost pèrfectly sane, I asked him « Why (5) are you here? » He replíed: I said that all men were fools, and all men said that I was a fool, and the majòrity càrried the point. But the majòrity are

(1) *O*, It is Lord John's, Lord William's, etc. (2) *O*, This (english) lapdog. (3) *O*, To Lady Mary, Lady Jane, etc. (4) O Won't you. (5) *O*, How.

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wrong; all mankind are wrong; and they have treated me so cruelly that I could almost wish, like Caligula, not that the Roman (or Italian) people alone, but that the whole human race had but one neck that I might despatch them all at one blow.

Whence do the english nobility date their origin? From the conquest in one thousand and fifty. It is said that the ministry are divided on the question of the East. The assembly (1) has pronounced unanimously. What was Marlborough's speech to his army at Cressy? I am your general, you are Britons; there are the enemy! And Nelson's (speech) at Trafalgar? England expects that every man this day will do his duty. Laconic enough. Is the Florentine vain? No, he is too proud to be vain. Vanity and pride are the moral antipodes of each other. — Folly, passion and guilt (2) are seldom parted wholly asunder. Every vice, and every folly is followed by proportioned suffering. Fortune or temerity has sometimes made heroes; but virtue alone can form great men. Is either of these umbrellas yours? Neither is mine. How much is two and six pence? It is half a crown. When will you pay me the fifty pounds that you owe me? I will pay it you to-morrow. He assembles his family and prays with them every morning and every evening. He does well; such habits are useful in keeping one's thoughts above the dross of this world. Is not the religion of the Bible that of every people who are either wise, or great, or progressive among mankind? It is. What would be the state of the world and of mankind at present, if the Christian Religion had never appeared?

TEMA VIII. — NOMI TRAMUTATI IN ADDIETTIVI MERCÈ LA DESINENZA ED; *pag.* 122.

Who is that bandy-legged man? He is a Mr. B., the best-natured man in the village. Did you ever hear of a red haired hero? Only one; Peregrine Pickle. Why are the black eyed Spanish Ladies so fond of red haired men? I cannot tell you. Which of the new physicians has most practice here at the baths? Doctor Brown. Why has he more than the rest? Being a red nosed one eyed man he is the most easily found. That long backed man is my dancing master. Which? He with the long white face, and (3) the short black hair. Where? See, he

(1) *O*, The meeting. (2) *Pronunciate* ghilt. (3) *O*, The white faced long visaged man with.... *Oppure*, He with the black hair cut rather short, and the white face cut rather long.

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is lòoking óver the head of the lìttle pòt-bèllied short faced grócer. Which of these musìcians is the cèlebrated Mr. Chórus, the fámous sonnettéer? The hùmp backed man? (1) Yes. That is he in the middle of the òrchestra, stòoping and lábouring at a bàss-viol (2) and shówing nŏthing but his hump and the top of his bald head, like an òstrich egg. Where was Màrius found? In the pòntine marsh, chin deep in the mud. Where was John Pitch, the gráybearded sáilor, found? After hàving affrŏnted a thoûsand storms, that made the waves run mŏuntain-high, he was found drowned yèsterday in a rìvulet where the wăter was ónly *k*née deep.

TEMA X. — ADDIETTIVO; *pag.* 123.

A house in which there is a wife is òften warm enoûgh; a house with a wife and her mŏther is wărmer; but a house with a wife and two mŏther-in-laws is the wărmest of all. Our vàlet is stúpid, more stúpid than our hoûsemaid, who is the most stúpid hoûsemaid that I èver saw. His fâther was the tăllest coùntryman, and his mŏther the thìnnest coùntrywoman that I èver saw in my life. He came òften ìnto tòwn, òftener than his wife; but now he comes no more, becăuse he is dead. He said, a few mìnutes befóre his death: « What shàdows we are, and what shàdows we pursúe! How do you chàracterise fălsehood? (3) As the bàsest of all vìces; the most detèstable in the sight of God, and the most dèspicable in the eyes of man. Men avoìd a lìar as a còmmon ènemy. Truth and upríghtness are essèntial to our gáining a good chàracter. Yes, and a good chàracter is essèntial to succèss in life.

Is not the pursúit of knòwledge one of the most pléasing occupátions of the húman mind? Yes, and one of the most dìgnified and úseful. We should read none but the best books in èvery lànguage. True, life is so short and time so prècious! To be sure; and to read all the stàndard works in èvery lànguage would requíre a life as long as that of Methûsalem. Are not good works a nècessary còmsequence of true faith? They are: no life can be agréeable to God that is not úseful to man. Mr. Hàughty thinks himsèlf bètter than his neighbours. Why? He is a lìttle bètter dressed, and has a lìttle more mŏney. Which may be

(1) *O*, The hunch-back. (2) *O*, Playing a violincèllo. (3) *O*, Lying.

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anŏther's to-mòrrow. He is disliked by èvery one. Of course; pride is hàteful both befóre God and man. Why is dust and àshes proud?

The pèrsons of whom you are spéaking are (much) more learned than wise. Yes, they have a great deal of lèarning but no wìsdom. They are like the blind man who càrried a làntern in day light to hinder ŏthers from jòstling him. If the blind lead the blind both will fall ìnto the ditch. The hàppiness of the good man goes on àlways increàsing, does it not? Yes, éven till the hour of death. The path of the just is like the mòrning light, which shines more and more to the pèrfect day. St. Paul's (church) in Lŏndon is vèry large and vèry beaùtiful. Yes, but it is néither the làrgest nor the most beaùtiful church in the world. No, St. Péter's at Rome is much làrger and much more magnìficent. Yes, it is the làrgest, and by far the most magnificent church in the world. The more I see it the more its magnìficence astònishes me. Was Mr. Short low? (1) Extrémely. And fat? So fat that he seemed all face and wàistcoat. And hèavy? So hèavy that the earth trèmbled (ùnder him) while he walked. And strong? He was so strong that with one finger he stopped the Cómo ràilway train góing at the rate of thìrty miles an hour. Will you have the gòodness to take this note to your fàther? With great plèasure. Be obliging enough (2) to give it to him (3) this évening. Cèrtainly. I shall be much obliged to you. Give my love to all my children, and a kiss (for me) to each of the little ones. The sèrvant-màid has just found a mouse in its nest with two little ones, in a pound of bùtter made the day befóre yèsterday. Your màster has a great deal of pàtience, has he not? No, but he has a great deal of mŏney and a great màny flàtterers. Do you see that queer (4) fèllow? Yes, he looks as fierce as an Indian; but not (half) so hònest. Càptain C. is vèry hàndsome. He is the hàndsomest òfficer in the Guards; and as brave as he is hàndsome. Is he as good as he is hàndsome and brave? I càn't say. They tell me his sister is a vèry chàrming (5) young làdy. Have you seen her? Yes, she is a young làdy of vèry prepossèssing appéarance. Her mànners are not less engàging than her appéarance is attràctive.

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(1) *O*, Was Mr. S. Short? (2) *O*, Be so good as, (or have the complaisance). (3) *O*, To deliver it. (4) *O*, Odd. (5) *O*, Lŏvely.

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Men are like ànimals; the large eat the small, and the small ones sting them. Among mites it is the little ones that eat the large. Yes, and thus fattening themsèlves they prepare themsèlves to be food for those that are still smaller. — Are you pleased with my son? Very much. Is he attèntive? Very. Does he apply himsèlf well? Very well. Does he make much progress? Very little. How is that? You don't allow him time enough to prepare (1) his lessons. If I gave him more time, would he make much progress? I am sure he would. Has he a good memory? (Yes). Has he (2) much mind? Yes, he is a youth of great intellèctual promise.

Have you much fruit this year? I have less than I had last year. Have you much money? I have not much. Have you enough? I have little, but I have a competency; the real wants of life are few. Have you many pupils? I have a great many. Have you as many now as you had last year? I have more. Have you as many as you had in 1850? No, I had too many that year. I had so many that my health suffered. How many have you at present? I have more than a hundred. Is my exercise well done? Yes; but not so well as your brother's. Do you find the english pronunciation difficult? Much less so than I thought (3). Is Mr. Flirt very agréeable in company? Yes; but he is as dangerous as he is agréeable; he flatters every one. The flatterer is always much more dangerous than he is thought to be.

Was not Socrates one of the seven wise men (4) of Greece? He was; the Delphian oracle declared him the wisest of all men. Was he as handsome as he was wise? He was the ugliest man in Athens. Was he as much esteemed by his wife as he was by the wise men of his age? Far from it; he was what I call a regular henpecked husband. What is the mind of the idle (5) like? It is like uncultivated land, which produces nothing but thorns and briers. The idle man has no idea of the inexpressible pleasure that study procures. How short the days are now in December! Yes, but the evenings are so much the longer. The shorter the day, the longer the night. The man whose life B. saved, was his rival and his (most) deadly enemy. Then his conduct in saving him was so much the more praiseworthy. The

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(1) *O*, To learn; *o*, to study. (2) *O meglio*, Will he have? (3) *O*, Than it is thought, or believed, to be. (4) *O*, Sages. (5) Of the idle, *degli ozioni*.

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poor are as much despised as the rich are estéemed. Yes; but by whom? By *k*naves and fools. The less space we òccupy, the sáfer we are; a single leaf suffices for the hùmming bird's nest. An obliging pèrson is loved by èvery bòdy.

TEMA X. — ADDIETTIVI NUMERALI; *pag.* 126.

When was the wall of China erècted? Two thoùsand one hùndred and fòrty three years befóre the christian èra. What are its dimènsions? It is sèven hùndred and fóurteen miles long, fóurteen feet thick, and twènty six feet high. Whàt an enòrmous work! Yes; with the same matérials, a wall one foot in thìckness and twènty three in height might be càrried round our globe. Are there màny ráil-roads in the Uníted States? Yes, five thoùsand three hùndred miles (1). And in the Uníted Kingdom? Six thoùsand sèven hùndred miles. Have you seen the new jòurnal; « The Univèrsal Yànkee (2) Nátion? Not yet. It contáins as much màtter as an òrdinary vòlume in octávo. How màny còlumns has it? It has fòrty, spread óver a sheet (of páper) four feet five ìnches long, and two feet nine ìnches broad. What a large map? It is sèven feet by five. When did you retùrn from India? In (the year) twènty five. And from Amèrica? In '30. Did you èver see an ice berg? Sèveral: I once saw one, a hùndred and fifty feet high, and abòut three miles round (3). How màny days do the stéamers take to go to New York? Elèven or twelve. Then I will spend ten days of next vacátion on the Amèrican lakes, and at the falls of Niàgara. The sight of the làtter alóne is worth the vòyage. What (4) were the Spànish funds on the thìrty first ùltimo? Which? The five per cents. They were at twènty. And on the sìxteenth ìnstant? They were eighteen. How màny shares has your friend? He has six hùndred and twènty one. How much ìncome has Mr. Arkwright? He has twelve millions of francs a year. Where does Mr. Gallarìni live? His bóok-seller's shop is nùmber nìneteen, Mount Citorio squàre.

How màny horse pòwer is the èngine of the Fèrdinand the second? A hùndred and fifty. Have you read the life of Léo the tenth? No, but I'll begin it the sècond of next month. Have you seen the new tràgedy? Yes, and it has greátly amùsed me. The scène of the first act is laid in Eùrope, that of the sècond in

(1) There are now (1883), ten thousand miles. (2) *O*, Amèrican. (3) *O*, In circùmference. (4) *O*, At what?

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Asia, that of the third in Africa, and that of the fourth in Amèrica. And in what time? In three days and a half. That beats (the rapidity of) steam by far. Yes, it almost equals (that of) the elèctric tèlegraph, which transmits intèlligence at the rate of two hùndred thousand miles in a sècond (of time). The flea and the grâsshopper jump two hùndred times their length. How much would that be for a man? A quărter of a mile. When did Lord Grey recéive the lètter you mèntioned? Which? That which infôrmed him that his sister had elóped (1) with Càptain Bóastall of the tenth Hussârs? He recéived it on the fourteenth instant. What effèct had the news upòn him? When he had read the lètter he flung it upòn the ground, took his spèctacles from (off) his nose, crushed them ùnder his heel, and said; « A règiment of two thousand men would not suffice to watch a wŏman ràdically bad »: and then táking his enôrmous snùff-box from his pòcket, he took snuff enoùgh to set àny dŏzen (of) men with nóses of ôrdinary dimènsions snéezing for life. How did his dăughter, the lŏvely young Countess bear it? The poor young girl was immédiately attàcked with a fit of (nèrvous) convùlsions (2) of a ten young lády power. What is the ànnual mortàlity in England? One in fifty one. And in France? One in fôrty six. And at Viènna? One in twènty two. Fôrtune *k*nocks once at èvery man's door. Rărely twice. One mùrder makes a villain; thousands a héro. How màny bàttles has Wèllington fought? Abòut a hùndred and twènty. How màny victories does he count? He counts as many triumphs as bàttles. George is tăller than you by far. I'll bet three to one that I 'm tăller than he by half an inch. I will not bet; a wáger is a fool's àrgument. I start to-môrrow week for Califòrnia. - Milan, 22nd. March, 1848.

TEMA XI. — PRONOMI PERSONALI; *pag.* 127.

What a beaútiful book! Yes; it is a prèsent. I recéived it from my brŏther-in-law: it was wrìtten by him. Have you read it? No, I'll read it to-day. I'll send it to you to-môrrow. You will give me your opìnion of it (3). Most willingly. Mr. P., what will you give your son, your dăughter and your nèphews for their néw-year's gifts? I will give him a watch, her a nèck-lace,

(1) *O*, Run off. (2) *O*, By a fit of hystèrics. (3) *O*, You will tell me what you think of it.

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and them some english and french books. Why do you make them such fine presents? Because they are attentive and studious. Do you speak to me? Yes, listen to me. I will. Do you hear me well? Yes, but I don't understand you. I'll speak more slowly. Where is the letter that I have written to them? Here it is. Then you have not sent it to them? No, I will forward it to them to-morrow. Have you stated to them that their uncle is arrived? Yes, I have told them so in my letter. James has torn the book which you presented (1) to him. If I had suspected that he would take so little care of it, I would not have given it to him. Every one admires your sisters, they are so pretty! You are complimentary, Sir. (But) I think (that) your sisters (are) prettier than they.

Is that lady your wife? Yes. She is a fine woman. I am proud of her. I have reason to be so. I hope I shall have the pleasure of judging. You shall. I will introduce you to her. You shall know her. I shall be delighted. I courted her under singular circumstances. I won her through a rash vow. Indeed! Yes. Thus. I saw her; I loved her; I proposed; she refused. « You love another? » « Spare my blushes. » « I know him. » « You do. » « Very good; if he remains here I will skin him. » « Lord bless us! Did you skin the gentleman, Sir? » I wrote him a note. I said it was a very painful thing. And so it was. « Certainly, Sir. » I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman (2) to skin him. I had no alternative; I was bound (3) to do it. He was open to conviction. He fled. I married her. Here she comes. — I once saw a mother chastise her child seven times before he would do what he had been ordered. If she had stopped at the sixth her child would have been ruined. — Why is the moon feminine in english? Because, like the ladies, she shines most at night; and because, like them, she borrows her splendour from her consort the sun. Why is a ship feminine? They say it is because she is blown about by every wind. Why are some of the more noble animals masculine? Because their superior instinct and sagacity almost approaches the distinctive characteristic of man, reason. The elephant, for instance, understands almost every thing (that) his driver says to him. When I was at Calcutta, a driver one day told his elephant to kill a woman who had offended him. He took

(1) *O*, bestowed, o gave. (2) *O*, Word of honour. (3) *O*, Obliged.

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her up, and crushed her with his trunk. And was the drîver pùnished? He was hanged. You have been cóurting (1) wîdow Paffùta these two months. More; these three months. You are too dîlatory. Wîdows are won at once or nèver. If I were as young and as hàndome as you, I'd (2) woo, and wîn and wed her in a day. Industry is Fòrtune's right hand, frugàlity her left.

TEMA XII. — PRONOMI POSSESSIVI; *pag.* 128.

Boy, can I get brèakfast here? No. Why not? (My) fâther is awáy, (my) mŏther is drunk, (the) bâby has the méasles, and I don't care a fig. — Mr. Rumoi has spent (3) all his pròperty. He wănted to send awáy all his sèrvants yèsterday, but he could not pày them their wáges. His crèditors have sold his hôrses, càrriages, hôuses and lands, and have left him nŏthing but his clothes ànd his dogs, which he likes bètter than his friends. He asked one of his friends, the ŏther day, to lend him some mŏney. But the làtter replíed; « I excúse your requèst; excuse my refúsal. Your principal told all this to my aunt, bègging her to keep it a profôund sécret. My aunt told it to her ùncle, her ùncle to his hôuse-keeper, his hôuse-keeper to my sister, and she to her lŏver who has (just) told it to me. Pray, tell it to no one excèpt your wife. Your mŏther is vèry fond of tălking abôut her chîldren; and mine does not like less to talk abôut hers. As they were chàtting abôut their dear chîldren, the ŏther day, a cat, I beliéve it was ours, ran awáy with a roast chicken that the sèrvant had placed on the tâble.

Good môrning, neighbour; how's (4) your wife? She's (5) lively; how's yours? What is the màtter with B.? I see his arm is in a sling. Béing drunk the ŏther évening he fell out of his bed, and bruised one of his shóulders. Why is his nose so red, and his cheeks so pale? He drinks four pints (6) of brândy a day. Where has he been of late? He has been six months in jail. For what crime? He was accúsed of stéaling à bòttle of brândy, and was convicted on the bare tèstimony of his nose. Nèver submit your chin to a bârber till you are sure of his polîtical principles. You are right; it would not be prûdent in these tûrbulent times.

(1) *O*, Páying your addrèsses to. (2) I'd, *abbreviatura di* I would. (3) *O*, Dissipáted, *o* squăndered. (4) How's, *abbreviatura di* how is. (5) She's, *abbrev. di* she is. (6) *In* pints, *l'i ha il primo suono.*

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Déarest, do not withdrăw your hand. Shall not this delicate little hand be mine one day? Nèver; unlèss you will take it without my heart. — Dòctor, I have a tèrrible pain in my stŏmach. Put out (1) your tongue. It is clean. Let me feel your pulse. It is not in your stŏmach, it is in your heart that your illness lies. I met Miss Slў at the door, with an arch smile upòn her lips: she has refúsed you her hand, has she not? She has (2). — The Spàniard has at last thrown off his great coat. Yes, as a snake casts its skin. Or as a snail comes out of its house now in Jùlў. Is it not well to have the good opìnion of one's neighbours? Yes, but it is bètter to have one's own. Good mŏrning, coùsin; how is your sister-in-law? Not so well as yèsterday. Tell her to keep up her spìrits. Remèmber me to your fâther and mŏther. With plèasure. When did you see Càptain Swàgger? A month agó. Where is he now? Hàving been wŏunded in the back, in the late dúel, he is now in the coùntry with his relátions. I met just now a friend of yours. Whom? Gèneral Lòfty. He is not a friend of mine. He is at least a coùntryman of yours (3). Yes. I am told that his brŏther has recéived a vèry èlegant èducátion. Yes, and not less úseless than èlegant (4). He has read all the best greek and latin clàssics, and (yet) he has scárcely one just and trûly philosòphical idéa of the orb on which he lives, or of its nâtural and artificial produ̇ctions. Hònour thy fâther and thy mŏther.

TEMA XIII. — PRONOMI RIFLESSIVI ED ASSÈVERATIVI; *pag.* 130.

What is sèlf-love? It is the love of one's sèlf. They say it is a mote in èvery one's eye. Yes, if we could see oursèlves in the light in which ŏthers see us, or in which they would see us if they knew all; sèlf-amèndment would be unavŏidable. Perhàps not (5). « Physìcian heal thysèlf » is a bìtter lèsson. It is so disagréeable to think ill of oursèlves! He is a bold sùrgeon whose hand does not trèmble when he perfòrms an operátion on himsèlf.

Use soft words but hard àrguments. Vìrtue itsèlf without good mànners is laughed at. He that does not hònour his wife dishònours himsèlf. — Wife, when you are àngry, look at yoursèlf in that glass. Hùsband, when you are tìpsy, look at yoursèlf, at your ìmage, in those drùnken chìmney-swéepers, in the wíne-

(1) *O*, Shew me. (2) *O*, It is but too true. (3) *O*, One of your coùntrymen. (4) *O*, And as úseless as it is elegant. (5) *O*, Perhaps you mistáke.

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shop òpposite. — My son, if èver you attáin to the age of fifty, and feel dispósed to màrry ànу one, no màtter whom, just go up into your room, if you have one, shut yoursèlf in, and hang yourself: do not drown yourself, drowning is vùlgar. But, fàther, no man is wise who is not wise for himsèlf: you uníted yoursèlf to my stèpmother when you were fifty three. I màrried the wìdow; not for hersèlf, but for her fòrtune. Besídes, no man is wise at all times; and you know how bitterly I have (since) repènted my fòlly. — Do Indian wives contínue to burn themsèlves alíve upòn the fúneral piles of their hùsbands? No, these ten years they have not been permìtted. Idle boys have no right to compláin of those who laugh at their ignorance. Cèrtainly not. If a pèrson will make an ass of himsèlf, he must not take it ill if men (1) ride him. He who knows himsèlf best, estéems himsèlf least. Be hùmble befóre your Máker, but dignifíed and firm with your fèllow men: it is just that he who don't know how to respèct himsèlf, be despísed by ŏthers (2).

TEMA XIV. — PRONOMI RELATIVI E INTERROGATIVI; *pag.* 131.

What a splèndid shawl! The shawl which you see cost three thoùsand franks. Is it pòssible! Yes, and the lády who wears it is the wife of the old míser of whom I have spóken so òften in these díalogues, and of whom I have yet mànу ànecdotes to reláte; anecdotes which will be as agréeable to me to reláte, as to you to hear. What a beaútiful bòsom! What a lŏvely wòman! Yes; and how mòdest! But to attràct whose eyes does she expóse her charms so? Her hùsband's perhàps? No, he detèsts it. Then why does she deck hersèlf out so? Who knows (3)? But what does that unmànnerly pàrrot say? Which? That which is in the wìndow òpposite. Listen: « For whom does the blind man's wife paint hersèlf? Tell me whom you frequènt, and I will tell you who you are. With whom did you dine yèsterday? With Mr. D.. To whom did you gìve your arm góing to the díning-room? To Miss C... Besíde whom were you séated at táble? Betwéen her and Miss G.. Betwéen your two swéethearts (4)? Precísely. With which did you dance? With both. Which will you màrry? Perhàps néither. Miss B. will make an èxcellent wife. It

(1) *O*, Others. (2) *Meglio*, He who undervàlues himself, is justly undervàlued by others. (3) *O*, Can tell? (4) Mistresses, loved ones, ladies of your love.

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may be; but she is too sérious for me. The tàlents which she possèsses are more sòlid than shíning; and thèrefore fops like you are incápable of éither séeing or dòing jùstice to them. You are complimèntary, Sir. But her mèrit will be understòod and appréciated by the man whose hàppiness she is one day to make, whose fàmily she is to gŏvern, and whose chìldren she is to èducáte. Which of these umbrèllas is yours? This (one). Whose pàrasól is that? (It is) my mŏther's. Whose gloves are these? They must be my Máry's; no one else has so small a hand.

How Mr. Năuseous flàttered that old miser the ŏther évening! How he fawned! How he lied! What do such fèllows care whèther they speak truth or not, províded they can please those with whom they convèrse? Endèavour to acquíre the estéem of all with whom you have àny concèrn; and to this end be as políte and agréeable as pòssible; that is, as far as sincèrity permits; but despíse the base chàracter, whose assidúities are propórtioned to the rank and fòrtune of the pèrson whose fávour he courts, withoût the least regàrd to vìrtue or attáinments; whose políteness is that of a vàlet or a dàncing-măster, and whose òbjects are no less mean and dìrty (1) than those of a Jew úsurer. — The hònour of States, like that of indivìduals, can nèver be sèparáted from their ìnterests. The fèather which decks the roŷal bird, is the same which suppórts him in his flight.

The gèntleman of whom I spoke to you is retùrned from England. I saw him yèsterday évening. It appéars that the men and things that he has stùdied have not much contrìbuted to the improvement of his mòrals. No; an ass (2) sent tràvel will nèver retùrn a horse. In what Européan càpital would you like best to live? In Lŏndon, Pàris, Flòrence, or Náples. Mr. C. is góing to fix his rèsidence in town. He whose dăughter màrried the minister? Yes. He does well. Who would live in the coùntry that could fix his rèsidence in or near a càpital? By whom was Amèrica discŏvered? By Chrìstopher Colùmbus, a Gènoése.

How short is the dìstance betwéen a còmpetency and the highest pitch of èarthly bliss! What can be àdded to the hàppiness of the man who is in health, who is out of debt, and has a clear cònscience? To such a man are not all new accèssions of wealth supèrfluous? — Who that had àny sense of religion would have

(1) *O*, Sordid. (2) *O*, An ass that is.

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àcted so? What is law? It is réason without pàssion. What is religion? It is that love to God which indúces us to obey his will. What is the end of religion? The chief end of religion is to assúre our hàppiness in fúture; but while it does this, it assúres, and is the ónly thing which can assúre, our happiness upòn (this) èarth. Man is made for love: our soul feels contìnually the necèssity of lóving and béing loved suprémely; to which nóthing but God can suffice. It is not me that you see.

TEMA XV. — DEL PRONOME INDECLINABILE LO, E DEI PRONOMI PERSONALI LO, LA, GLI, LI, LE, ECC.; *pag.* 132.

Young men think old men fools; an old men know young men to be so (1). People that are wise in their own opìnion, are sèldom so in that of óthers. B. is extrémely gènerous. Yes; he has the means of béing so. I was told (2) that you were unwèll; I am hàppy to find that you are not (so). Who told you so? Mr. Jànus. Mr. Jànus often says one thing and thinks anóther. I believe so. Will Mr. B. màrry your còusin? I wish it, but can hàrdly hope it. Do you find the pronùnciátion of the english làngnage as difficult as you thought? No; I don't find it half so difficult as they told me. P. has lost his place (3). I have heard so. You say (that) you are convìnced? Yes. I am not. — I will not call you vìllain, líar, scóundrel; but, with all the polìteness imaginable I hope to prove that you are so (4). You are vèry córteous. Are you this young gèntleman's tútor? I am. Are you the Dòctor? I am. Have you heard Jènny Lind? No; I'll hear her tonight. Have you sent the prèsents to your sister? No; I will send them to her this évening. When will you gìve me what you prómised me? I will give it you on mónday. Can you not give it to me sóoner? I cànnot.

What a beaútiful book! My coùsin Jane (has) lent it to me. I thought she had gìven it to you (5). These (blàck-lead) pèncils are good for nóthing. From whom did you buy them? From C. and B: they will change them (for us). Mr. G. was much estéemed a few years agó. Yes; but he is so no more (6). He is vèry fond of Miss Brown. Yes, and she can't sùffer (7) him. Yet he has her mìniature? No; she would not give it to him. I was told that

(1) *O*, Know that young men are such. (2) *O*, They told me. (3) *O*, His situátion. (4) *O*, Such. (5) *O*, Given you it. (6) *O*, No longer. (7) *O*, Bear.

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he had stólen it (from her). He was in the act of stéaling it (from her) the ŏther évening; but she percéived it and snatched it out of his hands. Is it pòssible! Yes, and wrèsting it from him she excláimed in a rage: You shall nèver more see éither (the) pìçture or (the) orìginal. What a fúry! Yes; and (in) sáying this she rushed out of the door, and left him alóne in the room, like á part of the fùrniture. How did you come to know all this? He told me it himsèlf. — Love is like an ill róasted egg. Can you tell me why (1)? I cànnot tell you. Becáuse it is invàriably (2) all on one side. — I have little mŏney, and (I) am contènt; you have much, and (you) are not so. How can I be so? All my brŏthers are rìcher than I. My cold hìnders me from góing out; which annŏys me greátly.

TEMA XVI. — PRONOME NE; *pag.* 133.

Here come the Mìsses Nícely. Do you know them? I have not that plèasure. I will make you acquáinted with them. You are vèry kind. The yoùngest is extrémely ìnteresting; you will be delìghted with her. She is a young làdy of great pèrsonal attràctions. Yes, and not at all vain of them. My friend C. has been introdúced to her. What does he think of her (3)? He is quite pleased with her. He spéaks of her as a pròdigy. Can you pay me the mŏney (that) I lent you? I cànnot. Give me the half of it. I cànnot. I have none. Sàmson was a strong man, and Sòlomon a wise one; yet néither could pay mŏney if he had it not. Then pay me the third part of it; for I want it (4). I could not pay you éven the twèntieth part; it is impòssible to take bréeches off a highlander. Why? Becáuse he wears none. William, you are pàrtial to Miss L.; are you not? I don't dislìke her. I thought sò; you are álways tálking abòut her. Miss M. is fond of your brŏther. How do you know? She is èver spéaking of him: she ìmitátes his mànner, adòpts his fávourite expressions, relátes his ànecdotes, and thinks of, and is òccupied abòut him continually. Indéed! Yes; he ought to màrry her. What would he do with her? He has ónly a hùndred a year (5). How màny hòrses has he? He has two. Are you sàtisfied with your new sèrvant? Yes, I am quite sàtisfied with him. You have done me a great sèrvice in recommènding him to me. I thank you for it.

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(1) *O,* The réason? (2) *O,* Ever; *o* always. (3) *O,* How does he like her? (4) *O,* I need it; *o* stand in need of it. (5) *O,* A hundred pounds income.

Is this your lâtin Bible ? Yes; I read three chàpters of it a day. Then you know a great part of it by heart? I know ălmost all the most interesting pàssages. What a nùmber of english books! Will you lend me some (of them?) Yes, I will lend you as mànу as you please. I shall be extrémely obliged to you. I want some pens; have you any? We have not ànу, just now; but we shall have some this évening. When you recéive them, will you send me some? Yes, Sir. How mànу shall I send you? You may send me a hùndred, if you (should) have ànу good ones; ŏtherwise you will send me but fifty. How much has your ùncle left you? Five thousand pounds. Have you given ànу of it to your brŏther? No, I'll give him none of it. Why? Becăuse he don't want it. Here's the new Ambàssadress; what do you think of her? She is prètty. She will be well recéived by the nóbles, I imàgine. I don't doubt it. Can you (1) make pens? Yes. Will you make me a few? Most willingly. This is an english pènknife, it seems. Yes, I bought a dŏzen when I was in Lŏndon. Will you bestów me one? With the greátest plèasure. I will send you two or three this évening. Small ones, if you have ànу: for I don't like large ones. I'll send you eight or ten; you will choose the one that you (may) like best. Will you come to Chiàja? I come (2) from it. Richard, the dog is in the kènnel, drive him out of it. I find mysèlf in a vèry ăwkward affair, and I don't know how to get out of it. If you would know the vàlue of mŏney, go and bŏrrow some.

TEMA XVIII. — PRONOMI VI E CI; *pag.* 135.

Where are you góing? I am góing to *Santa Croce*. Do not go there. Why? Becăuse I come from it, and there are so mànу péople (there) that one cànnot get in. Where are you góing now? To the Cathédral. Come there with me. Who préaches there to-day? The rèverend George P.. Come, we shall find room enough there. Rome is the most interesting city in the world. I have nèver been there. I was told that you intènded to go there last winter. I had ălmost a mind to go there, but the Amèrican dissuáded me from it. How? He assúred me that there is nŏthing worth góing to see there. Indeed! Yes; he said that the pùblic buildings (3) are sàdly out of repair, and that New-York is a

(1) Do you know how to? (2) *O*, I am coming. (3) *Come i tempj, il Colosseo, ec.*

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much lârger and more beaútiful city than Rome. What book is that (which) you are réading (1)? Chaucer. I álways find you reading these old (mùsty) books, and I can't imàgine what you can find so interesting in them; for my part, I find a great deal of vèry indifferent spèlling in them. This house of yours is not too well propórtioned. I will add anóther wing to it next sùmmer. That gàmbler (2), Grim, has a very forbidding cóuntenance. Yes. « villain » is lègibly wrìtten upón it. His wife on the còntrary is a vèry chàrming pèrson. What beaútiful expressive eyes! Yes, èvery móvement of her soul is (seen) glassed in them. You have recéived a lètter from your bróther-in-law. Yes; and I will replý to it to-mórrow. Will you consènt to what he asks you in it? I don't know yet: I will consider of it; I'll consùlt my fàther befóre I decíde upón it. Do you think Mr. F. a man of hónour? I do; you may trust (to) him. He has prómised to lend me some móney; can I relý upón him? You may; if he has gìven you his word, he will abíde by it (3). How do you like the new cómedy? I have found nóthing extraórdinary in it. My dear hùsband, do you èver think of me when you are at work in the fields? Yes, often; and I find the hèavy axe light when I think of you. Don't trust a man of whom èvery bódy speaks well.

TEMA XVIII. — PRONOME GENERALE SI; *pag.* 135.

Mr. Smooth, why do you nèver laugh? I have nèver laughed since I had the misfórtune to lose my belóved wife. They say that you nèver laugh becáuse you have lost your front teeth. What's (4) the news at Court? They say we shall have war. I don't beliéve it. Why don't you beliéve it? Becáuse they say the smell of gùnpowder gives the prime mìnister the hèad-ache. — They say you are a míser. Indéed? Yes; and they say that you are a spèndthrift: which of these two repórts are we to beliéve? Néither. James, tell your sìster that they are wáiting brèakfast on her. Let us speak english: they tell me you speak it vèry well. Well, to convìnce you that they are mistáken I'll speak it ten mìnutes. Do you see there abóve that old càstle half hid among the trees? It is éasily seen (5) from here. It was there that the (6) old míser hanged himsèlf. Why did he hang himsèlf?

(1) *O*, What book are you réading there? (2) *O*, Gamester. (3) *O*, He will keep it; *o* maintáin it. (4) What's, *abbreviatura di* what is. (5) *O*, one sees it well. (6) *O*, That that.

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It is thought that he did so bècăuse one of his dèbtors had failed. How much did he owe him? Ten franks, they say. It is said that when that scòundrel, Black, was asked: « So you will sell your (nàtive) còuntry? » he replíed: « I think mysèlf too hàppy to have a còuntry to sell ». The tréason is loved, but the tràitor (is) hàted. My house is to be sold; will you buy it? Péople gènerally despíse what they don't understànd. A líar is not beliéved éven when he speaks the truth. Would péople tell lies, if they reflècted that to maintáin one it is òften nècessary to tell twènty? If they tell you that you are good; ask yoursèlf if it is true. We should blush to hear oursèlves praised for a mèrit which we dont possèss. One may talk like a wise man, and act like a fool. It is státed in the néwspapers, that the Èmperor of Morócco is dead of an indigèstion. Yes, but it is known that he died of the kick of a horse. French is spóken in all the Courts of Eúrope. Yes, and English óver more than (the) half (of) the Còntinent of Amèrica, in a great part of Asia and Africa, and in all the commèrcial cities throughòut the world. It is repórted that the English are abòut to plant a còlony in Chína.

Time is a vèry ill used pèrsonage; he is spent; he is thrown awáy; he is wásted; he is lost; he is killed; and yet he nèver compláins.

TEMA XIX.

TUTTI, OGNUNO, CIASCUNO, AMBEDUE, ECC.; *pag.* 136.

Every bòdy's bùsiness is nóbody's bùsiness. Each of those càricatúres cost me five franks. This is the prèttiest of all. Which? That of Thàlberg the celebráted pianist (represènted) with ten fingers on each hand. — You have an attàck of (the) gout èvery six months. No; èvery two (months). And you drink two bòttles of brándy a day? No, Dòctor, ónly one. Well, begìn to-mórrow: put a bean ìnto your decànter èvery mórning, and when it is full you will be cured of your gout. — Here come the Mèssieurs Jòhnson. How fat they both are! Néither (of them) has seen his own feet these twènty years. They look just like a pair of óvergrown Bàcchuses. Yes, and they have just màrried a pair of bùxom wìdows; both as fat and as short as themsèlves. Have the wìdows any chìldren? Yes, both. One of them has twins; two chòpping bábies, both as fat as their mòther, and each as strong and as lùsty as an ìnfant Hèrcules. (If you) cut a pòlypus ìnto

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twènty piéces, each piece will live and becŏme a pèrfect pòlypus. — To-mŏrrow I shall see all your children at Vieux. Give each of my little ones a kiss from me. — When four púpils take their lèssons togèther, they pay but fifteen franks each. Every hour as it pàsses ought to leave us wíser or bètter than we were befóre.

TEMA XX. — L'UN L'ALTRO, GLI UNI GLI ALTRI; *pag.* 137.

Two nègatives in english destrŏy one anŏther. Just like two Spànish lŏvers. Is it true that mites, like cànnibals, devóur one anŏther? Yes; but unlike cànnibals, it is the little ones that eat the great; the young that devóur the old. The ôrbits of Céres and Pàllas cross each ŏther. Yes. How wŏnderful that the plànets and sàtellites nèver interfére with each ŏther. Do the Quákers èver fight, or serve in the àrmy? No; they say that èarthen vèssels, like men, ought not to break themsèlves agàinst each ŏther, for such frìvolous ìnterests as those in which most wars orìginate. — Our pàrents said that Mr. Dìsmal and I were made for each ŏther; and wănted to hùrry us ìnto màtrimony befóre we had an òpportŭnity of knówing each ŏther. But I would not (1); and when we becáme acquáinted, we found that we could not bear each ŏther.

TEMA XXI.

UN ALTRO, OGNI ÁLTRO, TUTT'ALTRO, ALTRI, ALTRUI; *pag.* 137.

We should căutiously avôid reláting in one house àny faults fáilings or fòllies that we (may) see in anŏther. We should behâve well to ŏthers, if we would have them behave well to us. P. has been in Amèrica. Yes, he can talk of nŏthing else. He says that he found the face of nàture in the tròpical clímates quite different to (2) what he had ìmàgined. I hate the man who builds his fame on the rûins of anŏther's name. How do you like Pompéi? It is the most ìnteresting spot that I èver vìsited: but it is quite different from the idéa that I had formed of it. Have you seen young Snob since he retùrned from his tràvels? (3) Yes. Or his brŏther since he recéived the lègacy? Yes; they are both vèry different pèrsons from what they were two years agó. Does B. like my mèthod? He does; but he says it is quite

(1) *O*, I refused. (2) *O*, From. (3) *Si adopera quasi sempre in plurale.*

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different from those of all the ŏther mâsters. D. spends his mŏney vèry fréely. True, and sŏmetimes ŏther péople's (1). Wise men learn by ŏthers' harm; fools by their own. Hàving no bùsiness of his own, he pàsses his time in minding ŏther péople's. Shâving wăter, Sam. Here it is. Do you want ànу thing else? Some sleep, ŏthers eat; some drink, ŏthers smoke; one sings, anŏther dànces; some play, ŏthers cry. My hair is grey; I have lost half my teeth and all my lŏvers; to-mŏrrow I'll go and hèrborise in the coùntry: I'm now good for nŏthing else.

TEMA XXII.

TUTTO, TUTTO CIÒ CHE, TUTTO QUANTO; *pag.* 138.

James, have you done all that I gave you to do? No, Sir; but I have done all (that) I could. Grim was quite cast down (2) at the news. How did his brŏther bear it? He was quite frightened (3); so much so that his cheeks turned as red as his nose. The Emperor of China swears by his brŏther, the sun, and his sister, the moon, that he will sink the British Isles, and destroy (4) the English còlonies èvery one. Has that gèntleman lost all his pròperty? The whole of it. Has he lost all his friends? Every one of them. All would arríve at old age. Yes, but few think of acquíring those vìrtues which alóne can make it hàppy. Why does the théatre please us so much? Becăuse it is the etèrnal accòmplice of all our vices and all our èrrors.

TEMA XXIII.

QUALCHE, VERUNO, NIUNO, NESSUNO, NULLA, NIENTE; *pag.* 138.

Have you ànу english books? I have some. Have you ànу of the páper that you showed me yèsterday? I have some of it. James, if ànу one calls while I am out, beg him to wait. — Has ànу bòdy called? I have seen nóbody; but here is a lètter that some one left while I was in the gârden. A lètter for me! Sŏmething must be the màtter, (I fear); for there is no one (5) in my circle of acquáintance that is cápable of wríting one. — James, if ànу one calls, say I am engáged till noon. Shall I not say, you are out? No, do not tell ànу bòdy that I am out, when I am in the house. And mind, if èver I find you tèlling lies èither

(1) *O*, That of others. (2) *O*, Stúpified. (3) *O*, Stârtled; thùnderstruck. (4) *O*, Lay waste. (5) *O*, I don't recollect any one.

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to me or to àny one whatèver (1), I will turn you off immédiately. I think your son has too màny màsters. Perhàps so. When a pèrson applies himsèlf to sèveral sciences at once, he sèldom succéeds in àny (of them). There is àlways sŏmething ànimating in the appróach of great dàngers. Yes, and of great dúties of whatèver sort they may be. No man can say that he will not die in pòverty and in èxile. No man can say that he will live till to-mòrrow. Will you pay me my bill? Do you owe àny thing to àny bòdy? No, Sir. Then you can wait. Pay me my accòunt? Do you owe àny bòdy àny thing? Yes, Sir. Then you can plty my case. — To the man that is alóne nŏthing is complétely delightful. Just so; and no cŏmpany is équal to that of a wife. Yes, provided she be ámiable. Thus it is (2), hùsband, that we are rùined; you are good for nŏthing; I for less. Have you bought àny of those Néw-fòundland dogs? I have not bought àny. Has that english tràveller màny càrriages? He has none. Has he màny hòrses? He has not one. Has he màny sèrvants? Not a single one. — Nŏthing in life is pèrmanent. To the rèsolute man nŏthing is difficult. Do you ask (for) àny thing? Have you àny thing to say to me? Yes, I had sŏmething to say to you, but I have forgòtten what it was. If your sister has àny thing to send to (3) Vènice, tell her that I shall set out for that city the day àfter to-mòrrow. Think nŏthing done, while àny thing remàins to do. — I recéived some lètters from our old còusin the ŏther day. Amŏng ŏther things he wrote me: « Èvery bòdy says that I am ill, but, thank God, I am not. There are éven sèveral who think me dead alrèady: but if that was true, nóbody would know it bètter than I. Some one (has) told me that my còusins desíre my death in òrder to divíde my pròperty amŏng them. Howèver that may be, I infòrm you by this (4) that I am néither sick nor dead, and that I will màrry in a few days ». Well, tell me, what shall we do now? We can do nŏthing but deplóre his fate and our own.

TELA XXIV. — CHI, QUALE, CHIUNQUE, CHICCHESSIA, CHECCHESSIA, QUALUNQUE, QUALSISIA, PER QUANTO; *pag.* 139.

Whoèver says what he should not, hears what he would not. He who speaks ill of anŏther, burns his own tongue, Would

(1) *O*, To any one else. (2) *O*, Happens. (3) *O*, Has any commands for. (4) *O*, This will inform you.

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you rise to èminence? Yes. Then you must appéar, not such as you are, but such as ŏthers would have you. We will àbsolùtely see your vèrses. They are poor things; however such as they are you shall see them. Let me have a còpy of Jòhnson's dictionary. There are three (còpies) of three different editions; take which you like best. Whoèver you may be, whatèver be your rank, nèver forgèt your ŏrigin and end. In the eye of religion man appéars as he is; howèver èminent his stàtion the (frail) child of dust! howèver hùmble his lot the heir of immortàlity! Howèver rich you may be (1), whatever the hopes of your son may be, teach him a trade; it is a fŏrtune which cànnot be spent. I will. Besides, èvery trade, èvery occupàtion, howèver inconvénient and fòrmidable, is hàppier and sáfer than a life spent in ídleness (2). Lend me this book. Excúse me; I nèver lend books to àny one. Rùssell has great tàlents. Yes, but howèver great they may be, they will nèver be of àny use to him. Why? Becăuse he is ídleness personifíed (3). Just so; without diligence, àrdour, resolùtion one can nèver succéed in àny thing. You were pláying with that little ràscal, Grey. Pàrdon me, Sir, I was not pláying with àny one whatèver. Mr. Nóodle says it is impòssible, and Mr. Doodle says the same. To whomsoèver you may applý, he will tell you the same thing. From whomsoèver you may have heard it, I do not beliéve it. Sir, your Nèphew (Mr. B.) is in the pàrlour, and wishes to speak with you. Tell him I am òccupied (4) and cànnot see àny one whatèver till twelve o'clock. Any infidel (5) or àny libertine (whatèver) who demànds a mìracle to convèrt him, would not be éither less an ìnfidel or less a libertine àfter hàving seen one. Whèther you eat or drink, or whatèver you do, do all to the glóry of God. If I díed to-mŏrrow I should not have àny one upòn earth to close my eyes, or to shed a tear or a flower upòn my grave.

TEMA XXV.

DESSO, COTESTO, QUEGLI, QUESTI, COSTUI, COLUI; *pag.* 140.

Is not that our friend Swab? It seems to me that it is he. Yes, it is he himsèlf (6). Yet he don't salúte us; and pretènds (that) he does not see us! Don't you see he has a Cŏuntess ùnder

(1) *O*, You are. (2) *O*, A life of sloth. (3) *O*, They are paralized by idleness. (4) *O*, Engáged; busy. (5) *O*, Impious man. (6) *O*, It is certainly he.

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his arm? Well, I will salúte him no more. Why not? Becăuse he who will not salúte me èvery where, I will not salúte him ăny where. Where is your son John? At Rome. And George? At Náples. Do they write to you often? The fôrmer writes me èvery month, the làtter ălmost nèver. When will they retùrn to England? The fôrmer will retùrn in ăutumn, and the làtter tówards the end of the year. Hùsband, since you know èvery thing and I know nŏthing, tell me what I dreamed (1) this mŏrning. It is difficult to love those (2) whom we don't estéem. Yes, and it is scărcely less so to love those whom we estéem more than oursèlves. Who (is the man that) has lived the lòngest? It is not he who counts the greátest nùmber of years; but he who has best employed his time and has rèndered (the) most sèrvices to his fèllow men. Whom does the fool resèmble who says there is no God? He is like one who would say he had (had) no fâther. Who has drawn this prètty little flower? She whom you see at the piáno. They who are hăughty and óverbèaring in prospèrity, are invăriably mean and vile in advèrsity. Did you èver know one of these déists who accrèdited his dòctrines by the exemplărity of his life? No, nèver; their dòctrine accôrds with the irregulărity of their life. Who is the greátest ènemy of the húman race? He who first said, « There is no God.» What is the swéetest of all sounds? The àccents of him or her (whom) we love. And the most toùching and sublíme? (The resounding of) the songs of tríumph of a large assèmbly of réal christians, práising like one man Him to whose grace they owe all their hàppiness in this world, and all their hopes for the next. — Chărity is twice blest. It blèsses him who gives, and him who recéives. This old friend of ours is vèry ill. He is dead. Here is a lètter of his; his last: read. « To this last phrase of this my last (lètter), I would ónly add: « Watch; the day of death is for us all the day of jùdgment; and that day may be to-mŏrrow, (éven) to-day ». — Máry, you look annoyed; have you seen Mr. Such a one? Yes; that fèllow annoys me ălways. It strikes me that this fèllow wants to quiz me. Yes, to please that girl. Teach him a lìttle of your pugilìstic scìence. I will; I'll give him a lèsson grátis; one that he shall remèmber as long as he lives. It is the mŏther that ought to sùckle (3) and èducate her dăughter.

(1) *O*, Drèamt. (2) *O*, Them. (3) *Meglio*, nurse, *allevare*: sùckle, *si usa poco nella buona società.*

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TEMA XXVI. — POSTO DE' PRONOMI E DE' NOMI NELLE INTERROGAZIONI; *pag.* 141.

Did you ring, Ma'am? Yes. Bring in tea (1). Mr. Williams, you will take some tea? If you please, Ma'am. Are you réading Chăucer? I am. He makes you vèry intimate with his héroes, does he not? I know them all as well as if I had supped with them. — Does he speak itàlian? No. Or french? Néither. What does he speak? He speaks a sort of mosáic dialect, compósed of four or five lànguages. Is she èver (to be found) at home? Yes, when she is in bed indispósed. Is she èver sérious? Yes, sŏmetimes with her drèssmaker. James, is your mâster at home? I'll go and ask him. Mr. Crab, why do you walk sídeways? My àncesters walked so. Is not attèntion the búrin of mèmory? It is; and associátion (amŏng our idéas) the key. How did you dress when (you were) amŏng the Amèrican sàvages? I wore nŏthing but a vèry lacònic shirt. Is your sìster's hùsband of a good fàmily? O vèry good indéed: his èldest brŏther failed in the sum of twènty thoûsand franks. Shall I see you this évening? Yes, at Mr. B's. Will he have much cŏmpany? I think he will. Would he ălways have so màny (guests), if his cọok and his wine were not so good? I doubt it: I like his wine bètter than his wit. Do wise men often give dinner pàrties? No, fools make feasts and wíse men eat them.

TEMA XXVII. — SINTASSI DEL VERBO.

POSTO DEL VERBO, ACCORDO DEL VERBO, ecc.; *pag.* 142.

Ríding is a nóble èxercíse. Yes, and as hèalthy as it is mànly. Yet the Fàculty have declàred that though ríding is the best èxercise to recŏver health, wălking is the best to presèrve it. Yes, some of them say that ríding is more beneficial to the horse than to his ríder. This opìnion is howèver confúted by the fact that the càvalry enjoy bètter health than the infantry. Exercise, tèmperance, employment, and a chèerful (2) spìrit are the great presèrvers of health. Are not your two coùsins in the àrmy? Néither of them is (3) in it at prèsent. The cŏlonel and officers of the tenth règiment are gone to Court. When does the Court set out for Gènoa? To-mŏrrow. Was the king at the théatre yès-

(1) *O*, The tea things. (2) *O*, Chéerful. (3) *O*, Neither is.

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terday évening? Néither the king nor the princes were there. They say that the Pòrtuguése ministers have been insùlted by the mob. Not ónly the ministers but the queen has been insulted. An Itàlian is wise befóre he does a thing; a Gèrman whilé he is dóing it; and a Frènchman when it is done. To be wíser, hàppier, or hándsomer than our acquáintance is a tèrrible offènce for them. It is one that is nèver pàrdoned. Envy fóllows fame. It is its shàdow. It is a kind of praise. To ènvy àny one is to confèss one's-self his inférior. Instèad of ènvying à pèrson we should endèavour to eclìpse him. Those two cóurtiers detèst each ŏther like dèvils. Yes; and speak to each ŏther like ángels. Do not lose your time; do not neglèct your stùdies; a day, an hour, a mìnute is impórtant. Man cànnot count upòn life; a vápour, a grain of sand suffíces to extinguish it. Every thing in náture swarms with life. Yes, each branch, each leaf, each drop of wăter has millions of inhàbitants. There is no nátion óver which the press holds so àbsolute a contról as óver the péople of Amèrica. And why? Becăuse èvery individual is a réader. What have the invèntions of páper and the press effècted? They have made èvery man (that can write) a wríter, and enábled èvery mind to pour itsèlf into print (1) and diffúse itsèlf óver the whole intellèctual world. — A man is gènerally vàlued just as he renders himsèlf vàluable.

TEMA XXVIII. — TEMPI DE' VERBI. PRESENTE; *pag* 143.

Don't do that (my) son. I am dóing nŏthing, papà. Well, don't do it agàin. I say, my boy, what are you dóing there oŭtside? I am dóing nŏthing, pa. For shame! I hear a noise like a little hail storm. It is the nècklace, pa. What nècklace? My sister's black wóoden nècklace. Well? I swăllowed it yèsterday, pa; bead by bead I swăllowed them all. It's (2) these that you hear. Whenèver I walk or run, I hear them ràttling like dice in a box. James, can I see your màster? Not just now; he is singing a còmic song. Sit down. There's (3) the páper. When he has done I'll introdúce you (4). Don't you see, you little ràscal, that you fríghten my horse? Why are you ălways hàlloing, when I am pàssing (5)? And why are you ălways pàssing when I am

(1) *O*, Upòn páper. (2) It's, *abbreviatura di* it is. (3) *Abbreviatura di* There is. (4) *O*, I will shew you in. (5) *O*, Riding by.

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hàlloing? Jane, look at that dàndy: see (I declàre) he's quizzing us. No, he's ónly táking snuff. Mr. P., is your son álways táking ríding lèssons? No, he's lèarning fèncing now. Do you see that páper-kite ascènding? How delíghted that líttle fèllow looks that is hólding it! Yes; who would not agáin be a boy! I nèver see a kite but I feel it púlling at my heart.

Mr. Doódle, what are you stáring at? I am lóoking at the moon. Eight húndred míles from here, my dear Elíza is lóoking at it at this móment. Your místress (1)? Yes. And do you réally beliéve that she stares at the moon half an hour èvery évening like you? I do. I am told she is a beaútiful young lády. Yes, and as accòmplished as she is beaútiful. She dànces, draws, sings, plays the harp, rides, writes vèrses and speaks ten lànguages. And drives? Yes, like anóther Jéhu. Then if you màrry her, you may spare the cóachman. — What are you góing to do? I am góing to take a drive. Where? To the *Pòggio imperiale*. Will you take a seat in my Stànhope? Most willingly. Where do you gènerally take the air? I úsually walk or ride in the *Cascine* èvery day. I saw you wàlking there yèsterday with a lóvely young lády ùnder your arm. It is your políteness, Sir; she is my intènded (2). How does Mrs. Pot pass her mórnings? She spends three hours of èvery fórenoon in téaching a pet bird to sing to the hànd òrgan an air which is a great fávourite with one who is vèry dear to her. Her hùsband? No, no; quite the còntrary, And who takes care of her líttle children? The sèrvant maids, with whom she leaves them to grow up like the óther líttle domèstic ànimals. I am told that her líttle báby is out at nurse with a young négress. It is no lònger with her. Why have they táken it awáy? Its fáther took it from her; becáuse he percéived that his dear líttle child was begìnning to grow black, and that its hair was begìnning to curl like the wool of the black nurse. That is not pòssible: I have now been éating mùtton and vènison (3) these thìrty years; and yet I have not the slíghtest sign of éither wool or horns. Excúse me, your beard is vèry like that of the he-góat, and your face and head those of the sheep (4); and as to the horns... you are góing to be màrried? Yes. Vèry good: we shall see; we'll talk abóut them some óther time. —

(1) Swéet-heart, lóver, the lády of your love. (2) *O*, Affianced. (3) *O*, Goat's flesh. (4) Sheep, *pecora*, (ram, *montone*, *si usa di rado*).

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My dear Sir, pray, don't work so hard; take care, now, do take care, of your prècious health. Only think what an irrèparable loss you would be to society? — What dull wèather! How it rains! Look at that ass with its head down. Of what is it thinking? It seems to me that it is mèditàting súicide.

TEMA XXIX. — IMPERFETTO E PRETERITO; *pag.* 144.

James, what is the màtter? You are all bruised. I am ălmost dead. Did you bring my lètter to Mr. Thump? Yes, Sir. Did you find him at home? As bad luck would have it, I did. When I went in he was béating his wife; or ràther they were fighting; for she is néarly as strong as he. Was her cousin, the Sùrgeon by? Yes; he was stànding in a còrner of the room, with his làncet in his hand, rèady to bleed the first that should be knocked down. Did you sèparate the còmbatants? Séeing that she was likely to have the worst of it, I rushed betwéen them, to save her; but they both turned their arms (their fists) upòn me, and left me in the state in which you see me. They have ălmost béaten (1) you ìnto a mùmmy. But did not the Sùrgeon try to save you? On the còntrary, he said I was mad, and seemed to think so; for he laid hold on me (2) and wănted to bleed me by main force. Well? I made a dèsperate èffort, and escáped from his clùtches, léaving, like Jóseph, the half of my coat in his hands. Such are the fruits of (3) mèddling with what don't concèrn us. — When were Mr. and Mrs. Tùrtle màrried? They were màrried on the tenth of last month. When were they sèparated? They sèparáted on the sèventeenth ìnstant. What was the cause? A quărrel that took place on the 14th. In what did it orìginate? In a sìmple yawn. Expláin yoursèlf. She was in the hàbit of sìnging for him to the piàno half an hour âfter tea. On the évening of the fóurteenth, while she was sìnging an air, of which befóre his màrriage he had been vèry fond, she caught him yăwning. She burst at once ìnto tears, said he loved her no more, demànded a sèparate máintenance, and obtáined it.

When in India did you òften go a tìger hùnting (4)? I went now and then (5). Are there not tèrrible storms and hùrricanes in the East? Most frightful. One day when I was góing (a) hùnting,

(1) Pounded. (2) *O*, Caught me by the arm. (3) This is what one gains by. (4) *O*, To hunt the tiger. (5) *O*, Now and again.

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there rose such a tèrrible wind that it lifted me and the èlephant I was ríding, and càrried us móre than five hùndred páces. Oh! in èarnest? Yes, and anŏther day a whirlwind lifted my èlephant and me up into the air three hùndred feet from the ground. How did it hàppen that you were not killed by the fall? We fell into the Gànges. And risked béing drowned? Not (so) much; the èlephant was a good swimmer, and I stuck to his back like a pláister; but I was near lósing my life by anŏther circumstance. What? While the ànimal was thus càrrying me ashóre, a cròcodile and a shark attàcked me both at the same móment (1). And dragged you down into the wăter? No; one seized me by the right leg, and the ŏther by the left, but as each pulled with équal forcè, I presèrved my equilibrium; and befóre they had time to tear me asùnder, the èlephant saved me. How? He ran his tusks right through the cròcodile, and then seized the shark with his trunk, and flung it to land. Unfòrtunately howèver he hurled it with such fúry that, fălling upon a palanquin that was just pàssing, it crushed the pàlanquin, killed an old Indian gèntleman who was smóking in it, and so bruised one of the bèarers that he died next day. Do those bèarers run vèry fast? They have often càrried me at the rate of five miles an hour. Were èlephants (2) permìtted to ènter the city of Calcùtta when you were there? No. Why? they fríghten the hôrses. What was the populàtion of Calcùtta ten years agò? Half a million. And of Benàres? Sèven hùndred thoùsand.

TEMA XXX. — PRETERITO E PASSATO INDEFINITO; *pag.* 146.

Pay me my wáges that you have now owed me so long: I am dýing with hùnger. Your face gives you the lie. You have the most rósy (3) cheeks in the village. But, Sir, don't trust to appéarances; these cheeks are not mine; I owe them to my làndlady, who has given me crèdit this long time. — Have you seen Mr. B.? I saw him five mìnutes since. Have you seen his brŏther since he retùrned from France? I saw him yèsterday évening at the òpera. In the pit? No, in widow D's box. He has been cóurting her these three months. They say he is abòut to be màrried to her. — Dòctor, this is the fourth cup of còffee that I have táken to-day. Is it pòssible! Yes; and I drank five yèsterday. Don't you

(1) *O*, Simultaneously. (2) Or camels. (3) *O*, The ruddiest, reddest.

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know that cŏffee is a slow pŏison? Yes but it must be vèry slow, for I have been drinking it ălmost èvery day these sixty years. That old gèntleman has been réading Galignàni's Mèssenger more than an hour. He had been réading it an hour befóre you came in. Indéed! Yes. I will requèst. Mr. Vieússieux to put up a nòtice; as: «Pèrsons who are lèarning to spell, are requèsted to read ónly the pápers of yèsterday (1)». Hùsband, do you remèmber that I am but thirty? I ought to remèmber it, for you have been tèlling me so these ten years. How long have you been stùdying english? Abŏut two months and a half (2): I begàn the 22nd of March. Have you read much? Last month I read one vòlume, and this month I have read three.

TEMA XXXI.

PASSATO INDEFINITO, E PASSATO ANTERIORE; *pag.* 147.

Mr. Ròcquilaure, two of the ládies of Court have quărrelled. Which? The Màrchioness of B. and the Cŏuntess of C.. When? Yèsterday. Did they call each ŏther names? Yes, the worst they could imàgine. Did they call each ŏther ùgly? No, Sir. Well; I shall soon (3) rèconcile them to each ŏther. — They say the àppetite comes in éating; I have now been éating an hour, and I don't yèt find it cŏming.

When did your brŏther's illness commènce? It begàn two years agó. What is it? An incúrable consùmption. How long has he kept his bed? He has kept it these three months; he will nèver rise agàin (4). Is he resígned? Pèrfectly, he becŏmes èvery day more seréne, more hàppy. Then he does not fear death? No; màny christians have desíred death, but no réal one has èver feared it. Your fâther died of a consùmption ălso? Yes. How long has he been dead? He has now been dead three years; he died in'47. Have you forgòtten him? Forgòtten him! I have sèldom prayed or mèditáted since, without thinking of him, without thinking of the day when, in the prèsence of Him whom we have so òften adóred togèther, we shall meet to part no more for èver. What would you take in exchánge for this hope? I would not take the wealth of worlds. — Old lády, I think you are abŏut eighty? Yes, Sir; I was born in sèventeen hùndred

(1) *O*, Yesterday's Papers. (2) *O*, Ten weeks. (3) *O*, I am sure to. (4) *O*, He'll rise no more; leave it no more.

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and sèventy. What have you been dóing so long in the world? Ah, Sir, I have been dóing (1) what I ought not to have done: but I had made (2) a firm resolútion to change my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untímely end.

TEMA XXXII — FUTURO; *pag.* 147.

How long shall I be lèarning English? stùdying the translátion of the first part of the Gràduated English Course (3), four hours a day, you will read and understànd it prètty well in a month; and stùdying the Gràmmar, these Èxercises, and the Èlegant Extracts (two hours a day), you will write it corrèctly and speak it flúently in three or four months. - What play will they act this évening? I beliéve it will be the Còmedy of Èrrors. I intènd to go; will you come? With all my heart. Will Mr. C. act? No, he will not; he is in the coùntry. Will B. perfòrm this évening? Yes. Will your son play? He would play, but he shall not. Why shall he not play? He has caught a bad cold. What fine àpples! Yes. I find your sèrvants stéaling my àpples and plums èvery day. They shall do so no more. Thank you. If you catch them agàin in your òrchard, you shall let me know, and I will turn them off (4). Mr. Pompous, shall you be disengáged this évening? No, we shall have cŏmpany. Will there be àny strángers? There will be sèveral (5) fòreigners of distìnction. Who are the prìncipal? Amòng the first will be Lord Mùttonhead, the English Peer, and làdy Snùffenough, the Rùssian Ambàssadress. Will you speak rùssian or english? I shall pròbably speak both. Then at your *soiree* there will be péople from all the coùntries of Eúrope? Yes, and from sèveral coùntries of Africa, Àsia and Amèrica. Your house will be a sècond Bábel. There will be perhàps as màny tongues, but there will be none of the confùsion (6). Why? We shall be fávoured with the cŏmpany of Càrdinal *Mezzofanti*, who speaks thìrty five lànguages.

I will hear no more; you beg for mèrcy in vain. You decéived me once; you shall not decéive me agàin. I forgáve you once; I will not forgive you a sècond time. I gave you your lìberty; and you rewàrded my clèmency by bàrbarously bùtchering all the prìsoners that you took in yèsterday's bàttle; and

(1) *O*, I have done. (2) *O*, Taken. (3) *Il Primo Passo all'Inglese.* (4) *O*, Send them away. (5) *O*, Many. (6) *O*, Be no confusion.

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among the rest my brother, my only brother. You shewed no mercy; and you shall find none. You shall be shot in ten minutes. - Miss B., there will be a review in Mars'field to-morrow. Will the King be there? Yes, and the Prince of Lucca (also). Shall you go to see them? I shall have no one to take me there; my brother will not be back to night. I shall be happy to accompany you, if it is agréeable to you. I'll accept your offer with pleasure. Will there be a régiment of cavalry. Yes, and a squadron of Polish Lancers will arrive from Pinerólo to-day. Will there be many cannon? A great many; two batteries of flying artillery will arrive from the *Veneria* this évening. Then there will be much firing? Certainly. How delightful!... Cowards, since you abandon me, I will go alone and die in the midst of the enemy (1). No, General, you shall not die alone; your highlanders will die with you. Then, forward; victory or death!-At what o'clock shall you go out to pay your visits? At two. And if it rains? I will order a carriage. You are going out, papa; will you take me with you? No; (you shall not go out); you have not been studious. Expérience will teach you the necessity of reflecting before you speak, and still more before you write. Shall we have time to dine before we set out? We shall scarcely have time to take a cup of coffee. Shall I buy a horse? Will he cost me dear (2)? How much shall I give? When will (3) your book be published? Next month. Will you take some copies? I will take three. What will be the price? Two franks. Wife, you spend too much money. You will ruin me by your extravagance. I will soon spend much more. Why? The carnaval will soon commence; and cost what it will, my daughter shall be presented at Court (4). She is now grown up. She ought to see a little of the world, and she shall. Her beauty shall no longer be kept under a cloud by your niggardliness: it shall shine out; she shall eclipse all the other young ladies in the capital (5). She shall make such a match as shall place us above all our neighbours. She shall be a Duchess, or it shall not be my fault.

What o'clock is it? Two. We shall be too late. The train will start (6) at three. We shall be there time enough. Are

(1) *O*, I will rush into the midst of the enemy and seek death there alone. (2) *O*, Much? (3) *O*, Shall. (4) *O*, Shall come out. (5) *O*, In town. (6) *O*, Starts.

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you gòing to Brìstol, Sir? I am. Then we shall be (1) fèllow tràvellers. Yes. I hope we shall find each ŏther's society mútually agréeable. I hope we shall. When shall we arrìve? At six. Where shall we stop to take in coals (2) and wăter? At Bath. Then we shall have time to take a walk. To be sure; and, as you are a fòreigner, I will do mysèlf the plèasure to bring you to see some of the curiòsities of that beaútiful city. — If you fòllow Mr. C's advìce you will shun misfòrtunes, or (you) will learn to bear them. Walk with the wise, and you shall be wise; but a compànion of fools shall be destrŏyed (3). We were born fréemen, and we will die such. These prìvileges we recéived from our fàthers, and these we will transmìt to our chìldren or pèrish. — So you will not give me your hand? No. Then I will drown mysèlf or pèrish in the attèmpt. — My dear wife, you will be a widow to-mòrrow. Nèver màrry an old man agàin. — Your lòoking-glass will tell you what your friends will not. — Whatèver mishàps fòrtune may send me, she shall nèver deprìve me of my hònour. Tell me how you live, and I will tell you how you shall die.

The soul, secúre in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dàgger, and defies its point
The stars shall fade awáy, the sun himsèlf
Grow dim with age, and nàture sink in years,
But thou shalt flòurish in immôrtal youth,
Unhùrt amidst the war of èlements
The wreck of màtter, and the crush of worlds. — ADDISON.

TEMA XXXIII. — CONDIZIONALE; *pag.* 180.

If I lived in the càpital (4) I would òften go to the ôpera. What to do? To hear wănton songs, and see the young làdy stànding on one leg. It is lùcky that you are not so fond of mŏney as you are of the fair sex. Why so? Like the thief whom you condèmned to death yèsterday, you would soon be hanged for stéaling. — My lord, give me sŏmething to eat; I am vèry hùngry. I would not for the world deprìve you of such a plèasure. — Mr. D., you should ălways wear that enchànting smile. Why? It makes you look so much yoùnger. Then I should be like Mr. Pàrasite Simper, the most năuseous bèggar in the cà-

(1) *O*, Are to be. (2) *O*, Fúel. (3) Biblia Sacra. (4) *O*, In town.

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pital. Should you like to pass the winter in Rùssia? No. Why not? Becăuse I should not be ăble to suppórt (1) the cold; I should like bètter to pass it in Italy. Would you go there if your uncle would take you (2)? I would go most willingly; I should be delighted. Mr. Gruff, can you do me that fávour? Excúse me, I cànnot. You would not refúse me if you knew my situátion. Péople say that your embàrrassments have been occásioned by your fòllies. They would do me more jùstice if they knew me bètter. Should we spéak ill of a pèrson who is not prèsent to defènd himsèlf? It would be base. The Róman laws of the twelve tábles made defamátion a càpital crime. Would you màrry the Lieútenant if he was raised (3) to the grade of Càptain? I would not màrry him if he was a King. Should I find that business difficult? You would find it much less so than you imàgine. It is not suprising that you should be so unámiable to ŏthers, you are a bùrden to yoursèlf. I should be less disagréeable if I were not so òften indispósed. It is not surprising that you should be indispósed, you are so dissipáted; if you would be at peace éither with yoursèlf or with ŏthers, if you would enjŏy health of bòdy or health of mind, you should abàndon your vicious hàbits.

Should my frièend's lètter arrive in time, I'll (4) start by this day's mail. What would you advíse me to do? I don't like to give advíce. But what would you do if ànу one tréated your fàther as P. has tréated mine? The man who did so (5) should repènt it till his dying hour. — Would you take what B. òffers, if you were in my place? Cèrtainly; I would (submit to) lose a small sum ràther than sue a man who would pay if he had the méans. Would you please in còrversátion? Yes, of course. Then I should advíse you to listen much and speak little; to shew by your air and mànner that you take an interest in all that is said (to you), and (that you) feel more plèasure in héaring your friend than in spéaking yoursèlf. — He who spends more than he should, will not have to spend when he would. If you knew what age will crave, you would both get and save. We should províde long befóre-hand for old age and death. We should look upòn the scenes (6) of life with the high mind of the tràv-

(1) *O*, Bear; stand. (2) *O*, Your uncle took you? (3) *O*, If he were (to be) promoted. (4) *O*, I would. (5) *O*, Who would attempt it. (6) *O*, The pains.

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veller who is advàncing through them to a greáter home. I assúre you, you would not make a bad préacher. If I had génius and lèarning sufficient to write a clèver book, this last màxim of yours should stand at the head of the first chàpter. Had we no defècts oursèlves, we should be less dispósed to note those of ŏthers. — We would shed our best blood in the defènce of our (nátive) coùntry. If the ènemy èntered the city, they should pass óver our dead bòdies. — It is cold to-night: Chámbermaid, I should like to have anŏther blànket.

TEMA XXXIV. — CONDIZIONALE ANTERIORE; *pag.* 151.

Wilkie is dead. The cèlebrated páinter? Yes, the first in Eúrope. Would he have èver attáined such perfèction in his art, if he had not stùdied the works of the first màsters in the Róman and Flòrentine gàlleries? I think not. They say that his last páinting is a màster-piece. Yes, it would delíght you. Is it not a view of Mount Blanc? Yes, in Jànuary. Is it well ìmitated from náture? So well that, a thermòmeter hàving been placed befóre it yèsterday at this hour, the mèrcury fell from twènty six degrées to zero. Well! I should nèver have beliéved that pòssible! What, should you be dispósed to doubt my word, Sir? I tell you, Sir, I saw it with my own eyes. As you say you saw it, of course I must beliéve it; but I should not have beliéved it, if I had seen it mysèlf. You should have paid your aunt a vìsit. Yes, I should have gone and paid her a vìsit of condólence on the death of her son, my coùsin; but the fact is, I had quite forgòt it. Should you be sàtisfied if all your friends and relátions forgòt you so soon? Not too well. You should write immédiately to your aunt. If we would be respècted, we should respèct ŏthers. I should have desíred that you had stùdied the rule well befóre wríting this èxercise. Shìpwreck brought me ìnto háven. I too should have been hàppy, if I had been unfòrtunate in time.

TEMA XXXV. — IMPERATIVO, FUTURO ANTERIORE, ECC.; *pag.* 152.

Hold your tongue (1); be quíet. Mean, speak, and act well. Forgèt me not (2). Nèver solìcit a fávour on a ráiny day, nor immédiately befóre dìnner. Avŏid the temptátion, if you would avŏid the sin. Do not say: «I will nèver drink of this wăter,» howèver

(1) *O*, Silence, keep silence. (2) *O*, Don't forget me.

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dirty it may he. Let us go and take a walk. Let the children come with us. Speak little and to the purpose, and you will pass for somebody. Do but one thing at once, and do it well. Go and tell your father that a gentleman asks for him. Don't do yourself what displeases you in another. My son, this shield thy father always preserved, (do thou) preserve it also, or perish. When you are all agréed upon the time, said the priest, I will make it rain. When will you set out? I'll set out as soon as I have received the letters from my father. The first time I see your friend, I will impart to him this pleasing intelligence. Are your sisters in the country? Yes and they will have been there three or four weeks before I can join them. Now that you are in good health you laugh at the doctor; but you will change your tune when you have another attack of (the) gout. While men are subject to die and (would) desire to live, the doctor will be quizzed and well paid. I now see the reason why you have lost your place; you have most likely been guilty of some imprudent speech; it has probably been reported to the Minister, who has, it seems, felt (1) offended. I will wait upon him, and will try to interest (2) him in your favour. — Mrs. B. has been in tears all day. Has any great misfortune befallen her? Yes, a very great one. One of her acquaintances addressed her this morning in the second person. My son will have finished his studies in two months. Shall you have finished your drawing for New year's day? I shall have finished it before Christmas. So soon? Yes: and when I (shall) have finished it, I will recommence my english, that I have neglected too long; you will be glad, won't (3) you? Certainly.

TEMA XXXVI. — SOGGIUNTIVO; *pag.* 152.

Tell him I'll give him no more lessons, unless he promise to apply himself better. He has told me that though he has been inattentive and idle, he will be so no more. If he wishes that I should give him lessons he must endeavour to profit by them. — No man ever saw Mrs. Sowerberry without saying: « Well, there is the ugliest woman I ever saw ». When in England, you must never say that any woman is ugly. Why? Because it is vulgar; and, in point of fact, (there is) no woman (who) is ugly when she is dressed. Can you recommend me a master who can teach

(1) *O*, Been. (2) *O*, Influence. (3) Wont? *abbrev. di* will not.

itàlian well? Yes. Do you wish him to be a nàtive of Rome? Yes, or of Flòrence. Do you think. Mr. B. will do it? I fear he will not. I doubt he will not (1) have time. Do you think he is dispòsed to do me a sèrvice? I doubt it. — So that tìresome fèllow (2) is gone at last. Yes; in òrder that he might (3) leave us, the Dòctor told him that he came from an infècted house.

Provìded one knows a man's weak side, one is sure to please him. Yes provìded one is a vile flàtterer. There is nòthing on earth that I despise more than a flàtterer. You are right. There is no bàseness of which he is not càpable. Will you accòmpany me to my còuntry seat to-mòrrow? Yes, provìded you (will) wait for me till elèven o'clòck. Keep your mòney, you niggard, live mìserably that your heir may squànder it. Respèct a good man that he may respèct you; and be cìvil to a bad man that he may not be uncìvil to you. In òrder that I may live in peace, I see, and hear, and say nòthing. Why are you so vèry indùstrious? That I may be indepèndent of my fèllow men (4); and that I may have the means of dòing some good. He dies like a beast who has done no good while he lived. Right; it is the will of the Great Bèing that èvery man should rènder himsèlf in some way (or òther) úseful to his fèllow men. So it is; and then we must be dòing sòmething if we would be hàppy. Even if you were ten times as rich and powerful as you are, you should not force me to tell a fàlsehood. Though (I am) poor I possèss that which with all your gold you cànnot pùrchase. The Goths used to debàte èvery impòrtant state affàir twice. Once when they were drunk, and once when they were sòber. Drunk that it might not be wànting in vìgour, and sòber that it might not be wànting in prùdence.

I requèsted the còachman to wait two minutes that I might delìver a lètter: I retùrned in three and the coach was gòne. They say that Miss Nìcely has refùsed Lord Blòomfield. What, the young and rich Lord Blòomfield! Yes. She may have refùsed him, but I confèss I am (ràther) inclìned to doubt it. When my grànd-father heard what a small sum my fàther had gìven me, he put a draft on Viènna for a hùndred pounds in my pòcket-book, (in òrder) that I might not be bare of mòney on my trà-

(1) *O*, I doubt whether he will. (2) *O*, That bore. (3) *O*, To make him; to induce him to. (4) *O*, I labour that I may not have to depend on any one but Heaven.

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vels, and that I might suitably maintain the honour of the family. You censure poor Mr. Spendthrist too harshly: whatever his past follies may have been, his present distress should make us (1) forget them. In order to be (2) on the way at five o'clock, we rose at four. Do you think (that) the lady who is travelling with Mr. Noodle is his wife? I think not. Do you like Fanny Essler? Oh, yes! She is the best dancer I ever saw. They say she has made 200,000 franks during her late tour in America. From whomsoever you may have heard that, I do not believe it.

SEGUITO DEL TEMA SUL SOGGIUNTIVO; *pag.* 154.

It is just that the murderer should perish. It is indispensable that you should study now that (3) you are young. To be sure; but then these studies are so dry! so wearying (4)! True, but though bitter to endure, they will be sweet to remember. In difficult and doubtful cases, we should do that which we think the great model of human conduct would do were he now on earth and in our place. We ought to do that which it would be of advantage that all should, in a similar situation, imitate. — You will be shipwrecked in this horrible storm (5). Be it so. Hoist the sails. I will embark. It is necessary that I should go: it is not necessary that I should live. Kean is endowed with great (natural) abilities (6). Yes. What a pity (it is) that they should be paralized by laziness! — It is essential that your hours of study, of recreation, of meals and of rising and going to bed be fixed.

My cousin is learning four languages. At the same time? Yes. It is difficult that he should (ever) speak any of them well. Though you have begun the study of english before me, I hope I shall soon (7) speak it as well as you. How many lessons do you wish that your son should (8) take a week? I wish him to take one every day. If you were in my place would you give Mr. Jones credit? Yes, to any amount (9). Though he is not rich I believe him (to be) an honest man. However I know his brother to be a low fellow. He is the opposite of his brother; he is one of those base fellows who dare not be honest lest they should be poor. It is better that you (should) be deceived than

(1) *O*, Induce us to. (2) *O*, That we might be. (3) *O*, When; while. (4) *O*, Dull; tiresome. (5) *O*, Tempest. (6) *O*, Possessed of great talents. (7) *O*, I hope to. (8) *O*, Wish your son to. (9) For any sum whatever.

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the decéiver. Suppóse I were cápable of decéiving you, what should I gain (by it)? — It is not pòssible that you should (1) do it in so short a time. — I fear (that) my mŏther is ill, since she don't write (to) me. The first day of vacátion my fàther will exàmine my pròg̀ress; and I fear (that) he will not be sàtisfied, I doubt not but (2) you will do all (that will be) in your pŏwer; I ónly doubt whèther you will be áble to resist so màny àdversaries (3). Tell the làndlord to come and speak to us. Làndlord, òrder your chámbermaid, to give us (4) clean sheets well áired. Yes, Sir. Permìt me to try your horse. Take care lest he (5) kick you. Do you wish me to buy this horse for you? Would it not be bètter to wait till the next fair? Had I been here in time I would have bought the black horse. We think lăwyers to be wise men; and they know us to be fools. Take care lest that cŏunsellor (should) hear you. It is a pìty that those who taught you to speak, should not have taught (6) you to hòld your tongue.

TEMA XXXVII. — INFINITO; *pag.* 185.

Sáying and dóing are two things. Yes, with (7) the wicked. To compláin is base. It is bètter to be ènvied than pitied. It is bètter to prevènt an évil than to cure it. A wise man nèver says; « I did not think of that ». To false and cáreless réasoning most of the misfòrtunes of life are to be attrìbuted. Would you succéed in life? To be sure. Then applỳ yoursèlf to your stùdies. Make your párents hàppy, by béing yoursèlf so. — Instèad of disquíeting oursèlves abŏut the fúture, let us do now what the Great Béing requíres of us, and trust the cònsequences to him. We should be afráid of nŏthing but of dóing wrong. How do we pass our lives? Éither in dóing nŏthing at all, or in dóing nŏthing that is worth ànỳ thing, or in dóing nŏthing that we ought to do. I eat in òrder to live; you live to eat. You find no plèasure in éating becăuse you have ălmost nèver an àppetite. And, to give me an àppetite for dìnner, what should I do? You should take a long walk. And to give a rèlish to sùpper? Eat a light dìnner. — Acting withŏut reflècting, what is it? It is sètting out on a jòurney withŏut hàving prepáred (8) for it.

(1) *O*, Possible for you to. (2) I don't doubt that. (3) *O*, Antagonists. (4) *O*, Give orders that we should have. (5) *O*, For fear he should. (6) *O*, Did not teach. (7) *O*, Among. (8) *O*, Made any preparations.

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They say that Mr. Sham would (1) màrry you; but he ónly wants to pòcket your mŏney. I will not beliéve you, Sir. You wish to decéive me. You want to supplànt him in my affèctions. You cànnot do it. If you have àny thing to say to him, you should say it to his face. It is not àcting like a man of hònour, to speak (2) ill of a pèrson behínd his back. He, at least, is incápable of dóing such a thing. He óften sees you come in here; he knows you to be his rival; yet I nèver heard him speak unfávourably of you. Don't make me explàin to him your cònduct. In fact I dare not do it. It might be dángerous. I see him cŏming. Let me requèst (that) you will leave me. I need not tell you how disagréeable your prèsence is both to him and to me. And now I feel it to be so more than èver. Richard, bid my sèrvant órder this gèntleman's càrriage. I hear my lŏver cŏming up stairs. I feel my heart thrilling (in my bósom). (Do) leave me; you risk béing insùlted. Well, Miss (3), have you (at last) done tălking. I cànt help thinking he will lead a blèssed life with you! As for me, I prefèr remáining single. Your tongue, like a pèndulum, or a bell clàpper, once set in mótion, can nèver cease wàgging. Sour grapes! Leave me, Sir. It is lùcky for you that my William has not heard me thus quizzed and insùlted. I hear him knock. — Good mórning William; there is the pòrtrait that we saw páinted. And here is the piece of músic that we heard perfórmed (4). Will you sing it? Yes, come and accŏmpany me on the guitàr. I saw Mr. C. góing down stairs. Have you seen his brŏther? Yes, I saw him jump ìnto the lake this mórning at five o'clock, and I àfterwards saw him swimming for more than an hour.

Sir, a gèntleman called (on you). He could not speak a word of Itàlian. I could not help làughing. Look; I think that that gèntleman lóoking out of the window òpposite is he. You did wrong to laugh. He is an Englishman. Why do the English trăvel so much? We have trăvellers here of èvery degrée, from my Lord with his suite, to him whose ónly attèndant on his trăvels is his shàdow. If (they are) rich, they trăvel to enjŏy; if poor to retrènch; if sick to recŏver; if stúdious to learn; if lèarned to relàx from their stùdies; if rejècted lŏvers to forgèt their mistresses; if ládies of cracked reputátions, to seek in a fòreign còuntry that society which they can no lònger find in their own;

(1) *O*, wishes to. (2) *O*, Speaking. (3) *Non si adopera* Miss, *senza il nome della persona, se non nel parlar famigliare.* (4) *O*, Played: executed.

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and if hypochòndriacs, to avòid sùicide; and dissipate their atrabiliary hùmours ùnder the cléarness and beaùty of an Itàlian sky. — I was hùrrying to the rìver to drown mysèlf.... « We are hùngry; there are six of us; we are dying with hùnger. — Why should I not reliéve this wrètched fàmily. Fool that I was, to think of léaving a world where such plèasure was to be had, and so cheap. James, here is an àle-house; I am cold and thìrsty. Let us go in, and take a pint of pórter. You are àlways thìrsty when you see an àle-house. And you are not afràid of the cold; you have a great còat, I have none. He who is warm thinks èvery one so. Yes; but you are young; I am not. You are not more than twènty. — Good mòrning, Mr. Sàvage; where is your wife? I was hùngry, and..... Máry, go and tell your màster that tea is rèady. To ópen one's soul to ambìtion, is to shut it to peace. In (the) English and Amèrican cities all is so still on sùnday, that you could hear a pin fall in the streets. I speak to tell the truth.

TEMA XXXVIII. — FARE, TO MAKE, TO DO; *pag.* 157.

In England you do àlmost èvery thing with steam at prèsent. Yes, àlmost èvery thing. Steam èngines have supersèded hòrses, àsses, òxen, làbourers and éven the brood-hen. How, éven the brood-hen! Cèrtainly: there is an àrtist who has made a steam èngine by means of which he hàtches and produces five thousand chìckens èvery mòrning. But are you in èarnest? To be sure.

I have made a bàrgain. You have made a blùnder. You should make an apòlogy. I must make amènds. Shall I make them propósals? Yes; make haste. What condìtions shall I make? — You are gòing to make a jòurney on the còntinent? I am. Why do you make so great a mystery of it? In òrder that my crèditors may not have me arrèsted when I go to embàrk. Where is your bròther? He is at Lìverpool. He is about to make a vòyage to the West Indies. What to dò? To get cured of an incìpient consùmption; or at least to make the trial. Has he made a large fòrtune? Yes, a vèry considerable one. Has he made his will? Not yet. Should he die on his pàssage, he would make a sad mistàke. Yes, such a mistàke would make me lose three hùndred thòusand francs.

Those chìldren make a tèrrible noise. Make them mind their stùdies. Did Mr. C. make a long speech? Yes (vèry), and as té-

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dious as it was long; it almost made me fall asléep. — It is for the legislative to make laws, and for the exècutive to cause them to be obsèrved. — It was bètter to make war upòn them, than (to) wait till they made it on us. — Allow me to make you an observàtion. Two, if you please. You like your new lòver, Mr. Blàrney. You make me laugh. And I see I make you blush. Well, I do like him. He is so good nàtured, so gay! he is the life of our évening pàrties. Indéed! Yes, he is so lively, so amùsing (that) he makes an évening, a day, seem but an hour. He has made you some prèsents; has he made you an òffer of himsèlf? Cèrtainly not; excèpt in jest. Remèmber (that) a man may be an èxcellent compànion for an évening, who would make a vèry indifferent one for life. I see (that) you don't know him at all. Do me the fàvour to stay and spend the évening with us. I will make you acquàinted with him, and I am convìnced you will like each òther. — William, have my bed warmed. P., how do you like my new stànhope? I like it so (well) that I will have one made on the same mòdel. I am góing to get a bòok-case made of mahògany. Why don't you get it made of oak? What did Artaxèrxes desèrve, when he caused the sea to be whipped? He desèrved to be whipped himsèlf. So you have refùsed to pay the chàrges of that inìquitous làwsuit? Yes; and you see the làwyers have had me tàken and imprìsoned. Yes; but why is your sèrvant here? The fòolish fèllow (has) got himsèlf arrèsted in òrder to be near me. — If you would make yoursèlf loved, sàcrifice to the Gràces. A man's mànners còmmonly make his fòrtune. — Miss Go-èasy will make an èxcellent wife. Yes, she is worth her weight in gold. How vèry warm it was last night! Yes, and it will be bòtter to-day. This will not do for me. Nèver (make a) pròmise unlèss you are sure to be àble to perfòrm.

TEMA XXXIX. — VERBI RIFLESSIVI; *pag.* 158.

Envy shoots at òthers, and wounds hersèlf. The àtheist does himsèlf more harm than his most crùel ènemy could do him. Roùsseau killed himsèlf. Vòltaire, the gàyest of them all, tormènted himsèlf continually. He said that his whole life had been but one continued incubus (1). I have just been shàving (2). You have cut yoursèlf. Yes, a little. Why do you shave yoursèlf? Why don't you get shaved by a bàrber, as hèretofore? Èvery

(1) *O*, Night-mare. (2) *O*, I have (just) shaved.

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bârber is a politician; and in these troùblesome times when pârty spìrit runs so high, I should think it imprûdent to risk my neck or mysèlf ùnder the sharp wèapon of one of these mad dogs. Armstrong and Brôadbreast quizzed each ŏther, insùlted each ŏther, boxed, fought a dúel, woùnded each ŏther, embráced, were rèconciled, left the field togèther, got drunk in each ŏther's cŏmpany, and are now the most ìntimate friends in town. — Sit down, Mr. Hàrdy. How are all the fàmily? Quite well. Happy (1) to hear it. You must have rìsen betímes this mŏrning. I awóke at four, I rose at five; but I went to bed èarly last night. It is, at least in part, to this èarly rísing that you owe your robùst health. Perhàps so. I wŏnder no more at the frèshness of your complèxion. My niece has fallen in love withoùt àsking her mŏther's consènt (2). You are jóking; that is quìte impòssible. There is no young lády cápable of commìtting so enòrmous a crime. — You will learn much fàster; you will give yoursèlf much less troùble if you will fòllow my advíce. — The Guards die; they do not surrènder. Should you doubt whèther an àction be good or not, refráin from it.

TEMA XL. — VERBI RECIPROCI; *pag.* 159.

Let us despíse no one. We all have need of one anŏther. — She and I had the same líkings, the same dislíkes, the same tastes. We loved each ŏther. Our minds were like two mìrrors placed on walls frŏnting each ŏther, that reflèct the same òbjects in the same light and in the same way. Then in lŏving her you loved but yoursèlf, and *vice versa*. — Wit and jùdgment are sèldom seen in cŏmpany with each ŏther. True, and of all fools the most troùblesome are those who (have, or) think they have, wit. — When we hear pèrsons spéaking in a fòreign tongue, we wŏnder how they can understànd one anŏther.

TEMA XLI. — VERBI UNIPERSONALI, ESSERCI, ESSERVI; *pag.* 159.

Is there àny thing so vàriable as a wóman's hèad-dress? Nŏthing excèpt her heart. You lie in the throat (3), you mìserable old bàchelor! Is there àny thing in the world so wrètched (4) as a bàchelor in old age or in sìckness? There are màny. I doubt it. Three weeks agó, there was an accoùnt in the pápers of an old

(1) *O*, I am happy; I rejoice. (2) *Meglio*, permission. (3) Stile basso. (4) *O*, So much to be pitied; so worthy of compassion.

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cõunsellor, a single gèntleman, who was found dead in his rooms, in Lincoln's Inn, half éaten up by the flies. Then he had been some time dead? Néarly a month. Forgòtten by his friends, but not by the flies. Oh (my) friends, there are no friends. — You ask is there àny thing as miserable as an old bàchelor? I ànswer there are màny much more miserable. There are few. Excúse me, there are màny. How long has our friend Sour been dead? He died tówards the end of the càrnival. He has now been dead three months. How long has his widow been màrried? Two months. Whom did she màrry? Her coùsin James. There is a repórt that a queer còonversátion took place betwéen her and her first hùsband two hours befóre he died. Yes, the fòllowing. « Máry, I shall die hàppy, if you will ónly prómise never to màrry your coùsin John. — Then die hàppy, my dear husband, I have been affianced (1) to his brŏther James these three months. » How far is it from here to Rivoli? It is five miles. How long is it from now till vacátion? It is five weeks. How much tea is there in each of these pàrcels? There is a pound. How many steel pens are there in this box? There are a hùndred. How long has that old bàchelor been màrried? Sèven months. Then he has been just six months on the stool of repèntance. How long has your ùncle been in jail? Abŏut nine months. How long is it since you saw him? It is six months. Then he had been in jail three months befóre you vìsited him? Yes, néarly three. And it is six months since you went to see him? It is six. By this time he is perhàps éaten up by the flies, like the old cõunsellor? No, there is no dánger. He is rich, and rich ùncles and aunts nèver die. — Mr. Crìspus, is there àny one with the Èmperor (Domìtian)? No, Sir, there is not éven a fly. How do you know that there is not a fly? Becăuse three hours since he begàn to hunt them with his lance, his gólden (2) néedle, and they must be all dead by this time. Is it true that there is a pack of english hounds in Austrália? There are two or three. And that there are english race hórses in Ceylon (3)? There are sèveral. There is nŏthing more true than that an Englishman is the same èvery where. How màny jòurnals were there in India last year? There were sèventy eight. Then there were just as màny as there were in England sèventy years agó. Were there màny péople in the king's gârden to-day? Yes, there was an immènse crowd. How long is it since the

(1) *O*, Promised, betrothed. (2) *O*, Gold. (3) *Pronunciate* sàlon.

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prince of Wales was born? It is néarly two months. There is a plèasure in méeting (1) the eyes of one whom we have obliged. In the *Pays de Vaud* there is not one pèrson in sixty that cànnot read. True, and in the United States there is not one in a thousand. Can there be ànv réal frièndship betwéen the wicked? There cànnot; the same principle which unites them (is that which) disunites them. (There is) nŏthing but vìrtue (that) can form true bonds of frièndship. — No hàppiness is to be found where there is no repóse: and where God is not, there is no repóse.

TEMA XLII. — VERBO UNIPERSONALE, È, ERA, ecc. *pag.* 161.

It is a shame! You pass your coùsin without salúting her. The fault is not mine; it is hers: she would not retùrn my bow. You have fallen out with her? I have. How? You know she is the ùgliest wóman in Vènice; and I hàppened to say (2) the ŏther mórning, that it was in vain (that) she spent so mànv hours at her tŏilet (èvery day); that a crow might wash itsèlf forèver without béing the whiter, You spoke thòughtlessly. She will not soon forgìve you. Nèver, it is death to hint éven to the ùgliest wóman (3) that she is nŏt prètty. — What o'clock is it? It is two. To day is the twèntieth. No, it is the 22nd. It is at four that the Lòmbardy mail starts. Yes; but it is at three that the ŏffice clóses. I must write to my gràndmother. It ìs not yet too late. No, I have time enoùgh. Is there ànv páper? Yes. It was she who gave you those éar rings and brácelets? No, it was my coùsins. Was it your ùncle who gave you that prètty watch? Yes, and it was he who gave me this pearl nècklace. Is it long since you saw him? It is three weeks. He is unwèll perhàps? No, he writes me that he has been vèry well these ten or twelve days. Was it you that made the prètty little purse that he has? It was I. — Who knocks? It is I. Who? The cóachman. It is four o'clock: it is time to start: get up, the coach is at the door. It is not three hours since I went to bed (4). It is excéedingly disagréeable to be obliged to rise so èarly.

Ah! it is you; I thought it was your little brŏther. Whose turn is it to deal? It is mine. Richard, it is your turn to play. James, it was you who broke the box; it is your dúty to get it mènded. It is you who are to blame; it is for you to make an

(1) *O*, It is a pleasure to meet. (2) *O*, It escaped me. (3) *O*, To any woman however ugly. (4) *O*, I have not been three hours in bed.

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apòlogy. It is mine to commànd; it is your's to obey. It was the English who begàn the war. I thought it was the Chínese. No; it was they who lost the last bàttle. He is a màgistrate. He is a sìlly fèllow. How proud he is! Is it his new hònours that make him so hăughty? How he prates! He has nèver done tălking. It is not they who talk most that are most respècted. Was it you who said that? It was we who said it; it is we who will maintáin it. — It is our dúty to forgìve our ènemies. It is but a nàrrow mind that èarthly things can fill. It is a fòlly to seek the approbátion of ànу but the Supréme Béing. Why? Becăuse no ŏther can form a right jùdgment of us. It is delíghtful to think that, àfter a mìllion of years, our souls will still be young and will still be góing on incréasing in hàppiness through all etèrnity.

TEMA XLIII. — MUST BISOGNARE; *pag.* 162.

Must is a word for a King. Would you be hàppy? Yes. Then you must be vìrtuous. You are too liberal; we must be just befóre we are gènerous. We should (1) respèct the laws of the coùntry where we resíde. You must have been long in England to speak the lànguage so well. I was four months there. I must wish you a good évening. You must not go awáy; we shall have tea dirèctly. Pray excúse me; I cànnot stay; I must leave you. You are ălways in haste when you come to see us. What must I do to surpàss my rívals? If you should èver (2) distìnguish yoursèlf, it must be by supérior knòwledge in your profèssion, and supérior ìndustry in the èxercíse of it. At what o'clock to-mòrrow must I call for my pàssport? You must come at elèven. I could not suspèct that I was obligèd to ask pàrdon for a fault which I had not committed. At what o'clock must we be at the théatre this évening? To have a good place, you must be there at six. How much do you want? Three pounds. How long will it requíre to print my book? Two months. How mànу compòsitors will be rèquisite? Four. How mànу would it take to print it in five weeks? It would take five or six. It requires much pátience to print a book in a fòreign tongue. Yes, still more than to teach. Is it expènsive living in England? Ràther so; if you stay there for some time, you will want mŏney. To sèttle their affàirs, (it would be nècessary that) they should see each ŏther. When shall you want your coat, Sir? I shall want it to-mòrrow week. Do you

(1) *O*, Must. (2) *O*, Should you ever; if you ever.

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want àny thing else? No, I want nŏthing else now. Mrs. P. must take great care of her hands; they are so dèlicate! so soft! Yes; she wears gloves night and day the whole year. If men and wŏmen (will) màrry those whom they don't love, they must love those whom they don't màrry.

By supérior òrders I am obliged to leave this coùntry within twènty four hours. It must be a tèrrible stroke for you. Not so vèry tèrrible. I am an exòtic plant. You must know (that) I have nèver táken root here. And éven if I had, I am not a càbbage that (if) pulled out of the ground must die. Man needs but little. Food and clóthing and an invíolate home, these the rûdest land will not refúse me, and these are ălmost all that the world has to give. And with these wherèver I go, while I see the glórious earth aroûnd me, and (the blue of) the etèrnal hèaven óver me, I shall be hàppy; I shall néither compláin, nor have (àny) réason to compláin.... Is there àny truth so self èvident as that of the existence of God? There is none; we have but to turn our eyes within us or aroûnd us to see èvery where the proofs of it. I am, then súrely THOU (*God*) must be. There is no need of a long chain of lògical dedùctions to prove his existence. He does not need the two propositions of a sỳllogism to suppórt him, like the colòssus of Rhodes stànding on its two pìllars of stone.... That poor old man's death was as sùdden as it was unlóoked for. How can death èver come sùdden or unlóoked for upòn a béing who ălways knew that he must die, and that the time of his death was uncèrtain!

TEMA XLIV. — TO BE ABLE — POTERE; *pag.* 163.

I càn't put on my boots. Allow̆ me to assist you. You can take anŏther cup? Half a cup, if you please. May I troùble you for the súgar? With great plèasure, if I can reach it. — James could not do that. Why? Becăuse he was too weak. But his brŏther is strong, he could have done it. He could, but he might not. — On àny occásion whatèver in which you (may) think that I can be úseful to you, you must ălways commànd me. Well, you can do me a most impòrtant sèrvice just now. You are ìntimate with the prime mìnister, and if you could procúre my son a place ùnder gŏvernment, I should be extrémely gráteful to you. In what line? In àny line (with a sâlary or without), where fáithful sèrvices may ópen a way to fúture preferment. — In

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the àrctic régions péople can convèrse at a mile (1) dìstance. That seems strange, yet it may be true. Wit and húmour may sŏmetimes gain you applăuse; but can nèver gain you respèct. — Dupìn states that the Brìtish steam èngines could raise from their quărries and place (all) the stones in the great pỳramid of Ghiza in eighteen hours. That may be. I wish I was áble to speak english as well as you. How can you hope to be èver áblĕ to speak it, if you don't stùdy? Wáiter, can you càrry that drunk gèntleman up stairs? I'll try. Buy a lòttery tìcket; you may win the càpital prize. That might be. May I write to my ùncle in New York by this ship? You may; and state to him that if, in Autumn, he can èxecute my last ôrder, he may do so. Jane, you are gètting thìnner èvery day. Yes, Dòctor; and I have not been àble éither to eat or sleep these three days. That is, since you danced with Càptain B.? Yes; and a gìpsey told me yèsterday that nŏthing but a ring could cure me.

Can ànỳ thing be so tèrrible to húman tènderness as an unnàtural child? An insènsible loved one is worse. — May I ask you, Sir, where are you góing? To Rome. What may be your age? Thirty. How much may you have a year? Three thoûsand franks. What may your name be? It might be Bèelzebub, but it is not. — How inquìsitive that man is! He is a táilor. What can you expèct from such péople! — If you would know what may be, consider what has been. You might have let me know, befóre my màrriage, that my hùsband was gìven to lìquor (2). Your coùsin Brown could have gìven you that informátion; he knew him as well as I did. If I had known it, nŏthing on earth could have indúced me to take him. Don't lose your spìrits (3); you may yet see bètter days; a clôudy môrning may precéde a clear day. C. was of opìnion that a man might be unhàppy with great wealth. What an odd opìnion! — If I had been áble to speak english I should have had a situátion of three thoûsand franks a year. Have you Jòhnson's dìctionary? No, Sir. I have sought a còpy èvery where withoût béing áble to find one. They tell me, Mr. Eúclid, that you have read Pàradíse Lost. Yes, and I have nŏt been áble to find one sỳllogism or one demonstrátion in it. What does it all prove? I could hàrdly resist (4) the cùrrent. You might have been drowned as you can't swim. Can you

(1) *O*, At a mile's. (2) *O*, Addicted to drinking. (3) *O*, Keep up your spirits, hope for the best. (4) *O*, Breast; stem; bear up against.

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do me that fávour? If I had known it yèsterday I could have done it, but it is now too late. Here is a sèntence that no one has been áble to explàin to me. How are you? I feel (much) bètter this mòrning. Shall you be áble to rise to-mòrrow? I hope I shall; but I shall not be áble to go to the cŏunting-house. Have you been to the House of Còmmons? Yes, Sir; twice. Were you áble to understànd the spéakers? Not too well. What is the trûest contènt? That of which no man can deprîve us. — Nèver say of àny affliction; « This cànnot be endûred! » Nŏthing but Religion can enáble us to bear great misfôrtunes with pátience and rèsignátion. May we so pass through the Shàdows of Time, that we may finally gain all the prómised Reàlities of Etèrnity. I might have been saved, but I would not. A man may say éven his prayers out of time.

TEMA XLV. — VOLERE. — TO BE WILLING; *pag.* 165.

I have a great mind to whip you, you little ràscal! and I will. I shall find a way to fame and fôrtune, or I will make one. I was well, would be bètter, took phŷsic, and here I am (in the tomb)! A fool will be tălking, right or wrong. He was awâre that the pùblic expréssion of such opìnions might cost him his place, and yet he would exprèss them. If I had been you (1), I would have warned him. I would have done so, but he would not lìsten to me. He who will not be cŏunselled cànnot be helped. And now he will go to Amèrica, whèther we will or not; without a pènny in his pòcket, without a friend there, and without knówing a word of the lànguage. Forbìd a fool to do a thing, and he will do it. He who will be his own màster has òften a fool for his schòlar. No one is so blind as he who will not see. If he will not look befóre him, he must look behínd him. He will shut his eyes to the dánger, till he is at the bòttom of the prècipice. Few réason and all will decíde. Màrry your sons when you will; your dăughters when you may. To him that wills, ways are sèldom wănting (2). Did you èver know a cŏunsellor or an attŏrney that had not some lìttle sìtting room or clòset that he would call a stùdy? What do you mean by all this? I am the son of a cŏunsellor. Would you (3) insùlt me? Sòftly, Sir; will you lìsten to me (for) a móment? You would not tell

(1) *O*, In your place. (2) *O*, Where there is a will there is a way. (3) *O*, Do you want to, do you mean to.

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me your sécret. I have discŏvered it in spite of you. It gives me a pŏwer óver you that you are not awàre of. This pŏwer I will èxercise; a pŏwer that shall crush you to àtoms. I fear you not, (Sir). I will hear no more. You are drunk. You shall hear from me to-mŏrrow. You are a prósy fèllow, a sècond Sàncho, a bag of pròverbs. And what are you? Anŏther Don Quìxotte, a knight of the wóful cŏuntenance, a règular Mònmouth street of worn out prèjudices. Go, or I will annìhilate you, I will mill you, I will crush you like a worm.

TEMA XLVI.

VOLERE, WILL HAVE, WOULD HAVE, ECC.; *pag.* 166.

(My dear) son, I will have you rise a little èarlier. I will have you prepàre your lèssons befóre brèakfast. I will have you ălways speak english with your tútor, Mr. Bull. But when there is cŏmpany, papà? Then, if they don't understand english, I would have you speak itàlian. When I am with my cŏusins and the ŏther ládies, they will ălways have me speak french: what would you have me do? I would not have you refúse them. I would have you (be) as attèntive and polite with the ládies as pòssible. I would have you know that your succèss as well as your hàppiness in life will greátly depènd upòn the estimátion in which you are (1) held by the fair sex — I would have had you learn to speak english well, but you would not apply yoursèlf to it. I will hènceforth have you write two èxercises instèad of one for èvery lèsson. — Richard, if it were pòssible, I would have you come a little èarlier. Shall I come at ten to-mŏrrow? Yes, if you can. Shall you see Mr. G. to-day? I fear I shall not. I would have you speak to him abŏut that affáir, as soon às convénience will permit. Have you written to Mr. P.? I wrote him the day befóre yèsterday. I would have had you write (2) to him two days sŏoner. Do to ŏthers what you would have them do to you.

TEMA XLVII.

VOLERE, TO DESIRE, TO WANT, ECC.; *pag.* 166.

I wish to speak to your màster. Step in. I should like to speak with him in prívate. Mr. L., I want you to màrry the widow. I

(1) *O*, Will be. (2) *O*, I could (or should) have wished that you had written.

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have not yet made her acquáintance (1). I should like bètter to màrry her niece. Her niece would not have you. Take the aunt. If you cànnot do as you would, do as you may (2). — So (the) old (maid) Miss D. would not dance at the ball? (On the còntrary) she would have danced, but she could not find a pàrtner. Why don't your sisters learn english? They would glàdly learn it, if you would give them lèssons. I would have expròssed (3) to him my gràtitude, but he would not hear me. Would you distìnguish yoursèlf (4)? Stùdy, work, persevére. Wishing to gain too much, they have lost all. He tried to do me harm (5) but he could not. I could have wished that he had gone sòoner. He tries (6) to stop his horse, but he cànnot. She wănted to rush ìnto the midst of the flames to save her child. Attèmpting to save his brŏther, he was near béing drowned. They wănted to prevènt him from fòllowing his fàther; but he would not listen to them. What do you want? I want a quire of lètter pàper. Do you want ànything else? Ask that boy what he wants. He will have a watch, but is fàther will not give him one. Why? Becăuse he would not apply himsèlf at school. What do you want (to do) with my book? You can't read it. I ónly want to look at the plates. I should like to have a horse like yours. What do you think this one is worth? Abŏut two thŏusand franks. He is worth three thŏusand. What does this phrase mean? Which? This one. « He is worth a plum ». It means that he is worth a hùndred thŏusand pounds (stèrling). — After hàving done me all the harm he pòssibly could, Mr. P. would (fain) persuàde me that he wishes me well. He forgèts that it is àctions, not words, which shew that one wishes a pèrson well. Love me èver (7).

TEMA XLVIII. — DOVERE, TO OWE, TO BE; *pag.* 167.

Lend me six franks. I have but three. (In the mean time) give me those; you will then owe me three. How much does young B. owe you? He owes me six thŏusand franks. He was to be màrried yèsterday. No, he was to be màrried on mŏnday. The match is bróken off. Why? The bride's fàther found out that he owes so much (mŏney) that his dăughter's fòrtune would

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(1) *O*, Been introduced to her. (2) *O*, Can. (3) *O*, I wished to express. (4) *O*, Be distinguished. (5) *O*, He wanted to injure me. (6) *O*, Wants. (7) *O*, Be always my friend.

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hàrdly have sufficed to pay his debts (1). 'Tis (2) but too true. It must be vèry paìnful to the young lády and to all her friends. It is particularly so to me; he was to have paid me a week àfter his màrriage. He ought not to have àcted so; he should have foreséen that the embàrrassed state of his affàirs could not long remàin concéaled. True; and he must have a bad heart to trifle thus with the féelings of a young lády. Yes, and with those of so màny crèditors. If he don't pay me soon, he must (3) go to jail. We are to go to Tivoli to-mòrrow. We are to start at six. Will you come? I cànnot; we are to have some friends to dìnner (4). Can your coùsin come? No; he was to set out for Náples yèsterday. By this time he must be a hùndred miles from here. You should write to your ùncle òftener. You ought to write to him to day. I am first to recéive his ànswer to a lètter which I wrote him by a friend, and which he should have recéived a fòrtnight agó. He must be sòmewhat nègligent. He should have replíed by the last stéam-boat (on mònday). So, dàughter, you have consùlted that gipsey? Yes, Sir. Well, what sort of a hùsband are you to have? I am to have a Màrquis befóre the end of the cârnival. What nònsense! You should not listen to such péople.

TEMA XLIX. — VERBI UNIPERSONALI; PIOVE, NEVICA, SEMBRA, PARE, ECC.; *pag.* 168.

It has been ráining incèssantly these eight days. Boy, does it àlways rain in this coùntry? No, Sir; it sòmetimes snows. In Jamàica they say it rains, thùnders and lightens èvery àfternoon. Yes; in hot clímates it gènerally líghtens èvery évening, and òften all night; and it fréquently rains frogs and fishes, and sòmetimes chìckens and ducks. Does it èver hail? Nèver. Of course it don't freeze? No, the inhàbitants don't know what ice is. In (the) Hindòstanee (làngnage) there is not a word to expréss it. When, some years since, the first càrgo of Amèrican ice arríved at Calcùtta, when the little boys touched it, they ran awáy crying; « Oh! that english *glass* has burnt (5) me. » It is known that the first touch of extréme cold produces a sensàtion not unlike that produced by extréme heat. It appéars that the Amèr-

(1) *O*, That he owes more money than all the young lady's fòrtune would pay. (2) 'Tis, *abbreviatura di* it is. (3) *O*, Shall. (4) *O*, Company; a dinner pàrty. (5) *O*, Scalded.

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icans are beginning to make much mŏney by shipping ice to Calcùtta. Yes; it sŏmetimes hàppens howèver that a large pór-tion of the càrgo is mèlted awáy befóre it arríves. True, but it don't fòllow that the shìppers lose; it suffíces that the fourth part of the càrgo arríve. It is repórted that the Amèricans are sécretly assisting the Chínese in their war with England. It is beliéved by mány. It ill becŏmes them to assist a bàrbarous nátion agàinst their mŏther còuntry. It must be confèssed that they are vèry undútiful (1) chìldren. It would be pròper that John Bull should give them a little taste (2) of his pugillstic scíence. — Mind your own business, Sir: it will be bètter. It is (most) sìngular that you can nèver refráin from gìving advíce upòn èvery thing: it is still more sìngular that you don't know that the próser is háted by èvery one. It is a pìty that you can nèver hold your tongue. You are néither an Englishman nor an Amèrican: of what cònsequence is it to you whèther they make war on each ŏther or not? What is that to you? It is not for you to obtrûde your advíce in such màtters. It is most unbecŏming to mèddle with affàirs that don't concèrn one, and espècially in fàmily màtters, betwéen fàther and son. But, Sir, if the advíce be good, what màtters it who gives it? The advíce that cŏunsels war is sèldom good. It has been said a thŏusand times that no war is just, but such as is nècessary. It is impòssible to concéive an àdequate idéa of the nùmber of crimes and hòrrors that are inclúded in that word, war.

TEMA L. — FA, IT IS; *pag.* 169.

Always càrry an umbrèlla when it is fine. And when it rains? Do as you like. What shòcking wèather! It snows, fréezes, blows (3). William, make a good fire. It begins to be dark. Bring the càndles. It is gètting dark (4). Shew these Gèntlemen out. I rose yèsterday befóre (it was) day (light). It don't òften hàppen to you to see the sun rise. Is it as cold in England as it is here? No; it is never éither vèry cold or vèry hot. And why? Becăuse it is surrŏunded by the sea. — Last sùmmer my brŏther was in a còuntry where the sun shone sèventy two hours withoût intermission. In Nŏrway? Yes. In Cànada it is so cold in wìnter, that the inhàbitants òften lose their fingers, ears, or nóses. How is

(1) *O*, Ungrateful. (2) *O*, Should teach them a little. (3) *O*, Is windy (weather). (4) *O*, Night falls; it is night.

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it that you did not leave your nose there, it is so prôminent? Prôbably becăuse I went out règularly èvery day and èvery night, both in the sun and in the môonlight, in the twîlight and in the dark, when it snowed and when it was fine, without (èver) féaring ăny thing. They say that it fréezes so vèry hard there that the little sàvages use to fight their dúels with frózen spittles instèad of balls, and with their mouths instèad of pistols. Oh!... Mr. Sàvage, how is it that you are not cold, náked as you are? And you, how does it hàppen that your face is not cold? It is inúred to it. — I am all face.

TEMA LI.—AVVERBI, INTERROGAZIONI, NEGAZIONI, ECC.; *pag.* 169.

Is that Cowper? Yes. Have you read it? I have. Did you find it difficult? No, I found it (ălmost) as éasy as prose. Cowper is one of the éasiest of the english Clàssics, is he not? To be sure. Were you pleased with him? Vèry much: no one can read him without béing delíghted with his force, his brilliancy, and his varíety. Just so; he is sòmetimes gay, often philosòphical, gènerally instrùctive, ălways interesting. Which of the living póets resèmbles him most? Wŏrdsworth. Is Wŏrdsworth as much read in England as Býron or Móore? In England he is not so much read as the fôrmer; but in Amèrica he is more read than éither. Is it true that Býron could nèver bear to see a wóman éating? He said so at least. He was the prince of pùppies. Yes, and of ègotists. So he was; his póems are but so mànny incarnátions of himsèlf. He tréated his wife vèry ill. Yes, ălmost as ill as Sterne did his. How could such sentimèntal wríters treat their cònsorts so? So much of their sèntiment evàporated in words that they had none left for òrdinary use. — Look at that old míser's thrèadbare coat. It looks as bare and as mìserable as the wèarer. How long has he worn it? He has now worn it abòut twènty years. — What is the prèsent pòpulátion of Lóndon? Two millions and a half. And of the Uníted Kingdom? Thirty millions.

What does phỳsics teach us? What is. And èthics? What ought to be; what men ought to do. Is not obédience the dúty of èvery chrìstian? Of course it is. Is it not ălso his delight? It is the delíght of èvery advànced chrìstian. And why? Becăuse the love of God and man is the èlement in which he lives. Can such a pèrson be ăny man's foe? He cànnot; if he were he would be a greáter foe to himsèlf. Expláin yoursèlf. He would lose his in-

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ward peace, which is his greátest hàppiness here, and is the fóretaste of his fúture felìcity, the èarnest of his fúture inhèritance. Religion exclúdes her vótary from màny sóurces of wŏrldly plèasure. Yes, but from none but such as are pŏisoned, such as would evèntually be destrùctive to him and to all connècted with him. And from màny sóurces of gain and hònour? From such ónly as are unwŏrthy or unjùst. Does he find àny còmpensátion for this? He does. In what? His chàracter for intègrity is òften a fòrtune to him; and then, his heart béing more calm, and his mind more seréne than those of his compètitors, he chóoses more wísely his ends (in business), and discèrns more cléarly the means to attáin them; and, stimulated by the ànimating prèsence of his great Remunerátor he flies in a stràighter line and with more wìnged speed to the desíred goal. So it is; I begìn to see that religion though a bùrden, a yoke, is a much líghter one than I had imàgined. It is a yoke that suppórts him by whom it is suppórted; just like wings that weigh upòn yet uplìft the bird, to the sides a weight, to all the bòdy agìlity. You are (gètting) too poètical. But (fàrther) éven should the bad man gain all for which he sells himsèlf; what is it? I must confèss it is but a small màtter. True; it is but what the chrìstian turns from with disdáin. For the rìches, hònours, plèasures of this earth, what are they? Are they not quicksilver which escápes from the hand in the act of grâsping it? bùbbles that the vèry móment they dàzzle us most, break and disappéar?

You play vèry àdmirably, Miss Brown. Are you músical, Sir? No; but I have an èxcellent snùffbox that is. Have you èver trà-velled, Sir? Nèver, but I have a brŏther who made a joùrney in the ísland of Èlba, five years agó. How màny times must I read the rule befóre I do my èxercise? In òrder to do it well, you must read the rule twice at least. Resòlve not to be poor. Right; pòverty destrŏys lìberty. Whatèver be your ìncome, detèrmine to spend less. I will. What must one do (in òrder) not to be despísed? One must be stúdious and good. Must I go there? No, you must stay here. What did that man want? He wànted a hat. Would he not pay the price that you asked? He would not; he said it was too dear. What would he have gìven? He wóuld give ónly twènty franks. Did he not think it worth more? Perhàps he did; but he had ónly twènty franks to spend. Mr. B. wants to buy some goods on crèdit; would you advíse me to trust

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him? I would not; he would nèver pay you; he pays nóbody. Should you not have come sóoner? Yes, but I could not. Won't(1) you stay and take some tea? I'll do mysèlf that plèasure. Máry, will tea soon be rèady? It will be rèady in ten minutes, Sir. Will you not come and see us on sùnday? I fear I shall not be áble. If you can come, pray bring your coùsin Brown with you. Yes, if I can, but I fear I shall not be áble to persuáde him to come. Won't you take anŏther cup? No more, I thank you. Are there màny lèarned men in Flôrence now? There are not so màny as there were last year, when *you* were there. Who is that upòn the póny, so long, so lank, so thin, so bóny?

TEMA LII. — SEGUITO DEL TEMA SUGLI AVVERBI, LE INTERROGAZIONI, ECC.; *pag.* 172.

Mr. Adams, don't be pèrsonal, Sir. I am not, Sir. You are, Sir. What did I say, Sir? You reflècted on my profèssion, Sir. What I said I will maintáin, Sir. You are an individual, Sir. You are anŏther. You are a táilor, Sir. You are a còbbler, Sir. (*Order! Order!*) — How is your fâther? He's (2) prètty well. Is it long since you saw your brŏthers? I saw them two days since. How were they? They were vèry well. Is your èldest brŏther still lèarning english? He is. Have you àny pens? I have few good pens. Is Mr. P. rich? He is not rich, but he is prètty well off. Is his brŏther rich? He has not a fàrthing. Has he màny friends? He has not one. Is he sàtisfied with the world? Not too well. Are you sàtisfied with my pròg̀ress? Not so well as with your sister's. Will you do it or not? I will not. Is this phrase english or not? It is not; the words are english, but the phrase is not. Is your friend still in Rome? No, he is no lònger there. Will he go there agàin? He will go there no more. Do you understànd well? Yes, prètty well. Do you understànd as well as you speak? I understànd bètter than I speak. Mr. Gàlliard loves our dăughter. I stròngly suspèct it. And we must have worn vèry bad spèctacles not to have percèived it long since.

How long has that young man been in your sèrvice? Néarly three years. So long? Yes: are you willing to take him? Cèrtainly, if he is willing to serve me. Do the proud and unfèeling pìty àny bòdy? They pìty nóbody. Will your hòstler take good care of my horse? He will; you may trust (to) him. Can I have

(1) Won't *in vece di* will not. (2) He's *in vece di* he is.

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dìnner soon? Yes, Sir; it shall be on the táble in half an hour. Abŏve all let the wine be good. Nèver fear. May I use your pènknife? You may. Why has your coùsin no friends? Becăuse he criticíses èvery one. — What was she dòing when you arrìved? She was pláying (on) the harp. Do you see that man cŏming? No. Or that ŏther (who is) skáting? I see néither. Did you see Mr. B.? I saw néither him nor his clerk. To whom did you delìver my lètter? To his pórter. Whose great coat is this? It is mine. Look at that câricatúre. *Befóre and âfter* (màrriage). And this. *Out of sight, out of mind.* — Dòctor, I have sent for you. I fear I am ill. You are not ill. You are ónly gètting too fat. You don't take èxercíse enoùgh. You eat too much, and of too mànу dìshes, and you drink too much madèira. I will do so no more; and I will leave this coùntry dirèctly, as you advísed me. The air is too soft and damp; it don't suit me at all; I will set out to-mòrrow. Miss B. will nèver forgìve me for advísing (1) your depàrture. She is so fond of you! You should màrry her. No; I am too old and fat; she is too young and thin. And yet she is so prètty, so lìvely, so insìnuating that I réally don't know what to do. There she ís in the gârden, lòoking at us. Here she comes! Did you èver see so chârming a figure, such prètty little feet, such lŏvely eyes, such beaútiful hair, such a fàscinating créature? I can resist no lònger; I must àbsolutely take her with me. Here she is!

Should we èver give advíce unàsked? Cèrtainly not. Should we èver give oursèlves as mòdels to ŏthers? Still less. Should we èver advíse ànу one to màrry ànу pèrson whatèver? It would be the greátest fòlly. At what o'clock do you go to bed? At two in the mŏrning. Did you know (2) the harm that this will do you, you would not do it. Should we not blush to hear oursèlves práised for a mèrit which we don't possèss? We should endèavour to acquíre the vìrtues that our flàtterers attrìbute to us. Why? In òrder to prevènt them from lýing. Do you fear to speak to the Duke of B.? No; why should I fear to speak to him, or to ànу man lìving? Have not so much sèlf-love (3), and you will have more friends. I doubt it; a cèrtain pride (4) becŏmes man. Is (there) ànу thing more uncòmmon than còmmon sense? There are few. He who tells more than the truth is a líar, is he not? Yes, and

(1) *O*, For having counselled. (2) *O*, If you knew. (3) *O*, Amour propre (4) There is a pride which; a just pride, ecc.

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he who tells less than the truth is not less so. Read this *itàlian* pròverb. « He who has nŏthing, is nŏthing. » Then a man has just as much mèrit as he has wealth. Would you distinguish a man of mèrit from a man without (it)? Send them both into a fòreign coùntry, without friends and without mŏney. Find fault as sèldom as pòssible, and nèver without a just case. What does advèrsity try? Our wéakness. And prospèrity? Our strength. Did those Englishmen speak french? At first they spoke french, afterwards gèrman. Did they speak as well as you? They spoke bètter than I, but not so well as my brŏther. Will my son's pronunciátion be good? Yes, if you (will) allow him to take lèssons enoùgh. When will the fourth edition of the key to these èxercises be on sale? In less than a month. When will you print the seventh edition of your *Graduàted English Course?* Next sùmmer. How màny còpies. Four thousand. How màny have you sold? I have sold twenty two thousand. What are the five rules of concèption? To concéive of things distinctly, complétely, comprehènsively, extènsively and òrderly. In religion is not réason the règulátor? Yes, but affèction is the máinspring. Do nŏthing that your ènemy may not know.

TEMA LIII. — PARTICELLE INSEPARABILI; *pag.* 174.

Is your fàther still lìving? Yes, and my grànd-father too. The làtter must be in his decrèpitude? No, he is still strong and àctive; he comes to see us once a week, four miles on foot: he could outrùn màny a man of fifty: he will perhàps outlive my fàther. Is your itàlian màster a Róman? He calls himsèlf a Róman, but his àccent and his mànners belíe him: he is a Sicilian. I'll troùble you for a little roast beef, óverdone. You Itàlians eat your meat óverdone, ălmost burnt. Yes, and you English eat it ùnderdone, ălmost raw. — Were you èver becàlmed (at sea)? Only once. For how long? Four days; so long that the sáilors said the ship was bewitched: and in effèct it seemed so; for, no sŏoner did a breeze spring up than we saw a pírate (vèssel) gìving us chace. Could you not outsáil her? We were so (óver) lóaded that she outsáiled us, and would have overtáken and bóarded us befóre night, had not an English war stéamer come to our assistance. Did the stéamer càpture the pírate? Yes, after a short cònflict. The pírates had not foreséen this? No, if they had

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they would not have pursúed us, as they did, to within ten miles of the Bermúdas. They were óverbóld. What pùnishment did they undergó? Were they behèaded? The whole eighteen were hanged up to the yards of the stéamer, like a pound of càndles. Unlùckily the còrsair chief had a wóoden leg, which, while he was béing hanged, fell upòn the head of the ùnder lieútenant of the stéamer, crushed his nose, and broke a gold chronòmeter upòn an ŏaken táble beside him. Why don't you eat some píne-àpple? I am bilious (1); I must forswéar fruit; it has been forbìdden me (2). Are píne-àpples cheap in India? As cheap as àpples are here. Do the Chínese èver wear wóollen cloth? They hàrdly know what it is; they wear nŏthing but silk; and the fàshion nèver chánges... Let no man outdó you in your profession. Let no man outrùn you in the race of fòrtune and of vìrtue. Pecúniary depèndence is the most humìliating of all. The plèasures of píety are the ónly ones that are indepèndent of time and change: they are the fóretaste of Hèaven.

TEMA LIV. — PREPOSIZIONI INGLESI; *pag.* 175.

Did you go to Supèrga yèsterday? I did. How did you go? I bóated it to the *Madonna del Pilone*, and rode up the hill. Upòn what did you ride? Upon an ass. Did you go down into the vaults to see the kings' tombs? I did. What à lèsson! Did you go up to the cúpola to see the vàlley of *Piedmont* and the Alps? Yes and I saw the dome of Milan through the tèlescope. How do you like the view of the Alps from Supèrga? It is one of the most magnìficent upòn earth. You have seen the Andes, I beliéve? I have been upòn them. Are they (not) more beaútiful than the Alps? They are higher, but they are not half so beaútiful. Why? Becăuse they want varíety and reliéf; they are (too) monòtonous. Did you descènd into àny of the enòrmous fissures that are found here and there betwéen (3) the Andes? I did: sèveral of them pierce into the earth much belów the lèvel of the sea. In this the Andes resèmble, in some degrée, the mountains of the Moon. Yes. Seen from Supèrga, what does the vàlley of *Piedmont* resèmble? An immènse tùrkey cârpet. And the Po winding amŏng woods, groves and mèadows? An enòrmous Amèrican bóa. Did

(1) *O*, Pine apples are bilious. (2) *O*, Its use has been interdicted me (by my physician). (3) *Cioè*, Between two mountains, or two chains of mountains.

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you dine at Supèrga? Yes. In which of the two inns? In the ùpper one; in that néarest (1) the church. Upòn what did you dine? Upòn bad meat, bad bread and worse wine. In what sort of (a) room? In a room in kéeping with the dìnner. Were not the walls all round cŏvered with pèncilled figures (2)? Yes, some of them as ùgly as Milton's Sin (3); and óver my head, on the céiling, were ŏthers still ùglier. Behínd me and abŏve was a rùsty mètal stove. Opposite to me was pèncilled on the wall a man béing hanged and smóking a pipe. Beside this (fèllow) was a pàrrot in its cage suspènding itsèlf by its beak, as if to èmulate him; and in the midst of the room, an overgrówn spíder, suspènded from the céiling by an invìsible thread, was dàncing on nŏthing, as if to eclìpse them both. Under the spider was a dìrty-faced man, stretched on a dìrtier bed, drunk, sléeping, and snóring awáy, as if he would rival the róaring of the river at the foot of the hill, or the thùnder, which just then begàn to bèllow óver our heads. How could you (pòssibly) eat in the midst of all this? You can éasily imàgine that I did not eat much. But I forgòt to tell you of a còlumn of names in pèncil that rose one abŏve the ŏther from the lèvel of the táble (up) to the céiling. Whose names? The names of some hùndreds of táilors, bùtchers, còbblers, etc., próving the immortàlity of the húman soul by the desíre which èvery man feels of béing distìnguished by his fèllow men, and of lìving in their remèmbrance. Of all the great men and small that èver exìsted, how màny names can you remèmber? About fòrty or fífty. Where are the rest? They are where we shall all be in a cèntury, or perhàps half a cèntury. Yes, perchànce in half a lùstre.

TEMA LV. — PREPOSIZIONI ITALIANE. — DI; *pag.* 176.

What is etèrnity? It is the life-time of God. What is man? The dream of a shàdow. Is not literature the expressìon of the pùblic mind? Yes, it is the péople in fólio. A goose quill is more to be feared than a lìon's claw. So it is; knòwledge is pŏwer: a Néwspaper can drop the same thought ìnto a thòusand minds in the same móment. Whose dog is this? He is our neighbour's. What noise do I hear? It is the bàrking of our neighbours' dogs. What is the price of these mahògany chairs? Twelve pounds a dozen.

(1) *O*, Beside. (2) *O*, Figures in pencil. (3) Vide *Paradise Lost.*

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Are they stuffed with wool? No with hair. Where did you buy this gold snùffbox? I bought it at the góldsmith's, at the còrner of the flower màrket. Is that watch set with díamonds? It is. Have you seen the new Spànish màster? I have seen him. From what part of Spain does he come? He is a nàtive of Sèville. Do you brèakfast befóre you go out? No, I go out befóre I brèakfast. Do you rise befóre day? I rise at break of day. When do you write your lètters? In the mórning. When do you recéive your french lètters? In the évening. Does the mail tràvel by night? It does. At what rate will the new ráilroad càrry lètters and pàssengers? At the rate of fórty miles an hour. Why did you give that boy a blow with your fist? Becàuse he killed my dog. Could you not prevènt him from killing it? He had killed it befóre I came up (1). You should not have struck him. Why not? Becàuse you are tàller than he. But he is ólder than I by two years, and stòuter (2) than I by far. What have you done with your pènknife? I have lost it. Are you pleased with my èxercise? No, it is full of èrrors. Of what do those poor men compláin? They are dýing with hùnger. Are they willing to work? Yes, but they can find none. They are greátly to be pìtied. Where is Càptain Brown? He is on guard. Are you not surprísed at what our friend has done? I am surprísed at it, and vèry sórry for it. Do you know Mr. C.? I know him by reputátion. He wants me to sell him some goods on crèdit. If you do it, èvery bòdy will laugh at you. Why? Becàuse, he is up to the ears in debt. Yet he has some tàlent. True, but he don't aváil himsèlf of it. Is he a man of his word? Like most dè*b*tors, he is not. No one can relý on him. Has it ceased ráining? Yes, and it has begùn to snow. If you want an umbrèlla, I can lend you one. (Thank you); I think I brought my own. He who lives upòn hope will die fàsting.

TEMA LVI. — PREPOSIZIONI ITALIANE. — A, DA; *pag.* 177.

Did you èver go into Lè*ic*ester square (Lóndon) without séeing an Itàlian? No; nor to *Chiâja* (Náples) without séeing an Englishman. You have seen the falls of Niàgara, have you not? I have. And the sea view at Constantinóple? Yes. And the Coliséum by móon-light? Also. And Vésúvius, and Náples at sùnrise? Yes; some years since. Thinking of these is still a plèasure, is it not?

(1) *O*, Arrived. (2) *O*, Stronger.

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Yes, they are stamped on my brain for èver. I beliéve you. The wise man trâvels and sees; the fool stays at home and wŏnders. Is not the Po as large as most of the Amèrican rìvers? To sèveral of them it is but a rill. How much is the lârgest in breadth? Fôrty or fifty miles. Do the Indians dress in the Amèrican style? They don't dress at all. How long is the hair of the Crow Indians? In gèneral it is sèven or eight feet; that of Cosàto, the lòng-haired chief, is eight feet long. In which of these hôuses do you live? In that brick house, beyònd the rìver. On what floor? On the sècond. What door (on the lòbby)? The first on your right hand. You are lodged like a prince. I met your sìster just now góing to my house. She is góing to pay a vìsit to your mŏther. Where is your èldest brŏther? He is clerk at a mèrchant's. At a whólesale mèrchant's? Whólesale and retâil. Where is his wârehouse? On this side the rìver. Whence do you come? I come from our bâker's. Are you góing home? No, I am góing to our solìcitor's. What to do? To recéive the half of B's debt. So you have succéeded in screwing a part of it from him? Yes, by dint of mènaces. Has he sold his box? He sold it by âuction on mŏnday. Did it bring much? No, it sold (1) vèry cheap. For how much? Abôut twènty thôusand franks. Where is it sìtuated? Beyònd the hill, near *Chièri*. Mr. P., can you play (at) whist? No, Madam, but I shall be hàppy to learn ùnder your tuìtion.

It is excéedingly tìresome to learn by heart what one don't understând. Yes, and as úseless as it is tìresome. It is dìfficult to make one's self understôod by a blòckhead. Yes, and to get a héâring from (2) a fool. That ànimal (3) has robbed me. What has be tâken from you? He has tâken a frank and a half from me. You mean (to say) an hour and a half? Yes; to an àrtisàn time is mŏney (4).

Tell your prìncipal, from me, that I cànnot pay him; that I have given to my lâwyer all the mŏney I have recéived these three months; and that he has nŏthing to hope from me untìl I have màrried some rich wìdow. — In short, Mrs. Brown, I love you. You are quìzzing, Sir. No; here's (5) the ring; there's the church; will you consènt to make me hàppy? I will; let us go; I am yours. — In two days I shall have wherewith to pay my debts.

James, come here; this way; lìsten to this hàppy coùple. « It

(1) *O*, Was sold. (2) And to be heard out by. (3) Animal, *stile basso*. (4) Tempus ager meus. (5) *Abbreviatura di* here is.

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is a shame, Mary! You are thinking more of that young officer than of me.» — The poor fellow is badly treated by his wife. Why did he marry the (little) widow? He was goaded to the altar of Hymen by that grim spectre, Poverty. He would (now) be glad to be free again. We never know the value of a blessing till we have lost it. Youth who marry are madmen, frenetics. Youth inclined to wed, go and shave your head. We should endeavour to have our happiness as independent of others as possible. True, but unparticipated joy, is not joy. How does Noodle spend his time? In the sweets of idleness. How? in eating, drinking, and sleeping. Like a hog? Yes, in exercising the shameful trade of doing nothing. In what is the apothecary always occupied? In countermining the cook and the vinter. Go not to your physician for every ail, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your bottle for every thirst. — It is easy to say, but hard to perform. Give me something to drink. — Do you like Livy? Greatly; how beautiful he is! Yes, but how false! He writes like an angel. He writes like a ROMAN CITIZEN, with a hundred kings below him, and none but the gods above him.

Chambermaid, have you had my shirts washed? Yes, Sir; by the Swiss washerwoman. What is the best legacy that a father can leave to his children? A good education. It is the only property which cannot be taken from them. Character depends very much on diet. Much more than people imagine. Is this grain sold by weight? No, by measure. Conscience admonishes us like a friend, before it (1) punishes us as a judge.

TEMA LVII.

PREPOSIZIONI, PER, CON, FRA, DENTRO, FUORI; *pag.* 179.

I read to improve. And I read to kill time. Mr. P. has travelled throughout (all) America. Yes, and through the greater part of Asia. How many miles? About thirty thousand by sea and land. My son is about to start for Rome; have you any commands (for that city)? I'll trouble him with a letter for my sister. Tell Miss C. to write to me at my aunt's; but not by the post. No, she will write you by the steamer. Have you sent for the Doctor? No, I have sent for a bottle of brandy. I do hope that you have too much good sense to drink brandy now, in the state in which you are (2). You will lose your suit; from what I see. Yes, through

(1) *O*, She. (2) *O*, The state you are in.

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the nègligence and stupìdity of my àdvocate (1). By the way, his brŏther was put in jail (2) yèsterday. Yes, for pùblishing a libel. The pròdigal will be ălways poor, whatèver rìches he may have. Miss F. is vèry beaùtiful. True, but howèver beaùtiful she may be, I néither admíre nor love her. What is becŏme of Mr. P.? Which Mr. P.? Our old friend, the míser? His dăughter, his ónly dăughter màrried an òpera sìnger, and he drowned himsèlf out of spite. Don't be so cast down; a strong mind that dares look advèrsity in the face, soon finds the means to còmbat or suppórt it.

By assìduous and well dirècted ìndustry, èvery one is sure to gain a còmpetency. Yes, it may be, a fòrtune. — That is ălways dear which is bought with práyers. We can nèver sufficiently incùlcate upòn youth tèmperance, dìligence, mòdesty and humìlity. Assùredly not: these will lead through the tèmple of Vìrtue, to the tèmple of Hònour and Hàppiness.

Stay and dine with us. James don't eat so much. Gréedy boys dig their own graves with their teeth. — Come back *with* this (shield) or *upòn* it.

Which of your púpils speaks best? The one that you saw wălking with me yèsterday. A part of the ráilroad betwéen Milan and Vènice will pass through a tùnnel ùnder the hill near Vicènza. When will it be finished? In four or five years. Why do you run agàinst me, you great bòoby? Mind what you are abòut. Pàrdon me, Sir; don't put yoursèlf in a pàssion. Look at those bees in the glass hive. Obsèrve that large one, lóaded with hŏney, góing ìnto the hive. When will you go to England? As soon as I have lèarned the lànguage. Where does Mr. C. live? In Rome. And his brŏther? At Tìvoli. Do you òften go to Tivoli? (I go there) now and then. He had an èxcellent opportúnity of héaping up wealth. To be sure; and if he had not been nègligent he would have enrìched himsèlf.

What have you been dŏing in the coùntry? Nŏthing. Come and hold this horse (of mine). I thank you; but for you I should have făllen, and perhàps have bróken my neck. There are a great màny fools amŏng you coùntry fèllows. My Lord, there are fools in èvery class. Advèrsity tries friends. It too òften turns them ìnto strángers. We may have a hùndred famìliar acquàintances without hàving one friend. Is there àny peace to the

(1) *O*, Counsel; counsellor. (2) *O*, imprisoned.

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wicked? Cèrtainly not: as well might one hope for life without bréathing as (hope) for peace without piety. To such the contemplátion of the tomb must be tèrrible. Has not the christian philòsopher the sécret of béing hàppy without béing so at the expènse of his vìrtue? Cèrtainly; and the source of his hàppiness béing within him, not without, he can be hàppy at all times, in all pláces and in all circumstances. Is your brŏther at home? Yes, he is within. And your fàther? He's out. Where is he? He's gone to see a gèntleman who lives without the (city) wall. — Without this love, religion is a stèrile cèremony, or an unwŏrthy profanátion; with it, it is quite divine. By it all is tinged with beaúty, èvery thing is brightened with celèstial splèndour, the vàlley of our èxile becŏmes an Éden.

TEMA LVIII.

PREPOSIZIONI, INNANZI, PRIMA, SINO, SOPRA, ECC.; *pag.* 180.

Where's my brŏther's lètter? It's on the táble befóre you. How màny clàsses are there befóre the supréme Béing? In his sight there are but two, the good and the bad. The half of life is (alrèady) spent befóre we know its vàlue. Most men pass the first part of their life so as to rènder the last miserable. Learn the gèneral rule befóre you attènd to the excèptions. Cèrtainly. Where does that little fop give his lèssons? Befóre a large lóoking-glass. Does he teach làtin? Yes, Sir. Làtin will soon be òbsolete in France, Rùssia and Prùssia. Why? Becáuse it is no more taught in the còlleges of those coùntries. What do they teach in its place? In France they teach english or gèrman, at the òption of the stúdents or their pàrents. Are there more who stùdy gèrman than english? On the còntrary, for one that learns gèrman, there are two that learn english. I see you have (got) Siret and Vergàni. Yes. Are there more èrrors, and more òbsolete phráses in the fòrmer than in the làtter? On the còntrary there are more in Vergàni. Let us go ìnto the gàrden. Go befóre (me); I'll fòllow. Where's my umbrèlla? There it is, behínd the (fire) screen. Drive out the dog. Where did he ènter? By the back door. Look (round) abòut you. What a quàntity of fruit. Whose cat is that behínd you? She is mine. How strange! her fore legs are black and her hind ones are as white as snow. You have been solìciting that place èver since the year twènty five? Yes, from my èarly youth. And (you) have not yet obtáined it? No, but I hope

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I shall soon obtáin it. How far have you trávelled? As far as the Cape of *Good Hope*. Did you not go beyónd it? No. Did you not go as far as the ísland of *Despair?* I did not. Mr. C., if you will read Guicciardini through, I will set you at liberty. I thank your Hóliness; but I prefèr remáining in gaol all my days.

When can I see Mr. B.? You will find him on change èvery day from elèven till twelve, and from four to five. Shall you come to-mórrow? Yes, at abóut elèven. Then I'll wait for you till half past elèven. Càn èvery one in Amèrica read and write? Yes, all; éven the pórters and sweeps. Is there much snow in the streets? It is knee deep. Storks are vèry númerous in Hòlland, are they not? Excéedingly. When one of them grows old, and is no lònger áble to fly, a young stork takes him up on his back and càrries him abóut through the air. I should not much like to find mysèlf ùnder such a pair. You are right. Abóut six months agó, one of these old dótards, a bad hòrseman, slipped from the back of his Pègasus, fell upòn an old wóman who was wáshing on the sea shore, and drowned her. A sècond Pháeton. These dútiful sons remínd me of Enéas wálking in the midst of the rúins of Tróy with his áged fáther on his back and his (little) son by his side. What an ìnteresting pìcture of filial piety! We should be affèctionate and respèctful tówards our párents, if we would have our chìldren be so to us. Yes, and více vèrsa. Your coùsin Máry's èldest son is lame. Yes; his foot was crushed when (he was) out at nurse. And her lìttle báby is now at nurse, is it not? Yes, it is with the same nurse. Where? Upòn the hill. Does she òften go to see it? Almost nèver. The òstrich abàndons her eggs in the dèsert, cáreless if the foot of the pàssenger crush them, or the throat of the wild beast devóur them.

The héliotrope álways turns tówards the sun. Yes, like a lóver to his mìstress. The wind álways fòllows the sun betwéen the tròpics. Yes, it blows from east to west. And in cònsequence all the trees are bent tówards the west? All excèpt the palm (tree). Does it álways remáin straight? Yes, like the chrìstian, no èarthly pówer can bend it. They say that of all trees it is the most beaútiful. It is the glóry of the vègetable kingdom. The sight of a grove of palm trees is alóne worth a vóyage from Italy to India. An Indian trávelling through Italy hàppened to see one day in a gèntleman's gárden, one of the palms of his coùntry; he stópped, rushed through the gárden hedge, ran to

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the tree and embráced it wéeping. Dear to the heart éven of the sàvage, is the land of his fâthers. They tell me that the Amèrican Indians are as ùpright as the palm? It is true. Are they strong? I once saw one of them shoot an àrrow through a bùffalo. You are quìzzing me. I speak the truth. You know Càptain P.? I do. A ball went through him at Fleuris. Whence did Gèneral Jòurdan reconnoître the posìtions of the Austrian àrmy at that bàttle? From a ballóon suspènded òver the Austrian lines. I saw in Bengăl, an Indian devotée that ălways held his hands abŏve his head, and had lost the power of brìnging them down to his sides. How strange! And I saw anŏther that ălways hopped on one foot, and nèver brought the ŏther belów the lèvel of his knees. But why do they vòluntarily undergó such and so great sùfferings? They do so in the hope to mèrit hèaven. What is the most sìngular walk you èver took? One of twelve miles in the Màmmoth cave, Kentùcky. And the most ìnteresting? One of two miles in the càtacombs of Rome.

Why does our neighbour òpposite (1) so òften climb up that tree in his gârden? Abòut a month since he made a vow nèver more to drink brândy while he stood upòn earth, and he goes up to drink it amŏng the brânches of that tree. The mònument of Cáius Cèstius, like the tombs of the prótestants aròund it, is a stránger amŏng strángers. Just so; the shèpherd born at its feet can read its inscrìption no more. Lake Avèrnus fôrmerly killed birds that flew óver it. Lake Quilitóa, near Quíto, does the same now. How far is Quíto abŏve the sea? Nine thòusand five hùndred feet. In Bath, and in a part of Náples, the streets rise abŏve one anŏther, like the steps of a stáircase. Yes, or like the seats in the áncient àmphithéatres. A man who has nŏthing but his àncestors to boast of is like a tùrnip. Why so? Becăuse the best part of him is ùnder ground. Be more indùstrious and econòmical. I will. If you don't, you will soon know; «How salt anŏther's bread is, and the pain of góing up and down anŏther's stairs.» — In the midst of plèasure, of the most nòisy mirth all confèss themsèlves mìserable.

TEMA LIX. — CONGIUNZIONI — CHE, SI, ECC.; *pag.* 183.

The Síamese twins were a sìngular conjùnction. A hàppy pair may be regàrded as an uncòmmon conjùnction. They say you

(1) *O*, Our opposite neighbour; our neighbour over the way.

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are góing to màrry Miss N.. I wish it were true. If she would have you, would you màrry her? Most assúredly. Then ask her hand. I doubt whèther she would give it to me. And I do not doubt but she would. At all evènts, whèther she give it you or not, you can lose nŏthing by àsking. — Be ălways as mild as you can: a spóonful of hŏney attràcts more flies than a bàrrel of vìnegar. Tell me, why is the cŏmpany of téachers so gènerally disagréeable? Accùstomed to teach ŏthers, whèther you will or not, they will be téaching you. Just as you have been dóing in all these èxercises. Precísely.

As soon as I see Mr. C. I'll give him your lètter. You will greátly oblíge me. Do you think I shall find him in Milan tomòrrow when I arrive? I don't doubt but you will. But whèther you find him or not he will recéive it dirèctly if you will leave it at his ágent's. You should not have left us so soon yèsterday évening. Why? You were scàrcely gone when our mútual friend D. came to see us (1). What a wild fèllow that D. is! Yes, no sóoner had he left the univèrsity than he fell in love, and no sóoner had he fallen in love than he got màrried. Right; and no sóoner had (2) he màrried than he repènted it. You wrong both him and his lády; you speak ŏtherwise than you think. There are few bètter wives in town than Mrs. D.. But then her fâther is so poor that he could not give her a pènny. Pòverty is not vice. He has enough to live upòn. It is impòrtant that one should have the nècessaries of life (3); it is not nècessary that one should be rich. Of what cònsequence is it if the wăter at which one quènches one's thirst be a lìttle rill or a large rìver províded it suffice? And though the rich may possèss more than this, more than the nècessaries and convéniences of life, they do not enjŏy more, so that the rest céases to exìst éven for them. — Is your brŏther lèarning gèrman? He has not been áble to find a good màster, so that he has not begùn yet. Do you still speak gèrman? It is so long since I had an opportúnity of spéaking it, that I have ălmost forgòtten it. — How trífling is the sùbject of this póem! The Sófa? Yes, but Cowper is a póet of such singular felìcity that he turns all he toùches ìnto gold. Yet, like the sàvages, he calls a spade a spade. He does well; nŏthing is so pernìcious to good mòrals as giving fair names to foul àctions. This is, howèver, what sèveral of your good wríters, and more

(1) *O*, Came in. (2) *O*, was. (3) *O*, A competency.

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particularly Boccáccio and Ariòsto have often done; mànу of whose tales shine more from the inhérent rottenness of the sùbject than from ànу génius displàyed in reláting them. True; but of what cònsequence was it to them whèther their tales were filthy or not, províded their itàlian were pure? — Will you lend me this vòlume of Anecdotes? Yes; on condition that you will not keep it more than three days. You will greátly oblíge me. Nòthing rènders a man more agréeable in cèrtain cómpanies than his possèssing a fund of delicious ànecdotes. Right; but in cònversátion, espècially with your èlders, you should seek less to displáy your wit and tàlents than to enlàrge, corrèct, or improve your knòwledge. How our friend P. shines in socíety! How clèver he is! True, and as vain as he is clèver. Váiner still; he has much more vànity and ègotism than génius. His sister is vèry prètty and vèry mòdest. Yes and as well informed as she is both. What a sweet low voice (she has)! How lády like! — With what grace she pronoùnces her lànguage! It is a plèasure to hear her. So it is; and lànguage béing the médium of thought, (and) the link which unites all our sympathies there are few more èlegant accòmplishments than a gráceful útterance. To be sure: particularly in a lády. In a young lády an ungráceful pronunciátion is unpàrdonable. Right, unlèss she has beaútiful spéaking eyes.

I have but three lines to write. Wait till I have finished and I'll go with you. Make haste lest we arríve too late. I see you read nòthing but nòvels. It is throwing awáy your time. Is this wine good? No, don't drink it; for it will do you harm (1). B. does nòthing but game and drink. If you are his friend and would do him a sèrvice, you ought to (2) try and stop him in his caréer. Quick; let us start (3) at once, for fear your fàther should come and hinder us from góing out. Have you written to Miss C.? No, I will not write to her till I have recéived her reply to my last; and unlèss she ànswers it I will write to her no more. Your cousin wants me to lend him Byron: but I will lend him no (more) books until he has retùrned me those which I have alrèady lent him; and unlèss he promise me to retùrn them more quickly, I will lend him no more. — For an old man, praise is but a vain name. For a man who may be dust to-mòrrow, what is fame?... He had scàrcely úttered these words when his voice failed (him), and he fell dead.

(1) *O*, Because it might hurt you. (2) *O*, Should; will. (3) *O*, Be off.

None stoop to seek protèction but such as are unwòrthy of it. — The gólden age of parasìtical flàtterers and hàughty Mecénases is óver. The age of vile sỳcophants who fed their lôrdly pátrons with fŭlsome praise (in order) that they might be fed (like dogs) with the dìrty bread of depèndence, the age of àrrogance and báseness is óver, is in the tomb of all the Càpulets. May it rest in peace.

TEMA LX. — CONGIUNZIONI
O-OVVERO, NE-NEPPURE, E-E, POICHÈ; *pag.* 185.

Éither you will call on me, or I will call upòn you. I will call on you. When? Éither this évening or to-mòrrow mòrning. Éither you will pay me dirèctly, or your fàther shall. It would seem that néither (of them) is dispósed to pay you. Néither trust nor contènd, nor bòrrow nor lend, and you will live in peace. Éither nèver attèmpt or accòmplish. We are nèver éither so hàppy, or so unhàppy as we think oursèlves. The words should be so arrànged in our phráses as to exprèss néither more nor less than an exàct còpy of our idéa. The stúdent should be led by insènsible degrées to the hígher brânches of scíence. As he acquíres strength rules gràdually more difficult should be presènted to him. It is, and has èver been, my wish to rènder my books on the english lànguage prâctical râther than spèculative, úseful râther than pedàntic. Can James come and take a walk? He cànnot, for he is táking a lèsson in drăwing. Has Mr. K. trâvelled by sea as well as by land? He has trâvelled both by sea and land. Has he been in Asia and Africa? He has been both in ásia, âfrica, and Amèrica. Has Mr. P. paid you? He has not. Nor me néither. Are you sàtisfíed with him? No. Nor I néither. What a quăntity of páper! What a nùmber of books! — The more wìcked we are, the more mistrùstful we are. Just so; we acquíre suspìcion, (in propórtion) as we lose innocence. Suspìcion is the vìrtue of a cŏward (1). It is more dishònourable to suspèct a friend than to be decéived by him. — Speak well of your friend; of your ènemy néither well nor ill. Misfòrtunes are éither pùnishments or trials; if we do our dúty, both (2) will be équally hèlpful to us. The chrìstian meets the contingencies of life withoùt fear. Yes, and thèrefore he ălways meets them to cònquer. — In órder to die well it is nècessary to live

(1) *O*, A coward's virtue. (2) *O*, Each.

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well; and to live well one must think of dying well. To the man without religion there is neither probity, nor improbity, nor order, nor disorder, nor truth, nor falsehood, nor merit, nor demerit, nor reward, nor punishment; and without it justice, honour, humanity and chastity are empty (1) names. — If we have religion, we ought to shew it in all our actions. — I think; then I am. I am, then surely Thou (God) must be. — There is nothing more delightful in religion than to consider that the soul is to shine forever with new accessions of Glory.

TEMA LXI. — VERBI SEGUITI DA PREPOSIZIONI; *pag.* 186.

I cannot account for it; his conduct is very strange. Yes, and very reprehensible: he don't act up to his principles. Far from it. He should talk less about virtue and practise it more. Have you known him long? I became acquainted with him at the baths. What I aim at now is to hurl him from his post, and to place myself in it. Is that the object you aim at? It is. You will never attain (to) it; I'll answer for it. Here is the baker's boy. What does he ask for? He asks for a christmas box. Have you bargained for that ox? Yes, and have paid for it. Stop, Coachman; we alight here. The wind blew out the light-house light last night. I feared it would blow down the house (2). Crossing the bridge, it blew my hat off, and blew my brother's into the river. B. blew out his brains the other evening. Where? In a hell. How much do you pay for your board? Eighty franks a month. Some robbers broke into neighbour D's shop last night. Have they been taken (3)? Yes, the whole of them. You must have been very delicately brought up. If you are in a quizzing humour, I will shew you how I was brought up. Under what firm do your cousins carry on business? Under that of B.. C. and Company (4). — P. was near being drowned. Yes, he caught at a plank, missed it, and was on the point of sinking when he was picked up by a boatman. The sun is breaking through the clouds (5); the weather is clearing up; it will be fine to-morrow. It will I hope cure (me of) my head-ache (6). Yes, and my tooth-ache. O's uncle is come back from America. Yes, and hast brought over a hundred thousand franks. Did he come by

(1) *O*, Senseless. (2) *O*, Have blown the house down. (3) *O*, (Taken up). apprehended. (4) *Meglio*, B. C. e Co. (5) *O*, Breaks forth. (6) *Pronunciate* Hed-ake.

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it hònestly? I doubt it. For me, I would not confíde in him. Have you been long correspònding with Mr. P.? Abòut two years. Has he complíed with your brŏthers' requèst? He has. Upòn what do the New Zéalanders dine? Upòn one anŏther, like mites. Have you dispósed of your oxen? Yes, and I am to delíver them up (to the pùrchaser) to-day. To what does that eccèntric book owe its succèss? It has been wrítten up by the reviéws. How sweet it is on awáking to hear a strain of delícious músic dýing awáy! Widow B. fell ìnto a tèrrible pàssion when she heard that her lŏver was màrried; and fáinted awáy a few mìnutes âfter. The híghwayman fired (his càrabine) at my cousin, and shot off his nose. Have you read Sterne? I have: « I can't get out; I can't get out » said the stârling. The Mongibèllo fell foul of the Pòllux, and sank her. How are you gètting on? So, so. How did you get off? With a loss of two thoûsand franks. Don't give up the ship; nèver give up hope. You may confúte him a thoûsand times, but he will nèver give in. Are the dòctors (gone) off? Yes, they have given óver their pátient.

Help that drunk gèntleman up stairs. Allow me to help you to some pŭdding. Why have you knocked this man down (with your fist)? Becăuse he has táken me in. He impóses upòn èvery one. But I will prevènt him from dŏing so àny more. I will make his cònduct known. I will hold him up to pùblic scorn. He shall be laughed at by èvery bòdy. Why do those péople laugh so much at that old míser's stúpid jokes? They are poor relátions. How much does he make a year? He lays by fifty thoûsand franks. Beware of small faults. The lócusts are a small péople, and yet they lay waste the land. If the Amèrican gŏvernment refúses my just demànds, I will cry: « Hàvoc! » and let slip the dogs of war. G. lets out hòrses. Yes. How much has his nèphew to live on? He has two thoûsand pounds. I will bet you ten to one that he has three. Done! — Lock up the safe, and give me the key. Why did you lock me out last night? What are you gázing at? I am lóoking at a lády who is lóoking out of that wìndow. It is (the) young wìdow C... She is lóoking out for a (sècond) hùsband. Will you màrry her? Shall I see you this évening at my house? I'll look in for half an hour. Well, we'll talk abòut the young wìdow. Is she as rich as she is prètty? Still rìcher. Will you introdúce me to her? I will. When? Tomôrrow. How I long for that móment!

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Hog, the gàmbler, speaks vèry ill of you. I look upòn it as a great hònour. Make way? Here comes the gèneral. Does P. ride well (on hôrseback)? Yes, but he piques himsèlf too much upòn it. He has met with an âccident. How? While he was pâssing óver the river, the ŏther day, on hôrseback, the ice broke ùnder him; his horse went to the bòttom, and he too was sìnking; when a skáter dragged him out of the wăter by the ears; which, by the way, have since fallen off. Then he has gained a loss, as the French say; since he had ălways sore ears. Yes, but unlùckily the diséase, no lònger âble to vent itsèlf on his ears, has fallen with doùble fúry upòn his eyes. And the dòctor says that hènceforth he will ălways have sore eyes, ôften a sore throat, and, from time to time, sore feet. How much did you pay for this bàsket of péaches? Four franks. They are vèry fine. Whence do they come (from)? A coùntryman brought them from Chièri this mòrning. Over the hill? Yes, upòn his head. There are two fallen. James, pick them up. He that peeps through a hole, may see what will not please him. Let us look at those poor prìsoners. Where? This way; look; through those bars. Sèveral of them are quáking with cold. Mínd; one of them is pŏinting at you. Which? Point him out to me. He who is mùttering to himsèlf, like a mániac. Behind him who is pláying the flute? No, beyònd those old men who are póring óver those old dirty books. They have, no doubt, read them óver sèveral times. How cast down they look! How they appéar to pine for liberty! Might preváils óver right. It sŏmetimes puts out all féeling (1) of humànity. After hàving sunk the Pòllux, the Mongibèllo put ìnto Lèghorn.

Put out that càndle. Have you tried to persuáde my fâther to send me some mŏney? Yes, but I could not preváil on him to do it. He says he can no lònger put up with your behâviour. He declâres you want to rùin him. Mùrder is pùnished with death. Mr. Crìtic, read my book through, befóre you pronoûnce jùdgment upòn it. Nèver put off till to-môrrow what you can do to-day. Èvery sàturday night put by a part of your week's èarnings. Would you have me scrape up mŏney like a míser? No, but I would have you lay up sŏmething for sìckness and old age. Put on your hat; though (you are) poor, forgèt not (2) that you are a man. Speak out: what are you afráid of? I have

(1) *O*, Extinguishes every sentiment (2) *O*, Don't forget.

obtáined the tobácco-shop for which your Lòrdship was kind enough to recommènd me to the Minister. I rejoice at it. — Who is that crying out so? It is neighbour Twigtheirbòttom. What is the màtter? His wife has béaten him. And why? This mòrning he forgòt to bring her, (as he úsually does) a bòttle of brándy. She repróached him with his stupìdity; but did not beat him. Half an hour agó he let fall a drop of ink on her new gown. It left a stain that nóthing can efface, no one can rub out. The mèasure of her wrath was alrèady full. This drop made the cup run óver, and she beat him.

That old còxcomb has álways a smile upòn his lips. Yes, and a pair of pìstols in his pòcket. How does he spend his time? In sàuntering about town. Has he àny ìncome to live upòn? He has a vèry small one; but he helps it out by rùnning in debt èvery where. Does he bòrrow mòney on false pretènces? He does; and amòng the rest, he has táken my bróther in. Then he don't scrùple to tell a lie? By no means; but if you were ónly to hint at this he would thrèaten you with death. Truly? Yes; and if you charged him with lying, he would run you through the bòdy: he is a man of hònour. I will set it down in my book, that a man may smile and smile and be a vìllain. When shall you set out for England? To-mòrrow. A part of the tower of Lóndon has been burnt down. Yes; it was set on fire by some unknówn incèndiary. Let the cat out. Shut in the dog. How is your bróther this mòrning? A lìttle bètter. I sat up with him all night. — Stand off, you ràscal; or I'll knock you down. Help! Help! I can't stand agàinst two. Hit them! Turn them out. I'll stand by you. How hàppens it that you come home sóber? I slipped out unpercéived by the cómpany; I stole awáy while they were sìnging a catch. Step in; sit down. I want to speak with your bróther. He is just stepped out. The músic strikes up. His Màjesty is cóming. Won't you take some more fruit? No (more) I thank you. James, you may take awáy. Papà, will you take me with you? No, I'm góing out on business. Your bróther is lèarning drăwing, I beliéve? No, he has gìven it up; he found that it took up too much time. I was so tàken up with nóting and pùblishing the faults of óthers, that I quite forgòt my own. Think of me. Of whom are you tălking? Of oursèlves. That is a sùbject that nèver wéaries. Wìlliam, you must take bètter care of my horse. But I cànnot, Sir. You can, and you shall,

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or I will turn you off. What is becŏme of our old drăwing-màster? He is turned innkeeper. Why do young ládies stùdy so much? To vie with and eclipse one anŏther. Excúse me if I have kept you wáiting. Are your boots worn out? Not quite. Have you èver had them mènded? I have had them soaled. Máry, shall I wínd up your watch? (If you please). Old Mr. B. is (quite) weighed down with grief. I don't wŏnder at it: he has lost all his chìldren. Has P. paid you all he owes you? No, he will pay me the half (of it) next month, and will work out the rest. — When you hear a wise sèntence, or an úseful observátion, éither write it down, or commit it to mèmory. Write down èvery night the observátions (which) you make on the books (that) you have read dúring the day.

TEMA LXII. — DEI TITOLI; *pag.* 190.

Mòdest appéarance, good húmour, and prûdence make the gèntleman. Sir, you are no gèntleman. And you are a ràscal, Sir. Wáiter, who is that gèntleman? Gèntleman!! he's a còbbler.— Why did your sènsible friend, Cŏunsellor B., talk such nònsense yèsterday évening at Lord C's? The Cŏuntess of D. and the Misses E were prèsent. Well? He can nèver talk sense when there are ládies in cŏmpany. Why did the Màrquis of F. wear his spèctacles all évening? His Lôrdship wore them to hide a glass eye. Does the glass eye move in únison with the ŏther? No, like the chaméleon, his Lòrdship can turn one eye while the ŏther remáins unmóved. Why does his grey hèaded négro sèrvant ălways wear green spèctacles? The day when his Lôrdship's mìstress scooped (1) out his eye in a quărrel, that same day his négro sèrvant becáme shôrtsighted. His Lôrdship's glass eye, and màster César's green spèctacles remínd me of Phìlip, King of Màcedon, and his mìnister. His Màjesty lost an eye in a bàttle, and the next day his Lord Chàncellor appéared at Court with one of his covered with a black patch. — Mr. Flàtterer, so you beliéve that I réally possèss all the good quălities that you attribute to me? Your Màjesty cèrtainly possèsses them all in the most èminent degrée. Then I'll do all in my pŏwer to prevènt you from lýing.— Mr. Pope, in what state are your fínances at prèsent? My Lord Duke, they are in a still more poètical condition than the last time I had the hònour of spéaking to your Grace. How ăwkwardly

(1) *O*, Tore out; plucked out. — *Un Americano direbbe*, gouged him.

Gèneral L. comes into a room! and how shy he is in the cŏmpany of ládies! Yes: he would head his battàlion up to a masked bàttery with less fear than he comes into this bàll-room, full as it is of prètty wŏmen. Who is that gèntleman with the long bòdy and short legs? Which? He who is dàncing with that lády with the short neck and long face. That is Càptain H., the nèphew of Sir William S., physìcian in chief to her Màjesty. How did Dòctor T. make his fòrtune? By cúring the Màrchioness of V's pricked finger. How prètty Mrs. B. is! Yes, she is one of the hàndsomest ládies in the ball-room. What beaútiful teeth! True; at this distance one can hàrdly distìnguish the false ones from the true. Is not that the Víscountess of P.? It is. What a splèndid díamond nècklace! That nècklace cost two hùndred thoûsand franks. That is twelve thoûsand franks a year interest. Her coûsin, Májor C., has just told me that one of her Ládyship's tènants died of hùnger yèsterday. — My Lády, who is that young lády (that is) dàncing? She is my dăughter, Sir. She is vèry prètty, my Lord. Yes, my Lord, I nèver saw so lŏvely a face, not éven in a pìcture. She is vèry like her mŏther, my Lord. You flàtter my poor girl and me, Gèntlemen (1).

Sir Ròbert, why are there so màny old maids in England? The nùmber of young mèn that go to the còlonies, is much greáter than that of (the) young ládies. Ládies, will you allow me to read you two sèntences from the Asiàtic Jòurnal? You will oblíge us, Sir Ròbert. « The king of the Cànnibal Islands wants a cook. » Young ládies that wish to get màrried should set out immédiately for New Zéaland, where there is at prèsent a great deficiency of the fair sex ». Oh you năughty man! Would you send us there to be a brèakfast for the cànnibals? I would not send you all. Miss C., words cànnot exprèss how much I love you. The two Miss Dons are grown up. Yes; and yet they still dress like girls. Why? I don't know; perhàps to make them, or their mŏther appéar yoùnger. Who are your drèss-makers? The Misses Brown. Who are your fâther's bànkers? The Mèssieurs Nìgra. Who is your english màster? Mr. Mèrrywèather. To whom are you wríting? To my commèrcial correspondents in Lŏndon, Mess.rs Black, Brown and Co. Write the dirèctions (2) on these two lètters. What is the first? Roger Ròggers Esq.r Lìverpool. And the sècond? Mr. John Pèpper, Grócer, Nòrwich.

(1) *O*, My Lords. (2) *O*, The addresses.

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Good mórning, Mr. M.; I come from Lord C. to requèst you will call on him, this mórning if pòssible. I'll wait on his Lórdship in half an hour. — What should we teach children? What they are to do when they are men. — My Lord, is not your son lèarning làtin? Yes, Sir; he has been stùdying it these sèven years. Good day, Mr. M.; what pórtrait is this? It is that of Néwton. Then it is that of one of the greátest men that England or the world has èver produced. It is the pòrtrait of one who nèver pronóunced the name of the Supréme Béing without a pause. Here is a tèrrible picture. What is it? It is the Coliséum: it is the mártyrs in the midst of the wild beasts. See! The líons and tigers are in the act of rùshing upòn them and teàring them in piéces. It is the most móving pìcture (that) I èver saw. Yes; what relìgious man can look upòn it; can think of those sublime men and wómen, without féeling his heart bound in his bósom, without glórying that he a CHRÌSTIAN? Yes, and that he is a MAN?

Farewèll, my dear Mr. B.: be a man, be a chrìstian. May you be hàppy here, and hàppy hereàfter. I do hope that you have found nóthing in these dialogues (of mine) that can be prejudicial to éither. Farewèll! Mínd the fúture. Let no day pass without some intellèctual and mòral gain. Forgèt me-not. Farewèll!

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